

# THE MINDE OF THE FRONTISPEECE, And Argument of this W O R K E.

**F**ire, Aire, Earth, Water, all the Opposites  
That stroue in *Chaos*, powrefull *Loins* whites;  
And from their Discord drew this Harmonie  
That smiles in *Nature*: who, with rauisht eye,  
Affects his owne-made *Beauties*. But, our *Will*,  
*Desire*, and *Powres* *Irascible*, the skill  
Of *Pallas* orders; who the *Mind* attires  
With all *Heroick Vertues*. This aspires  
To *Fame* and *Glorie*; by her noble Guide  
Eternized, and well-nigh Deifi'd.  
But who forsake that faire *Intelligence*,  
To follow *Passion*, and voluptuous *Sense*;  
That shun the Path and Toyles of *Hercules*:  
Such, charm'd by *Circe's* luxurie, and ease,  
Themselves deform: 'twixt whom, so great an ods;  
That these are held for Beasts, and those for Gods.

**PHOEBVS APOLLO** (sacred Poetrie)  
Thus taught: for in these ancient Fables he  
The mysteries of all Philosophie.

Some Natures secrets show; in some appears  
Distempers staines; some teach vs how to beare  
Both Fortunes, bridling Ioy, Griefe, Hope, and Feare.

These Pietie, Denotion those excite;  
These prompt to Vertue, those from Vice affright;  
Allsday mingling Profit with Delight.

This Course our Poet steeres: and those that faile  
By wandring Stars, not by his Compass, faile.



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F



PROLOGUS

PROLOGUS

DOCVITVS



OVID'S  
METAMORPHOSIS

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by J. Grismond  
1638



EPILOGUS

EPILOGUS

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To the most High & Mighty  
Prince CHARLES, King  
of Great Britaine, France, and  
IRELAND.

SIR,

**Y** Our Gracious acceptance of the first  
fruits of my Travels, when You were our  
Hope, as now our Happinesse; hath attun-  
ed both Will and Power to the finishing  
of this Peece: being limn'd by that vnperfect light  
which was snatcht from the bowers of night and re-  
pose. For the day was not mine, but dedicated to the  
service of your Great Father, and your selfe: which,  
had it proved as fortunate as faithfull, in me, and  
others more worthy; we had hoped, ere many yeares  
had turned about, to haue presented You with a rich  
and wel-peopled Kingdome; from whence now, with  
my selfe, I onely bring this Composure:

Inter victrices Hederam tibi serpere Laurus.

*It needeth more than a single denization, being a  
double Stranger. Sprung from the stocke of the  
ancient*

---

ancient Romanes ; but bred in the New-world, of the  
rudenesse whereof it cannot but partake ; especi-  
ally having Warres and Tumults to bring it to light  
instead of the Muses. But how ever imperfect,  
Your favour is able to supply ; and to make it wor-  
thy of life, if you iudge it not unworthy of your  
Royall Patronage. Long may you live to be, as you  
are, the Delight and Glorie of your People : and  
flowly, yet surely, exchange your mortall Diadema  
for an immortall. So wishes

Your Maiesties

most humble

Servant,

GEORGE SANDYS.

# THE LIFE OF OVID.

**P**UBLIVS OVIDIVS NASO, descended of the ancient Family of the *Nasones*, who had preferred the dignitie of Roman Knights from the first originall of that Order, was borne at *Salmo*, a Citie of the *Peligni*, on the 14. of the Calends of April, in the Consul-ships of *Hircius* and *Pansa*, both slaine at the battell of *Mutina* against *Marcus Antonius*. While yet a boy, his quicke wit and ready apprehension gaue his parents an assurance of a future excellencie; in so much as his father *Lucius* sent him to *Rome* (together with his brother, a yeere elder than he, and borne on the same day) to bee instructed by *Plotius Grippus*, that Art might perfect the accomplishments of nature. In his first of youth he was much addicted vnto poetrie, wherein hee had



an excellent grace and naturall facilitie. But continually reprov'd by his father for following so vnprofitable a studie, with an ill will he forsooke the pleasant walkes of the Muses to trauel in the rugged paths of the Law, vnder *Aurelius Fuscus* and *Porcius Latro*; of whose eloquence and learning he was a great Admirer. Neither attained he therinto a vulgar commendation; being numbred by *Marcus Annaeus Seneca* among the principall Orators of those times. His prose was no other than dissolued verse: his speech witty, briefe, and powerful in perswasion. Hauing past through diuers offices of Iudicature, and now readie to assume the habit of a Senator: his elder brother and father being dead, impatient of toyle, and the clamours of litigious Assemblies, hee retired himselfe from all publick affaires to affected vacancie and his former abandoned studies. Yet such was the mutuall affection betweene him and *Varro*, that he accepted of Command, & serued vnder him

him in the wars of *Asia*: from whence  
he returned by *Athens*, where he made  
his aboad, vntill hee had attained to  
the perfection of that language. Hee  
was of a meane stature, slender of bo-  
dy, spare of diet; and, if not too amo-  
rous, euery way temperate. He drunk  
no wine but what was much alayed  
with water: An Abhorrer of vnnatu-  
rall Lulls, from which it should seem  
that age was not innocent: neat in  
apparell; of a free, affable, and courtly  
behaviour; whereby he acquired the  
friendship of many, such as were  
great in learning & nobilitie; among  
whom not a few of Consular dignitie:  
and so honoured by diuers, that they  
wore his picture in rings cut in preci-  
ous stones. A great Admirer, and as  
much admired, of the excellent Poets  
of those times, with whom hee was  
most familiar and intimate. Being per-  
swaded by some of them to leaue out  
three verses of those many which hee  
had written, hee gaue his consent, so  
that of all he might except three only:

whereupon they priuately writ those  
which they would haue him abolish,  
and he on the other side those which  
he excepted; when both their papers,  
being showne, presented the same  
verses; the first and second recorded  
by *Pedo Albinovanus*, who was one of  
the arbiters,

(*bouem.*

*Semi bouemque virum, semi virumque*

*Sed gelidum Boream, gelidumq; Notum.*

whereby it appeareth that his admirable  
wit did not want an answerable  
iudgement in suppressing the libertie  
of his verse, had he not affected it. An  
ample patrimonie he had in the ter-  
ritories of *Salmo*; with a house and a  
temple in the citie, where now stands  
the Church of *Santa Maria de Trinita*  
*ta*: and where now stands the Church  
of *Santa Maria de Consolatione* he had  
an other in *Rome*, not farre from the  
Capitoll; with pleasant Hort-yards  
betweene the wayes of *Flaminia* and  
*Claudia*, wherein hee was accustomed  
to recreate himselfe with his Muses.  
Hee had had three wiues: whereof  
the



the first being giuen him in his youth,  
as neither worthie nor profitable,  
soone after (according to the custome  
of the *Romans*) he diuorced: nor liu'd  
he long with the second, although  
nobly borne, and of behauiour incul-  
pable. The chastitie and beauty of the  
third he often extolleth; whom hee  
instructed in poetrie, and to his death  
entirely affected. Neither was her af-  
fection inferior to his; living all the  
time of his banishment like a sorrow-  
full widow, and continuing to the  
end exemplarie faithfull. But in this  
euery-way happy condition, when his  
age required ease, and now about to  
imploy his beloued vacancie in the re-  
uiew and polishing of his former la-  
bours, he was banished, or rather con-  
fined to *Tomos* (a citie of *Sarmatia*  
bordering on the Euxine Sea) by *Aug-  
ustus Caesar*, on the fourth of the Ides  
of December, and in the one and fifti-  
eth yeere of his age, to the generall  
griefe of his friends & acquaintance:  
who sailed into *Thrace* in a ship of his

owne, and by land performed the rest  
of his voyage. The cause of this his so  
cruell and deplored exile is rather  
coniectured than certainly knowne.  
Most agree that it was for his too  
much familiaritie with *Julia* the  
daughter of *Augustus*, masked vnder  
the name of *Corinna*. Others, that hee  
had vnfortunately seene the incest of  
*Caesar*: which may be insinuated, in  
that he complaines of his error, and  
compares himself to *Acteon*. But the  
pretended occasion was for his com-  
posing of the Art of Loue, as intoler-  
ably lasciuious, and corrupting good  
manners. A pretence I may cal it, since  
vnlikely it is that he should banish him-  
in his age for what he writ whē hard-  
ly a man, & after so long a connuance.  
Yet *Augustus*, either to conceale his  
owne crime or his daughters, would  
haue it so thought: neither would  
OVID reueale the true cause, lest hee  
should further exasperate his displea-  
sure. After he had long in vaine solici-  
ted his repeale by the mediation of

*Germanicus*

*Germanicus Caesar*, and others that were neere vnto the Emperour; or at least to bee remoued to a more temperate Clime; his hopes (as he writes) forsaking the earth with *Augustus*, he dyed at *Tomos* in the fifth yeere of the raigne of *Tiberius*; hauing liued seuen yeeres in banishment. As *Tibullus* and hee were borne in one day, so he and *Linie* dyed on an other; that his birth and death might bee nobly accompanied. He had so wonne the barbarous *Gei's* with his humanitie and generous actions (hauing also written a booke in their language) that they honoured him in his life with triumphant garlands, and celebrated his funerals with vniuersall sorrow; erecting his tombe before the gates of their citie, hard by a lake which retaineth his name to this day. His sepulchre was found in the yeere, MDVIII. with a magnificent couer-  
ture presenting this Epitaph.



FATVM NECESSITATIS LEX.

Here lies that living Poet, by the rage  
Of great Augustus banished from Rome:  
Who in his countrie sought t' interre his Age;  
But vainly, Fate hath lodg'd him in this tomb.

Isabella Queene of Hungarie, in the  
yeere MDXL. shewed to Bargas a pen  
of siluer, found not long before vnder  
certaine ruines, with this inscription;  
**OPIDII NASONIS CALA-**  
**MVS:** which she highly esteemed,  
and preserved as a sacred relique. Of  
the bookes which he writ, since most  
of them are extant among vs, I will  
onely recite these following verses of  
*Angelus Politianus,*

- |                   |   |
|-------------------|---|
| Metamorphosis.    | 1 From times first birth he chants the change of  |
| De Arte, & A-     | 2 The flames of Love in Elegiacks sings,          |
| morum.            | 3 With curses doubtfull this he insnares,         |
| 3 libris.         | 4 Epistles distates fraught with Louers cares,    |
| B. st. Heroi-     | 5 In Swan-like tunes deplores his sad exile,      |
| dum               | 6 His verse the Roman Festivals compile,          |
| Trist. & de       | 7 Of fishes sing, unknowne to Latin eares,        |
| Ponto.            | 8 Compute the stars that glide in beauly spheres, |
| Past.             | 9 His paper fills with epigrammick rimes,         |
| Halitienus.       | 10 The teagick stage on high cothurnals climes,   |
| Phaenomen.        | 11 His hips Poetasters that abuse the times,      |
| Epigrammata.      |   |
| Medae trag.       |   |
| Quaestioes Postas |   |

Yet:

Yet leaues he out the *Rem. die of Luno*,  
a legitimate Poem (except he make it  
an appendix to the *Art*) and his *Con-*  
*solation to Lavin* for the death of *Drus-*  
*us*; which *Seneca* hath excerpted and  
sprinkled among his severall *Consola-*  
*tions*. Among such a multiplicirie of  
arguments our gentle Poet did neuer  
write a virulent verse, but onely a-  
gainst *Corusficus*; (maskt vnder the  
name of *Ibis*) who solicited his wife  
in his absence, and laboured against  
the repeale of his banishment. Con-  
cerning his *Metamorphosis*, it should  
seeme that he therein imitated *Par-*  
*thenius* of *Chias*, who writ on the same  
argument: as the *Latin* Poets euenge-  
nerally borrowed their inuentions  
from the *Gracian Magazines*. I will  
conclude with what himselfe hath  
written of this Poem, wherein I haue  
imployed my vacant howres: with  
what successe, I leaue to the censure  
of others, which perhaps may proue  
lesse rigid than my owne.

Trist. lib. 1.  
Elegia. 6.

I thanke your loue: my verse farre liuelier then  
My picture shew me; wherefore those peruse:  
My verse, which sing the changed shapes of men  
Though lest vnperfect by my banisht *n. use.*  
Departing these I sadly with my hand  
Into the fire, with other riches, throw.  
Her sonne so Thestias burning in his brand,  
A better sister than a mother grew:  
So I, what should not perish with me, cast  
Those bookes, my issue, in the funerall flame:  
In that I did my Muse and verse distast;  
Or that as yet vnpolished and lame.  
But since I could not so destroy them quite;  
For sundrie copies it should seeme there be:  
Now may they liue, nor lazily delight  
The generous Reader; put in mind of me.  
Yet they with patience can by none be read,  
That know not how they vncorrected stand:  
Snatcht from the forge, ere thoroughly anniled;  
Deprived of my last life-giuing hand.  
For praise I pardon craue: though highly grac'd  
If, Reader, they be not despisd by thee:  
Yet in the front be these sixe verses plac'd;  
If with thy liking it at least agree.  
Who meets this Orphan-volume, poor in worth  
Within your Citie hartorage afford.  
To winne more fauour, not by him set forth;  
But ransht from the funerall of his Lo. d.  
This therefore which presents it's owne defect,  
At pleasure with a friendly hand correct.



## OVID DEFENDED.

**S**Ince diuers, onely wittie in reproofing,  
haue prophaned our Poet with their  
fastidious censures: wee, to vindicate his  
worth from deiraction, and preuent prein-  
dicacie, haue here reuined a few of those  
infinite testimonies, which the cleereſt  
indgements of all Ages haue giuen him. I  
will begin with the censure of that accu-  
rate Orator

MARCVS ANNÆVS SENECA,

Contradi.

One of his frequent and admiring  
Auditors. NASO had a constant, becom-  
ming, and amiable wit. His Prose appea-  
red no other than dissolued Verses: And a  
little after, Of his words no Prodigall,  
except in his Verse: wherein, hee was not  
ignorant of the fault, but affected it: and  
often would say, that a Mole misse-became  
not a beautifull face, but made it more  
lonely. Amongst the excellent of his  
time, wee may esteeme

VELLEIVS PATERCVLVVS,

Hist. lib. 2.

who writeth thus in his history. It is at  
most

most a folly, to number the wits that are e-  
uer in our eyes. Amongst these of our Age  
the most eminent are, Virgil the Prince of  
Verse, Rabirius, Liuius imitating Salust,  
Tibullus, and Naso in the forme of his  
absolute Poem. Nor doth

Natur.  
Quæst. li. 3.

LUCIUS ANNAEVS SENECA  
degenerate from his Fathers opinion:  
who to that Verse, by him thus dis-  
solved, *The Rocks appeare like Ilands, and*  
*augment the dispersed Cyclades,* annex-  
eth this, *as saith the wittiest of all Poets.*  
A constant Imitor of his, through all  
his Philosophie; but especially in his  
Tragedies. Whereupon, some haue  
coniectured that Seneca's Medea be-  
longeth to OVID, Whereof

Lib. 10.

QVINTILIAN  
thus censures. OVID's Medea seemeth  
to me to expresse how much that man could  
haue performed, would hee rather haue re-  
strayned than cherished his inuention. And

Dial. de  
Orat.

CORNELIUS TACITVS,  
Neither is there any composition of Asi-  
nius, or Messala so illustrious, as OVID's  
Medea. The wittie

M. A. R.

MARTIAL

for the most part links him to incomparable *Virgil*: as in this Epigram;

You'r more than match those, who you see so bare, Lib. 3.  
With OVID's selfe, or Virgil may compare. Epig. 8.

And in that to *Instantius*,

Would you adde spirit to my fainting Muse,  
And read immortall Verses & love infuse.  
Mr, Mantua; Sulmo mee should stile divine;  
Were but *Alexis*, or *Corinna* mine. Lib. 1.  
Epig. 73.

Recorded by

STATIUS PAVPINIVS, Sylvar. l. 7.  
amongst the best Poets.

That honoured Day the old Callimachus,  
Philetas, Vmbrian Propertius,  
Prepare to celebrate with one consent;  
And N A S O, chearfull, though in banishment,  
With rich Tibullus.

Nor is hee onely approoved by prophane Authors. Thus learned

LACTANTIUS,

OVID, in the beginning of his excellent Instit. lib. 1.  
Poem, confesseth that God (not disguizing  
his Name) ordayned the World; who calls  
him the Creator thereof, and Maker of  
all things. In the following booke.  
Which that ingenious Poet hath admirably  
described. And

S. H. 1.



In Ose.  
cap. 2.

S. HIEROME;

*Semiramis, of whom they report many wonders, erected the walls of Babylon; as testifies that renowned Poet in the fourth booke of his Metamorphosis. Nor is he forgot by*

De Ciuit.  
Dei.

S. AVGVSTINE.

*And Naso, that excellent Poet. Now descend wee to those, whom later times haue preferred for learning and iudgement. Thus sings the high prais'd*

In Nutricia.

ANGELVS POLITIANVS.

*'Tis doubtfull, whether He, whom Sulmo bore,  
The world-commanding Tyber honour'd more,  
Than his foule ex le thee defam'd, O Rome!  
Whom Getick sands (alas!) but balse intombe.  
Perhaps obserued by Augustus Spyes  
To looke on Iulia w th too friendly eyes.*

In Cicero-  
niano Dia-  
logo.

ERASMVS

*crownes him with the perfection of Eloquence. And the Censurer of all Poets,*

Poetices.  
lib. 5. & 6.

IVLIVS CÆSAR SCALIGER,

*thus writes, when hee comes to cen-  
sure our Author. But now wee arrive  
where the height of wit, and sharpnesse of  
iudgement, are both to bee exerciz'd. For,  
who*

who can commend OVID sufficiently?  
much lesse, who dares reprehend him?  
Notwithstanding, I will say something;  
not in way of detraction, but that we also  
maybe able to grow with his greatnesse.  
Then speaking of his Metamorphosis.  
Bookes deserving a more fortunate Au-  
thor; that from his last hand they might  
haue had their perfection: which hee him-  
selfe bewaileth in luculent Verses. Yet are  
there, in these, well-nigh an infinite num-  
ber, which the wit of an other, I beleene,  
could neuer haue equall'd. And thus ex-  
claimes against Caesar in the person of  
OVID.

Tyrant, with me I would thou hadst begun:  
Nor thy black slaughters had my fate fore-run.  
If my licentious Youth incens'd thee so;  
Thy owne condemnes thee: into exile goe.  
Thy Cabinets are stain'd with horrid deeds;  
And thy soule guilt all monstrous names exceeds.  
Diuine wit, innocence, nor yet my tongue,  
Next to Apollo's, could preuent my wrong.  
I smoth'd th'old Poets with my fluent uaine;  
And taught the New a far more numerous strain.  
When thee I prais'd, then from the truth I swer'd  
And banishment for that alone deserv'd.

In Heroi-  
bus.

STEPHA-

Prefat. in  
Horatium.

STEPHANVS.

NARSO in his *Metamorphosis*, may well be called the Poet of Painters; in that those witty descriptions afford such lively patterns for their pencils to imitate. Nor may wee omit the Testimonie of

Discourt.  
de fabula.

MARCVS ANTONIVS TRITONIVS,  
This Divine worke is necessary, and to bee desired of all, that are addicted to Poetrie, both for the gracefullnesse of speech, the admirable art of the Poet, and delightful varietie of the Subject. Neither was there ever any, that diligently collected, or learnedly, elegantly and orderly expressed the fables, but OVID; who composed ours of Orpheus, Hesiod, Homer, and other the most ancient Poets, so excellent and noble a Work, that therein the Learning of the Latines may worthily glorie. And thus

Varior.  
lib. 2.  
ca. 18.

BERNARDVS MARTINVS.

I conceive the Poet of Sulmo did follow the industrie and aduice of Zeuxes, in the composure of that admirable worke of his *Metamorphosis*. For as that excellent Painter, aboues to draw the picture of  
Helena,



Helena, had assembled together the most  
rare & beautifull Virgins of Greece; that  
by examining their severall perfections  
and graces, might expresse, all in one  
with his curious pencil: So hee out of the  
innumerable volumes of the Grecian Po-  
ets, first gathered these multiplicities of  
fables, composing the diffused and varie-  
ously dispensed into one bodie: and then  
diligently noting what in every author was  
elegant and beautifull, transferred the same  
to his owne, that nothing might be wanting  
to the enriching and adorning of his so  
divine a Poem. I must not omit this tes-  
timonie of the learned

ANTONIUS MYRETVS.

The Metamorphosis, a divine Poem; shi-  
ning through-out, with all the lustres of  
conceit and eloquence. Nor this of

Orat. 3.  
volum. 2.

HERCVLES CIOFANVS;

in that a Citizen of Sulmo. A wittie  
worke, repleat with solid and manifold  
learning. Who peruse it diligently, shall  
finde such admirable fluencie, such fulnesse,  
so great a gravitie of words and sentences;  
that few or none amongst the Latin Poets  
can

Praefat. ob-  
serv. in  
Metam.

can bee said to transcend him. What should I say of that singular, and well-nigh diuine contexture of Fable with Fable? so surpassing, that nothing can bee spoken or done, more artificially, more excellently; or, indeed, more gracefully. Who handling such diuersitie of matter, so cunningly weaues them together, that all appears but one Series. Planudes, well knowing that Greece had not a Poem so abounding with delight and beautie, translated it into that language. What should I say more? All Arts, which Antiquitie knew, are here so fully delineated, that a number, expert in both tongues, of prime understanding and iudgements, admire it beyond all expression. The first that writ a Commentarie on this booke (whereof fiftie thousand were vented, and that in his life time) was

In præfat.  
Comment.

RAPHAEL REGIVS:  
who thus in his Preface. There is nothing appertaining to the knowledge and glorie of warre, whereof wee haue not famous examples in the Metamorphosis of OVID; (not to speake of stratagems, nor  
the

the Orations of Commanders ) described  
with such efficacie and eloquence, that of-  
ten, in reading, you will imagine your selfe  
imbroiled in their conflicts. Neither shall  
you finde any Author, from whom, a civill  
life may gather better instruction.

IACOBVS MICYLLVS.

In princi-  
pio Addi-  
tionum.

Hardly shall you find a Poem, which flowes  
with greater facilitie. For what should I  
speake of Learning? Herein, so great, so  
various, and abstruse; that many places  
haue neither beene explained, nor yet un-  
derstood; no, not by the most knowing: re-  
quiring rather a resolution from the De-  
lian Oracle, &c.

Let the ingenuous, that affect not  
error, now rectifie their owne by the  
iudgements of these. But, incurable  
Criticks, who warre about words,  
and gail the sound to feed on their  
sores, as not desiring their sanitie, I  
forbeare to dissuade, and deliuer  
them vp to the censure of

Agrippa.



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QVOD OLIM FACIEBAT VOTVM GERMANICO OVIDIVS, IDEM

AVGVSTISSIMO CAROLO

Interpretis sui nomine  
faciunt

OVIDIANI MANES.

**E**Xcipe pacato, Caesar Britannice, vultu  
Hoc opus, & timida derige navis iter.  
Officioque, lenem non aversatus honorem,  
Huic tibi denoto, numine dexter ades.  
Hanc te da placidam, dederis in carmine vires:  
Ingenuum vultu statque caditque tuo.  
Pagina iudicium docti subitura monetur  
Principis, ut Clario missa legenda Deo.

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# OVID'S

## METAMORPHOSIS.

### The first Booke.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

**T**He World, form'd out of Chaos. Man is made.  
The Ages change. The Giants Hæmon invade.  
Earth turns their blurt to men. Ioue's flames consume  
Lycæon, now a Wolfe. The World is drown'd.  
Man-kind, cast from rest, All quickning Earth  
Renews the rest, and gives new Monsters birth.  
Apollo, Python kills; hart-wounded, leas  
Lust-flying Daphné: She a Leaneel proves.  
Ioue, lo made a Cow, to make fowle deile.  
Hermes, a Heards-man. Syriax, chang'd to Reede.  
Dead Argus eyes adorn the Peacock's train.  
The Cow, so lo, Ioue transform'd againe.

F formes, to other bodies chang'd, I sing.

**O** Afsist, you Gods: (from you these wonders spring.)

And, from the Worlds first fabrick to these times,

Deduce my neuer discontinued Rymes.

The Sea, the Earth, al-couering Heauen vnfram'd,

One face had nature, which they chaos nam'd:

An vndigested lump; a barren load,

Where iarring seeds of things ill-ioyn'd abroad,

To Titan yet the World with light adomes;

For waxing Phæbe fill'd her waned hornes;

Nor hung the selfe-poiz'd Earth in thin Ayre plac't;  
 Nor *Amphitrite* the vast shore imbrac't.  
 With Earth, was Ayre and Sea: the Earth vnstable,  
 The Ayre was darke, the Sea vn-nauigable:  
 No certaine forme to any one assign'd:  
 This that resists. For, in one body ioyn'd,  
 The Cold and Hot, the Drie and Humid fight:  
 The Soft and Hard, the Heauy with the Light.  
 But God, the better Nature, this decides:  
 Who Earth from Heauen, the Sea from earth diuides:  
 And purer Heauen extracts from grosser Ayre.  
 All which vnfolded by his prudent care  
 From that blinde Masse; the happily dis-ioyn'd  
 With strifelesse peace he to their seats confin'd.  
 Forth-with vp-sprung the quicke and waightlesse Fire,  
 Whose flames vnto the highest Arch aspire:  
 The next, in leuitie and place, is Ayre:  
 Grosse Elements to thicker Earth repayre  
 Selfe-clog'd with waight: the Waters, flowing round,  
 Possesse the last, and solid *Tellus* bound.

What God soeuer this diuision wrought,  
 And euery part to due proportion brought;  
 First, lest the Earth vnequall should appeare,  
 He turn'd it round, in figure of a Sphere;  
 Then Seas diffus'd, commanding them to rore  
 With ruffling Winds, and giue the Land a shore.  
 To those he addeth Springs, Ponds, Lakes immense;  
 And Riuer, whom their winding borders fence:  
 Of these, not few Earth's thirstie iawes deuour;  
 The rest, their streames into the Ocean pour;  
 When, in that liquid Plaine, with freer waue,  
 The fomy Cliffs, in stead of Banks, they laue



## The First Booke.

And Trees increase to Woods, the Plaines extend,  
The rocky Mountaynes rise, and Vales descend.  
Two equall Zones, on either side, dispose  
The measur'd Heauens; a fifth, more hot than those:  
As many Lines th'included Globe diuide:  
The first, amidst vn sufferable beames reside;  
The second, now clothes the other two: the temperate hold  
Twixt these their seats, the heat well mixt with cold.  
As Earth, as Water, vpper Ayre our waighs;  
So much doth Ayre Fire's lighter balance raise.  
There, he commands the changing Clouds to strays;  
There, thundering terrors mortall mindes dismay;  
And with the Lightning, Winds ingendring Snowe  
Yet not permitted euery way to blow;  
Who hardly now to teare the World refraine  
(So Brothers iarre!) though they diuided raigne:  
To *Perfis* and *Sabaa*, *Eurus* flies;  
Whose fruits perfume the blushing Mornes vp-rise  
Next to the Euening, and the Coast that glowes  
With setting *Phabus*, flowry *Zeph'rus* blowes:  
In *Scythia* horrid *Boreas* holds his raigne,  
Beneath *Bootes* and the frozen Waine:  
The Land to this oppos'd, doth *Auster* steep  
With fruitfull showrs, and clouds which euer weep.  
Abooue all these he plac't the liquid Skies;  
Which, void of earthly dregs, did highest rise.  
Scarce had he all thus orderly dispos'd;  
When-as the Starres their radiant heads disclos'd  
(Long hid in Night) and shone through all the skie.  
Then, that no place should vnpossessed lie,  
Bright Constellations, and fair-figured Gods,  
In heavenly Mansions fixt their blest abodes:

The glittering Fishes to the Flouds repayre ;  
The Beasts to Earth, the Birds resort to Ayre.

The nobler Creature, with a minde possist,  
Was wanting yet, that should command the rest.  
That Maker, the best World's originall,  
Either Him fram'd of see Coelestiall ;  
Or Earth, which late he did from Heauen diuide,  
Some sacred seeds retayn'd, to Heauen ally'd :  
Which with the liuing streame *Promethæus* mixt ;  
And in that artificiall structure fixt  
The forme of all th' all-ruling Deities.

And where as others see with downe-cast eyes,  
He with a loftie looke did Man indue,  
And bade him Heauens transcendent glories view.  
So, that rude Clay, which had no forme afore,  
Thus chang'd, of Man the vnkowne figure bore.

The *Golden Age* was first ; which vncompeld,  
And without rule, in Faith and Truth exceld.  
As then, there was nor punishment nor feare ;  
Nor threatening Lawes in brasse prescribed were ;  
Nor suppliant crouching prisoners shooke to see  
Their angrie Iudge : but, all was safe and free.  
To visit other Worlds, no wounded Pine  
Did yet from Hills to faithlesse Seas decline.  
Then, vnambitious Mortals knew no more,  
But their owne Countre's Nature-bounded shore.  
Nor Swords, nor Armes were yet : no trenches round  
Besieged Townes, nor stritfull Trumpets sound :  
The Souldier, of no vie. In firme content  
And harmelesse ease, their happy dayes were spent.  
The yet-free Earth did of her owne accord  
(Vntoane with ploughs) all sorts of fruit affoord.

Content with Natures vn-enforced food,  
They gather Wildings, Strawb'ries of the Wood,  
Lowre Cornels, what vpon the Bramble growes,  
And Acorns, which *Ioue's* spreading Oke bestowes.  
It was alwayes Spring: warme *Zephyrus* sweetly blew  
On smiling Flowres, which without setting grew.  
Forth-with the Earth corne, vnmanured, beares;  
And euery yeere renews her golden Eares;  
With Milke and Nectar were the Riuer fill'd;  
And yellow Hony from greene Elms distill'd.

But, after *Saturne* was throwne downe to Hell,  
*Ioue* rul'd; and then the *Siluer Age* befell:  
More base than Gold, and yet than Brasse more pure.  
*Ioue* chang'd the Spring (which alwayes did indure)  
The Winter, Summer, Autumne hot and cold:  
The shortned Springs the year's fourth-part vphold.  
Then, first the glowing Ayre with feruor burn'd:  
The Raine to ycicles by bleake winds turn'd.  
Ten houses built; late hous'd in Caves profound,  
Plashed Bowres, and Sheds with Ofiers bound.  
Then, first was Corne into long furrowes throwne:  
And Oxen vnder heauie yokes did goe.

Next vnto this succeeds the *Brass Age*:  
More natur'd, prompt to horrid warres, and rage:  
Yet yet not wicked. Stubborne *Ty* the last  
Then, bluddeless Crimes, which all degrees surpass,  
The World furround. Shame, Truth, and Faith depart:  
Fraud enters, ignorant in no bad Art.  
Force, Treason, and the wicked Loue of gain:  
Their sailes, those winds, which yet they knew not, strayn:  
And ships, which long on losse Mountaynes stood,  
Then plow'd the vnpractiz'd bosome of the Flood.



The Ground, as common earst as Light, or Ayre,  
 By limit-giting Geometrie they share.  
 Nor with rich Earth's iust nourishments content,  
 For treasure they her secret entrailles rent;  
 The powerfull Euill, which all power inuades,  
 By her well hid, and wrapt in *Stygian* shades.  
 Curst Steel, more cursed Gold she now forth brought:  
 And bloody-handed Warre, who with both fought.  
 All liue by spoile. The Host his Guest betrays;  
 Sons, Father-in-lawes: 'twixt Brethren loue decays.  
 Wiues husbands, husbands wiues attempt to kill:  
 And cruell Step-mothers pale poysons fill.  
 The Sonne his Fathers hastie death desires:  
 Foild Pietie, trod vnder foot, expires.  
*Astrea*, last of all the heavenly birth,  
 Affrighted leaues the blood-defiled Earth.  
 And that the Heauens their safetie might suspect,  
 The Giants now coelestiall Thrones affect;  
 Who to the skies congested Mountaines reare.  
 Then loue with thunder did *Olympus* reare;  
 Steep *Pelion* from vnder *Ossa* throwne.  
 With their owne waight their monstrous bodies grone;  
 And with her Childrens blood the Earth imbrud:  
 Which shee, scarce throughly cold, with life indur'd,  
 And gaue thereto, t'vphold her Stocke, the face  
 And forme of Man; a God-contemning Race,  
 Greedie of slaughter, not to be withstood;  
 Such, as well shews, that they were borne of blood.  
 Which when from Heauen *Saturnius* did behold;  
 He sigh't; resoluing what was yet vtold,  
 Of fell *Lycæus*' late inhumane feast.  
 Iust anger, worthy *Ioue*, inflam'd his breast.

A Synod call'd, the summoned appeare.  
There is a way, well seene when skies be cleare,  
The *Milkie* nam'd: by this, the Gods resort  
Vnto th' Almighty Thunderers high Court.  
With euer-open dores, on either hand,  
Of nobler Deities the Houses stand:  
The Vulgar dwell disperst: the Chiefe and Great  
In front of all, their shining Mansions seat.  
This glorious Roofe I would not doubt to call,  
Had I but boldnes lent me, Heauen's *White-ball*.  
All set on Marble seats; He, leaning on  
His luory Scepter, in a higher Throne,  
Did twice or thrice his dreadfull Tresses shake:  
The Earth, the Sea, the Stars (though fixed) quake;  
Then thus, inflam'd with indignation, spake:

I was not more perplext in that sad Time,  
For this Worlds Monarchie, when bold to cline,  
The Serpent-footed Giants durst invade,  
And would on Heauen their hundred hands haue laid.  
Though fierce the Foo, yet did that Warre depend  
But of one Body, and had soone an end.  
Now all the race of man I must confound,  
Where-euer *Nereus* walks his way Round:  
And this I vow by those infernall Floods,  
Which slowly glide through silent *Stygian* woods.  
All cures first sought; such parts as health reiect  
Must be cut off, least they the sound infect.  
Our Demi-gods, Nymphs, Syluans, Sanyres, Faunes,  
Who haunt cleare Springs, high Mountayns, Woods, and  
(On whom since yet we please not to bestow (Lawnes  
Coelestiall dwellings) must subsist below.  
Think you, you Gods, they can in safetie rest,

When me (of lightning, and of you posselt,  
 Who both at our Imperiall pleasure sway)  
 The sterne *Lycan* practiz'd to betray?  
 All bluster, and in rage the wretch demand.  
 So, when bold Treason sought, with impious hand,  
 By *Cesar's* bloud r'out-race the Roman name;  
 Man-kind, and all the World's affrighted Frame,  
 Astonisht at so great a ruine, shooke.  
 Nor thine, for Thee, lesse thought, *Augustus*, rooke,  
 Than they for *Ioue*. He, when he had suppress  
 Their murmur, thus proceeded to the rest.

He hath his punishment; remit that care:  
 The manner how, I will in briebe declare.  
 The Times accus'd, (but as I hop'e bely'd)  
 To trie, I downe from steep *Olympus* slide.  
 A God, transform'd like one of humane birth,  
 I wandred through the many-peopl'd Earth.  
 'Twere long to tell, what crimes of euery sort  
 Swarm'd in all parts: the truth exceeds report.  
 Now past den-dreadfull *Menelus* confines,  
*Cyllene*, cold *Lycaon* clad with Pines,  
 There where th' *Arcadians* dwell, when Doubtfull-light  
 Drew on the dewy Charriot of the Night,  
 I entred his vnhol'pitable Court.  
 The better Vulgar to their pray'rs resort,  
 When I by signes had showne a Gods repayr.  
*Lycaon* first derides their zealous pray'r;  
 Then said, We straight the vndoubted truth will trie,  
 Whether he be immortall, or may die.  
 In dead of night, when all was whist and still,  
 Me, in my sleepe, he purposeth to kill.  
 Nor with so foule an enterprize content,



An Hostage murders, from *Mole* sent in the *W* side  
Part of his seuer'd scarce, dead limbs he boyles;  
An other part on hissing Embers broyles;  
This set before me, I the house ore-turn'd  
With vengefull flames, which round about him burn'd.  
He, frighted, to the silent Desert flies;  
There howles, and speech with lost indew tries.  
His selfe-like iawes still grin: more than for food  
He slaughters beasts, and yet delights in bloud.  
His armes to thighs, his clothes to bristles chang'd;  
A Wolfe; not much from his first forme estrang'd:  
So horie hair'd; his lookes so full of rape;  
So fiery ey'd; so terrible his shape.

One house that fate, which all deserue, sustaines:  
For, through the World the fierce *Erinyes* raignes.  
You'd thinke they had conspir'd to sinne; But all  
Shall swiftly by deseru'd vengeance fall.

*Ioue's* words apart approue, and his intent  
Exasperate: the rest giue their consent.  
Yet all for Mans destruction griev'd appeare;  
And aske what forme the widowed Earth shall beare?  
Who shall with odours their cold Altars feast?  
Must Earth be onely by wilde beasts posses?  
The King of Gods re-comforts their despaire;  
And biddeth them impose on him that care:  
Who promis'd, by a strange originall  
Of better people, to supply their fall.  
And now about to let his lightning flie,  
He fear'd lest so much flame should catch the skie,  
And burne heauens Axel tree. Besides, by doome,  
Of certaine Fate, he knew the time should come,  
When Sea, Earth, raiust the Heauen, the curious Frames

Of this World's masse, should shrinke in purging flame.  
 He therefore those *Cyclopean* darts reiects;  
 And different-natur'd punishments elects:  
 To open all the Flood-gates of the skie,  
 And Man by inundation to destroy.

Rough *Boreas* in *Æolian* prison laid,  
 And those drie blasts which gathered Clouds invade;  
 Out flies the South, with dropping wings; who shrouds  
 His terrible aspect in pitchy clouds.  
 His white hair streams, his swolne Beard big with showres;  
 Mists bind his brows, Rain from his bosom poures.  
 As with his hands the hanging clouds he crush't;  
 They roar'd, and downe in showres together rush.  
 All-colour'd *Iris*, *Juno's* messenger,  
 To weeping Clouds doth nourishment confer.  
 The Corn is lodg'd, the Husband-men despaire;  
 Their long yeares labour lost, with all their care.  
*Jove*, not content with his æthereall rages,  
 His Brother's auxiliarie floods ingages.  
 The Streames conuented; 'Tis too late to vse  
 Much speech, said *Neptune*; all your powres effuse;  
 Your dores vnbarre, remoue what ere restraines  
 Your liberall Waues, and giue them the full raynes.  
 Thus charged, they returne; their Springs vnfold;  
 And to the Sea with head-long furie rol'd.  
 He with his Trident strikes the Earth; Shee shakes;  
 And way for Water by her motion makes.  
 Through open fields now rush the spreading Floods;  
 And hurie with them Cattell, People, Woods,  
 Houses, and Temples with their Gods inclos'd.  
 What such a force, in-ouerthrowne, oppos'd,  
 The higher swelling Water quite deuoures;

Which

# The First Booke.

11

Which hides the aspiring tops of swallowed towres.  
Now Land and Sea no different visage bore:  
For, all was Sea, nor had the Sea a shore.  
He, takes a Hill: He, in a Boat deplores;  
And, where He lately plow'd, now strikes his Oare;  
O're Corne, o're drowned Villages He saies:  
He, from high Elmes intangled Fishes hales.  
In Fields they anchor cast, as Chance did guide:  
And Ships the vnder-lying Vineyards hide.  
Where Mountayne-louing Goats did lately graze,  
The Sea-calf now his vgly body layes.  
Groues, Cities, Temples, couer'd by the Deep,  
The Nymphs admire, in woods the Delphins keep,  
And chace about the boughs: the Wolfe doth swim  
Amongst the Sheepe: the Lyon (now not grim)  
And Tygres tread the Waues. Swift feet no more  
Auail the Hart; nor wounding tuskes the Bore.  
The wandring Birds, hid Earth long sought in vaine,  
With weary wings descend into the Mayne.  
Licentious Seas o're drowned Hills now fret;  
And vnknowne surges Aycie Mountaynes beat.  
The Waues the greater part deuoure; the rest,  
Death, with long-wanted sustenance, oppress.  
The Land of *Phocis*, fruitfull when a Land,  
Diuides *Aonia* from th' *Aelian* strand;  
But now a part of the insulting Mayne,  
Of sudden-swelling waters a vast Playne,  
There, his two heads *Parnassus* doth extend  
To touched Stars; whose tops the Clouds transcend.  
On this *Dencalion's* little Boat was throwne;  
With him, his Wife; the rest all ouer-flowne.  
*Corycian* Nymphs, and Hill-gods he adores;

And



And *Themis*, then oraculous, implores,  
 None was there better, none more iust than *Hee*;  
 And none more reuerent the Gods than *Shée*;  
*Ioue*, when he saw that all a Lake was growne,  
 And of so many thousand men but one;  
 One, of so many thousand women, left;  
 Both guiltlesse, pious both; of all bereft:  
 The clouds (now cha<sup>r</sup>g'd by *Soreas*) from him throwes:  
 And Earth to Heauen, Heauen vnto Earth he shoves.  
 Nor Seas persist to rage: their awfull Guide  
 The wilde waues calmes, his Trident laid aside;  
 And calls blow *Fitton*, riding on the Deep  
 (Whose mantle Nature did in purple steep)  
 And bids him his lowd-sounding shell inspire,  
 And giue the Flouds a signall to retire,  
 He his wreath'd trumpet takes (as giuen in charge)  
 That from the turning bottom grows more large:  
 To which when he giues breath, tis heard by all,  
 From farre-vprising *Phebus* to his Fall.  
 When this the watery Deitie had set  
 To his large mouth, and sounded a retreat;  
 All Flouds is heard, that Earth or Ocean knew;  
 And all the Flouds, that heard the same, with-drew.  
 Seas now haue shores: full streames their channels keep:  
 They sink, and hills aboue the waters peep.  
 Earth re-ascends: as waues decrease, so grow  
 The formes of things, and late-hid figures show.  
 And after a long day, the trees extend  
 Their bared tops; with mud their branches bend.  
 The World's restor'd. Which when in such a state,  
 So deadly silent, and so desolate,  
*Democleon* saw: with teares which might haue made

An other Flood, he thus to Pyrrha said.

O Sister! O my Wife! the poore Remaines  
Of all thy Sex; which all, in one, contains!  
Whom humane Nature, one paternall Line,  
Then one chaste Bed, and now like dangers ioyne!  
Of what the Sunne beholds from East to West,  
We two are all: the Sea intombs the rest.

Nor yet can we of life be confident;  
The threatening clouds strange terrors still present.

O what a heart would'st thou haue had, if Fate  
Had ta'ne me from thee, and prolong'd thy date!  
So wilde a feare, such sorrowes, so forlorne

And comfortlesse, how couldest thou haue borne!

If Seas had suckt thee in, I would haue follow'd

My Wife in death, and Sea should me haue swallow'd.

O would I could my Father's cunning vse!

And soules into well-modul'd Clay infuse!

Now, all our mortall Race we two contayne;

And but a pattern of Man-kind remaine.

This said, both wept both prayrs to heauen addresse;

And seeke the Oracle in their distresse.

Forth-with descending to sea-side, as Flood,

Which in known banks now ran, though thick with mud;

They on their heads and garments water throw;

And to the Temple of the Goddess goe;

At that time all defil'd with mosse and mire;

The vnfrequented Altar without fire.

Then, humbly on their faces prostrate layd,

And kissing the cold stones, with feare thus prayd.

If Powres diuine to iust desires conlone,

And Angry Gods doe in the end relent;

Say, Themis, how shall we our Race repaire?

O, helpe the drown'd in Water and Despayre !  
 The Goddesse, with compassion mou'd, reply'd ;  
 Goe from my Temple : both your faces hide ;  
 Let Garments all vnbraced loosely flow ;  
 And your Great-Parents bones behinde you throw.  
 Amaz'd ! first *Pyrrha* silence breakes, and said ;  
 By me the Goddesse must not be obay'd ;  
 And, trembling, pardon craues : Her Mothers ghost  
 She feares would suffer, if her bones were tost.  
 Meane-while they ponder and reiterate  
 The words proceeding from ambiguous Fate.  
 Then, *Promethides*, *Epimethida*  
 Thus recollecteth ; lost in her dismay :  
 Or we the Oracle misse-vnderstand  
 (The righteous Gods no wicked thing command)  
 Or Earth is our Great-Mother : and the stones,  
 Therein contain'd, I take to be her bones.  
 These, sure, are those we should behinde vs throw.  
 Although *Tisania* thought it might be so,  
 Yet she misse-doubts. Both with weake faith rely  
 On ayding Heauen. What hurt was it to try ?  
 Departing with heads vail'd, and clothes vnbrac't,  
 Commanded stones they o're their shoulders cast.  
 Did not Antiquitie auouch the same,  
 Who would beleeu't ! the stones lesse hard became.  
 And as their naturall hardnesse them forsooke ;  
 So by degrees they Mans dimensions tooke ;  
 And gentler-natur'd grew, as they increast :  
 And, yet not manifestly Man exprest ;  
 But, like rough hewne rude marble Statues stand,  
 That want the Workemans last life-giuing hand,  
 The Earthy parts, and what had any ioyce,



Were both conuerted to the body's vse.  
The vnflexible and solid, turne to bones :  
The veines remaine, that were when they were stones.  
Those, thrown by Man, the forme of men induc :  
And those were Women, which the Woman threw.  
Hence we, a hardy Race, inur'd to paine :  
Our Actions our Originall explaine.

All other creatures tooke their numerous birth..  
And figures, from the voluntary Earth.  
When that old humour with the Sunne did sweat,  
And slimy Marishes grew big with heat ;  
The pregnant Seeds, as from their Mothers wombe,  
From quickning Earth both growth and forme assume.  
So, when seuen chanel'd Nile forsakes the Plaine,  
When ancient bounds retiring streames containe,  
And late-left slime æthereall feruours burne,  
Men various creatures with the glebe vp-turne :  
Of those, some in their very time of birth ;  
Some lame ; and others halfe aliu, halfe earth.  
For, Heat and Moysture, when they temperate grow,  
Forth-with conceiue ; and life on things bestow.  
From striuing Fire and Water all proccede ;  
Discording Concord euer apt to breede.  
So, Earth by that late Deluge muddy growne,  
When on her lap reflecting Titan shone,  
Produc't a World of formes ; restor'd the late ;  
And other vnknowne Monsters did create.

Huge Python, thee, against her will, she bred ;  
A Serpent, whom the new-borne People dread ;  
Whole bulk did like a mouing Mountaine show.  
Behold ! the God that beares the Silver Bow  
(Till then, inur'd to strike the flying Deere,

Or swifter Roe, who euery shadow feare)  
 That terror with a thousand arrowes slew;  
 And through black wounds the clotted poyson drew.  
 Then, least the well-desetued memorie  
 Of such a Praise, in future times should die;  
 He instituteth celebrated Games  
 Of free contention; which he *Pythia* names.  
 Who ran, who Wraстled best; or Rak't the ground  
 With swiftest Wheelles, the Oken Garland crown'd.  
 The Laurel was not yet: all sorts of Boughes  
*Phæbus* then bound about his radiant Browes.

*Peneian Daphne* was his first belou'd:  
 Not Chance, but *Cupid's* wrath, that fury mou'd.  
 Whom *Lebus* (proud of his late Conquest) saw,  
 As he his pliant Bowe began to draw;  
 And said: Lasciuious Boy, how ill agree  
 Thou and these Armes! too Manly far for thee.  
 Such suit our shoulders; whose strong arme confounds  
 Both Man and Beast, with neuer-missing wounds;  
 That *Pythox*, bristled with thick Arrowes, queld,  
 Who o're so many poysoned Akers sweld.  
 Be thou content to kindle with thy Flame  
 Desires we know not; nor our prayles claime.  
 Then, *Venus* sonne, Selfe-praysed euer bee:  
 All may thy Bowe transfixe, as mine shall thee.  
 As much as *Ioue* excelleth humane pow'r's;  
 So much thy glory is exceld by ours.  
 With that, he breaks the Ayre with nimble wings,  
 And to *Parnassus* shadie summit Springs;  
 Two different arrowes from his Quiver drawes:  
 One, harte of Loue; the other Loue doth cause.  
 What caus'd, was sharpe, and had a golden Head:

But what repulst, was blunt, and tipt with Lead.  
 The God this in *Peneis* fixt: that stricke  
*Apo'los* bones and in his Marrow stucke.  
 Forth-with he loues: a Louers name she flies:  
 And emulating vn-wed *Phæbe*, ioyes  
 In spoyles of saluage Beasts, and syluan Lares;  
 A fillet binding her neglected haire.  
 Her, many sought: but she, auerse to all,  
 Vnknowne to Man, nor brooking such a thrall,  
 Frequents the pathlesse Woods; and hates to prone,  
 Nor cares to heare, what *Hymen* is, or Loue.  
 Oft said her Father, Daughter, thou do'st owe  
 A Son-in-law, who Nephews may bestowe.  
 But she, who Marriage as a Crime eschew'd  
 Her Face with blushing shame fac't mes imbew'd;  
 Hung on his necke with fawning armes, and said,  
 Deare Father, giue me leaue to liue a Maide:  
 This boone *Diana's* did to her afford.  
 He, too indulgent, gaue thee his accord:  
 But thee, thy excellencie countermands;  
 And thy owne beautie thy desire with stands.  
*Apollo* loues, and faine would *Daphne* wed:  
 What he desires, he hopes; and is misse-led  
 By his owne Oracles. As stubbles burne,  
 As hedges into sudden blazes turne,  
 Fire set too neere, or left by chance behinde  
 By passengers, and scattered with the winde:  
 So springs he into flames: a fire doth moue  
 Through all his veins: hope feeds his barren loue.  
 He on her shoulders sees her haire vntrest:  
 O what, said he, if these were neatly drest!  
 Hee sees her Eyes, two Startes! her Lips which kisse

Their



Their happy Schues, and longs to taste their blisse :  
 Admires her fingers, hands, her armes halfe-bare ;  
 And Parts vnseene conceiues to be more rare :  
 Swifter than following Winds, away she runs ;  
 And him, for all this his intreatie, thuns.

Stay Nymph, I pray thee stay ; I am no Fo :  
 So Lambs from Wolves, Harts flye from Lyons so ;  
 So from the Eagle springs the trembling Doue :  
 They, from their deaths : but my pursute is Loue.  
 Wo's me, if thou shouldst fall, or thornes should race  
 Thy tender legs, whilst I enforce the chace !  
 These roughs are craggy : moderate thy haste,  
 And trust me, I will not pursue so fast:  
 Yet know, who't is you please : No Mountanere,  
 No home-bred Clowne; nor keepe I Cattell here.  
 From whom thou fly'st thou know'st not (filly foole!)  
 And therefore fly'st thou. I in *Delphos* rule.

*Ionian Claros, Lycian Patara,*

And Sea-girt *Tenedos* doe me obay.

*Ioue* is my Father. What shall be, hath beene,  
 Or is, by my instructiue rayes is seene.

Immortall Verse from our inuention springs ;  
 And how to strike the well concording-strings.

My shafts hit sure : yet He one surer found,  
 Who in my emptie bosome made this wound.

Of herbs I found the vertue ; and through all

The World they Me the great Physician call.

Aye me, that herbs can Loue no cure afford !

That Arts, relieuing all, should faile their Lord !

More had he said, when she, with nimble dread,  
 From him, and his vnfinisht court-ship fled.

How gracefull then ! the Wind that obuius blew,

Too much betray'd her to his amorous view;  
And play'd the Wanton with her fluent haire,  
Her Beauty, by her flight, appear'd more rare.  
No more the God will his intreaties loose;  
But, virg'd by Loue, with all his force pursues.  
As when a Hare the speedy Gray-hound spies;  
His feet for prey, shee hers for safetie plyes;  
Now beares he vp; now, now he hopes to fetch her;  
And, with his snout extended, straines to catch her;  
Not knowing whether caught or no, she slips  
Out of his wide-stretcht iawes, and touching lips.  
The God and Virgin in such strife appeare:  
He, quickned by his hope; She, by her feare,  
But, the Pursuer doth more nimble proue:  
Enabled by th' industrious wings of loue.  
Nor giues he time to breathe: now at her heeles,  
His breath vpon her dangling haire shee feeles.  
Cleane spent, and fainting, her affrighted blood  
Forfakes her cheeks. Shee cryes vnto the Floud.  
Helpe Father, if your streames contayne a Powre;  
May Earth, for too well pleasing, me deuour:  
Or, by transforming, O destroy this shape,  
That thus betrayes me to vndoing rape.  
Forth-with, a numneffe all her lims possesse;  
And slender filmes her softer sides inuest.  
Haire into leaues, her Armes to branches grow:  
And late swift feet, now roots, are lesse than slow.  
Her gracefull head a leany top sustaines:  
One beauty throughout all her forme remains.  
Still *Phœbus* loues. He handles the new Plant;  
And feeles her Heart within the bark to pant:  
Imbrac't the bole, as he would her haue done

And

And kist the boughs: the boughes his kisses shun.  
 To whom the God: Although thou canst not bee  
 The Wife I wisht, yet shalt thou be my Tree,  
 Our Quiuer, Harp, our Tressles neuer shorne,  
 My Laurell, thou shalt euermore odorne;  
 And Browes triumphant, when they *do* sing,  
 And to the Capitol their Trophee bring.  
 Thou shalt defend from Thunders blasting stroke,  
*Augustus* doores, on either side the Oke.  
 And, as our vn-cut haire no change receiues;  
 So euer flourish with vnfading leaues.  
 Here *Pæan* ends. The Laurell all allowes:  
 In signe whereof her gratefull head shee bowes.

A pleasant Grove within *Æmonia* grows,  
 Call'd *Tempe*; which high ragged Cliffs inclose.  
 Through this, *Peneus*, pour'd from *Pindus*, raues,  
 And from the bottom rowles, with foaming waues;  
 That by steep down-falls tumbling from on hie,  
 Ingender mists, which smoke-like, vp and flie,  
 That on the dewy tops of Trees distill,  
 And more than neighboring woods with noise fill.  
 Here, in a Caue, his Court he doth reside:  
 The great Floud keepes: here his dolefull dispende  
 To streams, and gentle Nymphs that streams frequēt  
 The Flouds, that natiue were, with one consent  
 First thither came; as yet, at selfe-debate,  
 Whether to comfort, or congratulate,  
 Coole *Sperchius*, slow *Amphrysus*, *Apidan*.  
 Swift *Æas*, *Enipe*, that troubled ran.  
 Then, forth with those, who (as their sources bend)  
 To Seas, their Waues (with wandring, weary) send.  
 All but old *Inachus*: who in his Caue's



Obscure recesso, with teares augments his waues:  
 For *Io*, mournes as lost; nor yet knowes hee  
 Whether aboue or vnder earth she bec:  
 But her, whom he not any-where could find,  
 He thinks is no where: feare distracts his mind.  
 As from her Fathers streames the Nymph return'd,  
*Saturnus*, seeing her, in passion burn'd-  
 O Virgin, worthy *Ioue*! whose bed must blesse  
 What God I know not; though a Man, no lesse:  
 Here in these Woods, said he, or these repose,  
 Whil't thus the world with fainting feruor glower.  
 Nor feare among the Saluages to venter:  
 A God protecting, thou maist safely enter.  
 Nor one of vulgar ranke; but, He that beares  
 Heauens Scepter, and the clouds with thunder teares;  
 O, flie not! for she fled. The Pastures past  
 Of *Lerna*, and *Lycæus*'s gloomy wast,  
 He in the Aire a sable cloud displai'd,  
 Caught, and deuirginat's the strugling Maid.  
 Meane-while, with wonder *Iuno* doth suruay  
 Those duskie Clouds, that made a Night of Day.  
 And, finding that they neither tooke their birth  
 From vap'rous streames, nor from the humid Earth,  
 For her mist Husband searcheth Heauen: as one,  
 To whom his stealths so often had beene knowne.  
 Whom when she could not finde; Deceiu'd am I,  
 Or wrong'd, she said. Downe from the enamel'd skie  
 Shee slides to Earth. The foggy Clouds with-draw  
 At her command. Her cunning *Ioue* fore-saw,  
 And chang'd *Inachides* into a Cow;  
 Whose forme euen *Iuno* prais'd; demanding how  
 Shee thither came? Whose was she? of what herd?

As

As ignorant of what she more than fear'd.  
*Ioue* faynes (her importunitie to shift)  
 Her borne of Earth. *Saturnia* begs the gift.  
 What should he doe? be cruell to his Loue;  
 Or by denying her, suspicion moue?  
 Shame that perswades; and Loue doth this dissuade?  
 But, stronger Loue Shame vnder foot had layd;  
 Yet doubts, if he should such a thing deny  
 His Wife and Sister, 't would the fraud descry.  
 Obtayn'd; not forth-with feare the Goddessie left;  
 Distrusting *Ioue*, and iealous of his theft,  
 Vntill deliuered to *Argus* guard.  
 A hundred eyes his head's large circuit starr'd;  
 Whereof, by turnes, at once two onely slept;  
 The other watcht, and still their Stations kept.  
 Which way so-ere he stands, he 16 spyes:  
 16, behind him, was before his eyes.  
 By day, she graz'd abroad: *Sol* vnder ground,  
 He hous'd her, in vnworthy halter bound.  
 On leaues of Trees, and bitter herbs she fed.  
 Poore soule! the Earth, not alwayes greene, her bed;  
 And of the Torrent drinks. With hands Vp-heau'd  
 Shee thought to beg for pity: how decci'd!  
 Who low'd, when she began to make her mone;  
 And trembled at the voyce which was her owne.  
 Vnto the banks of *Inachus* shee stray'd;  
 Her Fathers banks, where she so oft had play'd:  
 Beholding in his streame her horned head,  
 She starts; and from her selfe, selfe-frighted, fled.  
 Her Sisters, nor old *Inachus*, her knew:  
 Which way so-ere they went, she would pursue,  
 And suffer them to stroke her; and doth moue

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Their wonder with her strange expressed loue.  
 He brought her Grasse: She gently lickt his hands,  
 And kist his palmes; nor, longer, teares withstands.  
 And had shee then had words, shee had display'd  
 Her Name, her Fortunes, and implor'd his ayde.  
 For words, she letters with her foot imprest  
 Vpon the Sand, which her sad change profest.  
 Wo's me! cry'd *Inachus*: his armes he throwes  
 About her snowy Necke. O, woe of woes!  
 Art thou my daughter, throughout all the Round  
 Of Earth so sought; that now, vnought, art found!  
 Lesse was thy losse: lesse was my miserie.  
 Dumb wretch (alas!) thou canst not make reply:  
 Yet, as thou canst thou dost: thy lowings speake,  
 And deep-fetcht sighes that from thy bosom breake.  
 Ignorant, prepar'd thy marriage bed:  
 My hopes, a Sonne-in-law, and Nephewes fed.  
 Now, from the Heerd, thy issue must descend:  
 Nor can the length of time my sorrowes end;  
 Accurst in that a God. Deaths sweet reliefe  
 Hard fates denie to my immortall grieffe.

This said: his Daughter (in that shape belou'd)  
 The Star-ey'd *Argus* farre from thence remou'd;  
 When, mounted on a hill, the warie Spie  
 Suruayes the Playnes that round about him lie.

The King of Gods those sorrowes she indur'd:  
 Could brooke no longer, by his fault procur'd:  
 But, calls his sonne, of fulgent *Pleias* bred;  
 Commanding him to cut off *Argus* head.  
 He wings his heeles, puts on his Felt, and takes  
 His drowsie Rod; the Towre of Loue forsakes;  
 And, winding, stoops to Earth. The changed God

His

Their



His Hat and Wings layes by; retaynes his Rod:  
With which he driues his Gotes (like one that feeds  
The bearded Heard) and sings t'his slender Reeds.

Much taken with that Art, before vnknowne,  
Come, sit by me, said *Argus*, on this stone.  
No place affordeth better Pastorage,  
Or shelter from the Sunnes offensiue rage.  
Pleas'd *Atlantiades* doth him obey;  
And with discourse protracts the speedy Day:  
Then, singing to his Pipes soft melody,  
Endeuors to subdue each wakefull eye.

The Herd-man striues to conquer vrgent sleepe:  
Though seiz'd on halfe, the other halfe doe keepe  
Obscruant watch. He askes who did inuent  
(With that, he yawn'd) that late-found Instrument.

Then, thus the God his charmed eares inclines:  
Amongst the *Hamadry'd's* and *Nonacrinæ*  
(On cold *Artadian* Hills) for beautie fam'd,  
A *Naias* dwelt; the Nymphs, her *Syrinx* nam'd.  
Who oft deceiu'd the Satyres that pursu'd,  
The rurall Gods, and those whom woods include:  
In exercises, and in chaste desire,  
*Diana*-like; and such in her attire.

You either in each other might behold:  
Her Bow was Horne; *Diana's* was of Gold:  
Yet oft mistooke. *Pan* crown'd with Pines, returning  
From steep *Lycaeus*, saw her; and, loue-burning,  
Thus said: Faire Virgin, grant a Gods request;  
And be his Wife. She would not heare the rest;  
But fled from the despis'd as from her shame,  
Till to smooth *Ladon's* sandy banks shee came,  
There stopt; implores the liquid Sisters aid,

To change her shape, and pittie a fore't Maid.  
 When he thought he had his *Syrinx* claspt  
 betweenc his arms, Reeds for her body graspt.  
 He sighs: they, stir'd there-with, report againe  
 A mournfull sound, like one that did complaine.  
 Capt with the musick; Yet, O sweet (said he)  
 Together euer thus conuerse will we.  
 Then, of vnequall wax-ioyn'd Reeds he fram'd  
 his seuen-fold Pipe: of her 't was *Syrinx* nam'd.  
 The sly *Cyllenius*, thus discoursing, spies  
 how leaden sleep had seal'd vp all his eyes.  
 Then, silent, with his Magick rod he strokes  
 their languisht lights, which sounder sleep prouokes,  
 And with his Fawchion lops his nodding head:  
 Whose bloud besmear'd the hoarie Rock with red.  
 There lyes he; of so many lights, the light  
 put forth: his hundred eyes set in one night.  
 Yet, that those starry jewels might remayne,  
*Atturnia* fixt them in her Peacocks trayne.  
 Inflam'd with anger, and impatient haste,  
 Before sad *Iōs* eyes and thoughts shee plac't  
*Syrinnis* Snakes, and through the World doth drive  
 The conscience-stung affrighted Fugitiue.  
 Thou, *Nile*, to her long toyle an end didst yeeld.  
 Approaching thee, shee on thy margent kneel'd;  
 Her looks (such as shee had) to heauen vp-throwes:  
 With tears, sighs, sounds (expressing worldlesse woes)  
 shee seem'd *Ioue* t' accuse, as too ingrate,  
 And to implore an end of her hard fate.  
 He clips his Wife; and her intreats to free  
 the vniustly plagu'd. Be confident (said he)  
 shee neuer more shall cause thy griefe, or feare:

His yow he bids the *Stygian* Waters heare.  
 Appeas'd; the Nymph recouer'd her first looke;  
 \* So faire, so sweet! the haire her skin forsooke:  
 Her horns decrease; large eyes, wide iawes, contract;  
 Shoulders and hands againe become exact;  
 Her hooues to nailes diminish; nothing now  
 But that pure White, retaynes shee of the Cow.  
 Then, on her feete her body she erects  
 Now borne by two. Her selfe she yet suspects;  
 Nor dares to speake alowd, lest she should heare  
 Her selfe to low; but softly tries with feare.  
 Now, shee, a Goddess, is ador'd by those  
 That linnen weare, where sacred *Nilus* flowes.

Hence sprung *Ioue's Epaphus*, no lesse diuine;  
 Whose Temples next vnto his Mother's ioyne.  
 Equall in yeeres, nor equall spirit wants  
 The Sunne-got *Phaëton*: who proudly vants  
 Of his high Parentage; nor will giue place.  
*Inachides* puts on him this disgrace:  
 Foole, thou thy Mother trusts in things vnknowne;  
 And of a Father boasts that's not thy owne.  
 Vext *Phaëton* blusht: his shame his rage repels;  
 Who straight to *Clymene* the slander tels:  
 And Mother, said he, to your griefes increase;  
 I free, and late so fiery, held my peace;  
 Asham'd that such a tainture should be lay'd  
 Vpon my bloud, that could not be gayn-said.  
 But, if I be descended from aboue;  
 Giue proofe thereof, and this reproach remoue.  
 Then hangs about her necke: by her owne Head,  
 By *Merope's*, her Sisters nuptiall bed,  
 Intreats her to produce some certaine gage,



That might assure his question'd parentage.  
Mou'd with her sonnes intreaty, more inflam'd  
With indignation to be so defam'd,  
She casts her armes to heauen: and looking on  
His radiant Orbe, thus said: I sweare my son,  
By yon faire Taper, that so bright appears  
With far-projected beames; who sees, and heares:  
That Sun whom thou behold'st, who light and heat  
Affords the informed World, did thee beget.  
If not, may he to me deny his sight:  
And to my eyes let this be his last light.  
Nor far-remoued doth his Palace stand;  
His first-vprize confines vpon our Land:  
If that thy heart doe serue thee, thither goe;  
And there thy Father, of thy Father, know.  
I create, ioy'd *Phaëton* enlightned grew;  
Whose towring thoughts no lesse than Heauen pursue.  
His *Æthiopia* past, and *Ind* which fries  
With burning beames, he climes the Sun's vprize.

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# OVID'S

## METAMORPHOSIS.

### The second Booke.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

**R**ash Phaeton fires the World. His sisters mourne  
 His Tragedie; who into Poplars turne;  
 Their teares to Amber, Cygnus, to a Swan.  
 Ioue, Phœbe-like, Calisto found a Man.  
 Hēr, Iuno made a Beare: Shee, and her son,  
 Advanced starres, that fill the Ocean Jun.  
 Coronis, now a Crowe, flies Neptune's fright;  
 Niſtiminè is made the Bird of Night.  
 The too-officious Rauē, late ſo fayre,  
 Is plum'd with black: Ocyroë growes a Mare.  
 Phœbus, a Heardsman: Mercury, twice ſuch;  
 Who turnes betraying Battus into Tuck.  
 Ennious Aglauros, to a Statue, full  
 Of her minde's ſpots. Loue Ioue conuertt t' a Bull.

**S**OL's loftie Palace on high Pillars rais'd,  
 Shone all with gold, and ſtones that flame-like blaz'd  
 The rooſe of luory, diuinely deckt:  
 The two-leau'd ſiluer-doores bright rayes proiect.  
 The workmanſhip more admiration crau'd:  
 For, curious Mulciber had there ingrau'd  
 The Land-imbracing Sea, the orb'd Ground,  
 The arch'd Heauens. Blew Gods the billowes crown'd;



Shape-changing *Proteus*, *Triton* shrill; the tall  
 Big-brawn'd *Ægeon* mounted on a Whale.  
*Gray Doris*, and her daughters, heavenly-faire:  
 Some sit on Rocks, and drie their Sea-greene haire;  
 Some seeme vpon the dancing Waues to glide;  
 Others on backs of crooked Fishes ride:  
 Amongst them all, no two appeare the same;  
 Nor differ more than sisters well became.  
 The Earth had saluage Beasts, Men, Cities, Woods,  
 Nymphs, Satyres, rurall Gods, and crystall Floods:  
 Aboue all these, Heauen's radiant Image shines,  
 On both sides deckt with six refulgent Signes.  
 To this, bold *Phæton* made his ascent;  
 And to his doubted Father's presence bent;  
 Yet forc't to stand aloofe: for, mortall sight  
 Could not indure t' approach so pure a light.  
*Sol* cloth'd in purple, sits vpon a Throne,  
 Which cleerly with tralucent Emralds shone.  
 With equall-raigning Houres, on either hand,  
 The Dayes, the Moneths, the Yeers, the Ages stand:  
 The fragrant Spring with flowrie chaplet crown'd:  
 Wheat-eares, the browes of naked Summer bound:  
 Rich Autumn smear'd with crusht *Lycus* blood;  
 Next, hoary-headed Winter quiuering stood.

Much daunted at these sacred nouelties,  
 The fearefull Youth all-seeing *Phæbus* spies;  
 Who said, What hither drew thee *Phæton*,  
 Who art, and worthily, my dearest Son?  
 He thus reply'd: O thou refulgent Light,  
 Who all the World reioycest with thy sight!  
 O Father! if allow'd to vse that name,  
 Nor *Chymens* by thee disguise her shame;

Produce

Produce some signe, that may my birth approue,  
 And from my thoughts these wretched doubts remoue.  
 He, from his browes, his shining rayes displac't;  
 And, bidding him draw-neere, his neck inbrac't.  
 By morit, as by birth, to thee is due  
 That name, said he; and *Clymene* was true.  
 To cleere all doubts; aske what thou wilt, and take  
 Thy granted wish. Beare witness thou dark Lake,  
 The oath of Gods, vnto our eyes vnknowne.  
 These words no sooner from his lips were flowne,  
 But he demands his Chariot, and the sway  
 Of his hot Steeds, to guide the winged Day.  
 The God repents him of the oath he made;  
 And, shaking his illustrious Tresses, said:

Thy tongue hath made mine erre, thy birth vnblest.  
 O, would I could break promise! this request,  
 I must confesse, I onely would denie:  
 And yet, dissuade I may. Thy death doth lie  
 Within thy wish. What's so desir'd by thee,  
 Can neither with thy strength nor youth agree.  
 Too great intentions set thy thoughts on fire.  
 Thou, mortall, do'st no mortall thing desire;  
 Through ignorance, affecting more than they  
 Dare vndertake, who in *Olympus* sway.  
 Though each himselfe approue; except me, none  
 Is able to supply my burning Throne.  
 Not that dread Thunderer, who rules aboue,  
 Can driue these wheelles; and who more great than *Ioue*?  
 Steep is the first ascent; which in the prime  
 Of springing Day, fresh Horses hardly clime.  
 At Noone, through highest skies their course they beare:  
 Whence Sea and Land euen We behold with feare.

Then downe the Hill of Heauen they scoure amaine  
 With desperate speed, and need a steady reigne;  
 That *Thetis*, in whose wauiy bowres I lie,  
 Each euening dreads my down-fall from the skie.  
 Besides; the Heauens are daily hurried round,  
 That turn the Starres, to other motions bound.  
 Against this violence, my way I force,  
 And counter-run their all-o're-bearing course.  
 My Charriot had: can thy fraile strength ascend  
 The obuius Poles, and with their force contend?  
 No Groues, no Cities, fraught with Gods, expect;  
 No marble Fanes, with wealthy offerings deckt.  
 Through saluage shapes, and dangers lyes thy way:  
 Which could'st thou keep, and by no error stray,  
 Betwene the Bulls sharp horns yet must thou goe;  
 By him that draws the strong *Aemonian* bowe;  
 The deathfull Scorpion's far-out-bending clawes;  
 The shorter Crab's; the roaring Lyon's iawes.  
 Nor easie is't those fiery Steeds to tame:  
 Who from their mouthes and nostrils vomit flame.  
 They, heated, hardly of my rule admit;  
 But, head-strong, struggle with the hated bit.  
 Then, lest my bountie, which would saue, should kill;  
 Beware: and whil'st thou maist, reforme thy will.  
 A signe thou crau'st, that might confirme thee mine:  
 I, by dehorting, giue a certaine signe;  
 Approu'd a Father, by Paternall feare:  
 Look on my looks, and reade my sorrows there.  
 O, would thou could'st descend into my brest;  
 And apprehend my vexed Soules vnrest!  
 And lastly, all the wealthy World behold,  
 Of all that Heauen enrich, rich Seas infold,

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Or on the pregnant-bosom'd Earth remayne,  
Aske what thou wilt; and no repulse sustaine:  
To this alone, I giue a forc't consent:  
No honour, but a true-nam'd punishment.  
Thou, for a blessing, beg'st the worst of harms.  
Why hang'st thou on my neck with fawning arms?  
Distrust not; we haue sworn: but aske, and take  
What thou canst wish: yet, wiser wishes make.

In vaine dehorted; he, his promise claym'd;  
With glory of so great a charge inflam'd.  
The wilfull Youth then lingring *Phæbus* brought  
To his bright Chariot, by *Vulcan* wrought:  
The Beam and Axeltree of massie gold;  
On Siluer Spokes the golden Fellies rol'd:  
Rich Gems and Crysolites the Harness deckt;  
Which, *Phæbus* beames, with equall light, reflect.  
Whil'st this, admiring *Phaëton* suruayes,  
The wakefull Morning from the East displayes  
Her purple doores, and odoriferous bed,  
With plentie of dew-dropping Roses spread.  
Cleare *Lucifer* the flying Starres doth chace;  
And, after all the rest, resignes his place:  
When *Titan* saw the Dawning ruddy grew,  
And how the Moon her siluer horns with-drew:  
He bade the light-foot Houtres, without delay  
To ioyne his Steeds. The Goddeesses obay:  
Who, from their loftie Mangers, forth-with led  
His fierie Horses, with *Ambrosia* fed.  
With sacred Oyle anoynted by his Syre,  
Of vertue to repulse the rage of fire,  
He crown'd him with his Rayes; Then, thus began  
With doubled sighs, which following woes fore-ran.

Let not thy Father still aduise in vaine,  
 Sonne, spare the whip, and strongly vse the raigne.  
 They, of their owne accord will run too fast.  
 'Tis hard, to moderate a flying haste.  
 Nor driue along the fine directer Lines,  
 A broad and beaten path obliquely windes,  
 Contented with three Zones: which doth auoid  
 The distant Poles: the track thy wheelles will guide.  
 Descend thou not too low, nor mount too high;  
 That temperate warmth may heauen and earth supply.  
 A loftie course will heauen with fire infest;  
 A lowely, earth; the safer Meane is best.  
 Nor to the folded Snake thy Chariot guide:  
 Nor to the Altax on the other side:  
 Betweene these driue. The rest I leaue to Fate;  
 Who better proue, than thou, to thy owne state.  
 But, while I speak, behold, the humid Night  
 Beyond th' *Hesperian* Vales hath ta'ne her flight.  
*Aurora's* splendor re-inthrone's the Day:  
 We are expected, nor can longer stay.  
 Take vp the reignes, or, while thou maist, refuse;  
 And not my Chariot, but my counsell vse;  
 While on a firme foundation thou dost stand,  
 Not yet possiest of thy ill-wisht Command.  
 Let me the World with vsuall influence cheare:  
 And view that light which is vn safe to beare.

The generous and gallant *Phaëton*,  
 All courage, vaur's into the blazing Throne:  
 Glad of the reignes, nor doubtfull of his skill;  
 And giues his Father thanks against his will.  
 Meane while, the Sunnes swift Horses, hot *Pyrōus*,  
 Strong *Æthan*, tiery *Phlegon*, bright *Eōus*,

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Neighing alowd, inflame the Ayre with heat;  
And, with their thundring hooues, the barriers beat.  
Which when hospitious *Thetis* once with-drew,  
(Who nothing of her Nephew's danger knew)  
And gaue them scope; they mount the ample skie,  
And cut the obuious Clouds with feet that flie.  
Who, rays'd with plumed pinions, leaue behinde  
The glowing East, and slower Easterne-winde.  
But, *Phæbus* Horses could not feele that freight:  
The Chariot wanted the accustom'd waight.  
And as vnballac't ships are rockt and tost  
With tumbling Waues, and in their steerage lost:  
So, through the Ayre the lighter Chariot reeles;  
And iouls, as emptie, vpon iumping Wheels. ✕  
Which when they found, the beaten path they shun;  
And, straggling, out of all subiection run.  
He knowes not how to turne, nor knowes the way;  
Or had he knowne, yet would not they obey.  
The cold, now hot, *Triones* sought in vaine  
To quench their heat in the forbidden Maine.  
The Serpent, next vnto the frozen Pole,  
Benum'd, and hurtlesse, now began to rowle  
With actuall heat; and long forgotten ire  
Resumes, together with æthereall fire.  
'Tis said, that thou *Bootes* ranst away,  
Though slow, though thee thy heauy Waine did stay.  
But, when from top of all the arched skye,  
Vnhappy *Phaëton* the Earth did eye:  
Pale sudden feare vn-nerues his quaking thighs;  
And, in so great a light, benights his eyes.  
He wisht those Steeds vnknowne; vnknown his birth;  
His sute vngranted: now he couets earth;



To be the sonne of scorned *Merope*.  
 Rapt as a ship vpon the high-wrought Sea,  
 By saluage tempests chac't; which in despaire  
 The Pilot leaueth to the Gods, and Pray'r.  
 What should he doe? much of the heauen behinde;  
 Much more before: both measur'd in his minde.  
 The neuer-to-be entred West suruay's;  
 And then the East. Lost in his owne amaze,  
 And ignorance, he can nor hold the reignes,  
 Nor let them goe; nor knowes his Horses names:  
 But stares on terror-striking skies (possist  
 By Beasts and Monsters) with a panting brest.  
 There is a place, in which the Scorpion bends  
 His compast clawes; who through two Signes extends.  
 Whom when the Youth beheld, stew'd in black sweat  
 Of poyson, and with turn'd-vp taile to threat  
 A mortall wound; pale feare his senses strooke,  
 And slackned reignes let's fall, from hands that shooke.  
 They, when they felt them on their backs to lie,  
 With vn-controlled error scoure the skie  
 Through vnknowne ayrie Regions; and tread  
 The way which their disordred fury led.  
 Vp to the fixed Starrs their course they take;  
 And stranger Spheres with smoking Chariot rake:  
 Now elime: now, by steep Præcicipes descend:  
 And neerer Earth their wandring race extend.  
 To see her brother's Steeds beneath her owne  
 The Moon admires! the Clouds like Comets shone.  
 Inuading fire the vpper Earth assayl'd;  
 All chapt and con'd; her pregnant iuyce exhal'd.  
 Trees feed their ruin: Grasse, gray-headed turns:  
 And Come, by that which did produce it, burns.

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But this was nothing. Cities with their Towres,  
Realmes with their People, funerall fire deuoures.  
The Mountayns blaze: High *Athos*, but too high;  
Fount-fruitfull *Ida*, neuer till then drie;  
*Oete*, old *Tmolus*, and *Cilician Taurus*  
Muse-haunted *Acticon*, *Oeagrian AEmus*.  
Loud *Eetna* roretli with her doubled fires:  
*Parnassus* grones beneath two flaming spires.  
Steepe *Othrys*, *Cynthus*, *Eryx*, *Mimas*, glowe;  
And *Rhodope*, no longer cloath'd with snowe.  
The *Phrygian Dindyma*, in cinders mourns:  
Cold *Caucasus* in frosty *Scythia* burns.  
High *Mycale*, diuine *Cytheron*, wast;  
*Pindus*, and *Ossa* once on *Pelion* cast,  
More great *Olympus* ( which before did shine )  
The ayrie *Alpes*, and cloudie *Appenine*.  
Then *Phaëton* beheld on euey side  
The World on fire, nor could such heat abide;  
And, at his deadly-drie and gasping iawes,  
The scalding Ayre, as from a furnace, drawes;  
His Chariot, redder than the fire it bore;  
And, being mortall, could indure no more  
Such clouds of ashes, and eiecked coles.  
Muffled in smoake which round about him rowles,  
He knowes not where he is, nor what succeeds;  
Dragg'd at the pleasure of his frantick Steeds.  
Men say, the *AEthiopians* then grew swart;  
Their blood exhaled to the outward part.  
A sandie Desert *Lybia* then became,  
Her full veins emptied by the thirsty flame.  
With hair vnbound and torn, the Nymphs, distraught,  
Bewaile their Springs, *Bœotia Dirce* sought;

*Argos, Amymonè : Ephyre, faire*  
*Pirene mist : Nor streames securer are.*  
*Great Tanais in boyling chanell fumes ;*  
*Teutbranian Caycus with heat consumes ;*  
*Ismenus, old Penæus, Erymanthus,*  
*Yellow Lycormas ; to be twice-burnt, Zanthus.*  
*Mæander, running in a turning maze,*  
*Mygdonian Melas, and Eurotas blaze ;*  
*Euphrates, late inuesting Babylon ;*  
*Orontes, Phasis, Ister, Thermodon,*  
*Ganges, Alphæus, Sperchius lately cold,*  
*And Tagus flowing with dissolued gold. ✕*  
*The Swans, that ravisht with their melodie*  
*Mæonian banks, now in Cayster frie.*  
*To farthest Earth affrighted Nilus fled ;*  
*And there conccal'd his yet vnfound-out head,*  
*Whil' st his seuen dustie chanel streamlesse lie.*  
*Ismarian Hebrus, Strymon now are drie:*  
*Hesperian streames, Rhene, Rhodanus, the Po,*  
*And Scepter destinared Tyber glow.*  
*Earth cracks: to Hell the hated light descends ;*  
*And frighted Pluto, with his Queene, offends.*  
*The Ocean shrinks, and leaues a field of Sand ;*  
*Where new discouered Rocks, and Mountaines stand,*  
*That multiply the scattred Cyclâdes,*  
*Late couer'd with the deepe and awfull Seas,*  
*The Fishes to the bottom diue : nor dare*  
*The sportlesse Dolphins tempt the sultric Aire:*  
*Long boyl'd aliue, the monstrous Phœce die,*  
*And on the brine with turn'd-vp bellies lie.*  
*With Doris and her daughters, Nereus raucs ;*  
*Who hide themselues beneath the scalding waues.*

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Thrice wrathfull *Neptune* his bold arme vp-held  
 About the Floods: whom thrice the fire repel'd.  
 Yet foodfull *Tellus* with the Ocean bound,  
 Amidst the Seas, and Fountaines now vnfound  
 (Selfe-hid within the womb where they were bred)  
 Neck-high aduanceth her all-bearing head.  
 (Her parched fore-head shaddowed with her hand)  
 And, shaking, shooke what-euer on her stand:  
 Where-with, a little shrunke into her brest,  
 Her sacred tongue her sorrowes thus exprest:

If such thy will, and I deserue the same,  
 Thou chiefe of Gods, why sleeps thy vengefull flame?  
 Be't by Thy fire, if I in fire must frie:  
 The Author lessens the calamitie.  
 But, whilst I strue to vtter this, I choke.  
 View my sing'd haire, mine eycs half-out with smoke!  
 The sparkling cinders on my visage throwne!  
 Is this my recompence? the fauour showne  
 For all my seruice? for the fruit I haue borne?  
 That thus I am with plough and harrowes torne?  
 Wrought-out through-out the yeare? that man and beast  
 Sustayne with food? and you with incense feast?  
 But, say I merit ruine, and thy hate:  
 What hath thy brother done (by equall Fate  
 Elected to the wayy Monarchie),  
 That Seas should sinke, and from thy presence flie?  
 If neither he, nor I thy pittie moue,  
 Pitty thy Heauen. Behold! the Poles about  
 At either end do fume: and should they burne,  
 Thy habitation would to ruine turne.  
 Distressed *Atlas* shoulders shrink with payne,  
 And scarce the glowing Axeltree sustayne.

If Sea, if Earth, if Heauen shall fall by fire,  
Then all of vs to *Chaos* must retire.

O! quench these flames: the miserable state  
Of things releue, afore it be too-late.

This said, her voyce her parched tongue forsook,  
Not longer could the smothering vapors brook;  
But, down into her-selfe with-drew her head,  
Neere to the infernall Cauerns of the Dead.  
*Ioue* calls the Gods to witnesse, and who lent  
The straying Chariot; should not he preuent,  
That All would perish by one destinie;  
Then mounts the highest Turret of the skie,  
From thence inur'd to cloud the spacefull Earth,  
And giue the flame fore-running thunder birth.  
But, there, for wasted clouds he sought in vaine,  
To shade or coole the scorched Earth with raine.  
He thunders; and, with hands that cannot erre,  
Hurls lightning at the audacious Charioter.  
Him strooke he from his seat, breath from his brest,  
Both at one blow, and flames with flames suppress.  
The frighted horses, plunging seuerall wayes,  
Breake all their tire: to whom the bit obayes;  
The reignes, torne beame, crackt spokes, dispers't abroad,  
Scorcht Heauen was with the Chariots ruines strow'd.  
But, soule-lesse *Phaëton*, with blazing haire,  
Shot head-long through a long descent of Aire;  
As when a falling starre glides through the skie,  
Or seemes to fall to the deceiued eye.  
Whom great *Eridanus* (farre from his place  
Of birth) receiue'd; and quench't his flagrant face:  
Whose Nymphs interr'd him in his Mothers womb;  
And set this Epitaph vpon his Tomb:

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Here *Phaëton* lyes : who though he could not guide  
His Fathers Steeds, in high attempts he dy'd.

*Phæbus* with griefe with-drew. One day did runne  
About the World, they say, with-out the Sunne,  
Which flamie funerals illuminate;

That good, deriued from a wretched Fate.

When *Cymene* had said what could be said

In such a griefe; halfe-soul'd, in black array'd,

She flis the Earth she wanders through, with grones,

First seeking his dead corps, and then his bones.

Interr'd in forren Lands shee found the last:

Her feeble-lims vpon the place shee cast,

And bath'd his name in teares, and strictly prest

The carued Marble with her bared brest.

Nor lesse th'*Heliades* lament; who shead

From drowned eyes vaine offerings to the dead:

Who with remorselesse hands their bosoms teare;

And wayling, call on him that cannot heare.

With ioyned horns foure Moons their orbs had fil'd,

Since they their customarie plaints vpheld:

When *Phaëthus*, thinking to haue cast

Her selfe on Earth, cry'd, ah! my feet stick fast!

*Lamætie*, pressing to her sisters ayd,

As suddenly with fixed-roots was stayd.

A third, about t'haue torne her scattered haire,

Tore-off the leaues which on her crowne she bare.

This, griueth at her stiffe and senselesse thighes:

Shee, that her stretcht-out arms in branches rise.

And whil' st with wonder they themselues behold,

The creeping barke their tender parts infold;

Then, by degrees, their bellies, brests, and all

Except their mouthes; which on their mother call.

What



What should shee doe ? but run to that, to this,  
 As furie draue ; and snatch a parting kisse ?  
 But yet, not so suffiz'd, shee stroue to take  
 Them, from themselues, and down the branches brake:  
 From whence, as from a wound, pure blood did glide.  
 O pittie, Mother ! ( still the wounded cry'd )  
 Nor teare vs in our Trees ! O ! now adieu !  
 With that, the barke their lips together drew.  
 From these cleere dropping trees, tears yearly flow :  
 They, hardned by the Sunne, to Amber grow ;  
 Which, on the moysture-giuing Riuer spent,  
 To Roman Ladies, as his gift, is sent.

*Sthenelian Cygnus* at that time was there,  
 A-kin to *Phaëton* ; in loue, more neere.  
 He, leauing State ( who in *Liguria* raign'd,  
 Which Cities great and populous contain'd )  
 Fild with complaints the Riuer-chiding floods,  
 The sedgie banks, and late augmented Woods.  
 At length, his voice grew small : white plume contends  
 In whitenesse with his haire : his neck ascends.  
 Red films vnite his toes : armes turne to wings :  
 His mouth, a flat blunt bill, that sadly sings.  
 Becomme a Swan, remembering how vniust  
*Ioue's* lightning was, nor Heauen, nor him will trust.  
 Whom Lakes and Ponds ( detesting fire ) delight ;  
 And Floods, to Flames in nature opposite.

The wofull Father to dead *Phaëton*,  
 Him-selſe neglecting ( all his lustre gon,  
 As when eclips'd ) day, light, his owne life hates ;  
 And loued griefe, with anger aggrauates.  
 Refusing to illuminate the Earth.

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Of Time ; ( as restless ; ) without end, regard,  
Or honour : recompenc't with this reward !  
Some other now may on my Chariot sit.  
If all of you confesse your selues vnfit ;  
Let *Ioue* ascend : that he ( when he shall trie )  
At length may lay his murdering thunder by.  
Then will he finde, that he, who could not guide  
Those fire-hoou'd Steeds, deseru'd not to haue dy'd.

The Gods stand round about him, and request  
That endlesse Night might not the World inuest.  
Euen *Ioue* excus'd his lightning, and intreats :  
Which, like a King, he intermixt with threats.  
Displeased *Phæbus*, hardly reconcil'd,  
Takes-up his Steeds, as yet with horror wild.  
On whom he vents his spleen : and, though they run,  
He lashes, and vpbraids them with his Son.

The Thunderer then walks the ample Round  
Of Heaucns high walls, to search if all were found.  
When finding nothing there by fire decay'd ;  
He Earth, and humane industries suruay'd.  
*Arcadia* chiefly exerciz'd his cares ;  
There, Springs and streames, that durst not run, repaire's ;  
The Fields with grasse, the Trees with leaues indie's,  
And withered Woods with vanisht Shades renew's.  
Oft passing to and fro, a *Nonacrine*  
The God inflam'd ; her beautie, more diuine !  
'Twas not her Art to spin, nor with much care  
And fine varietie to trick her haire ;  
But, with a zone, her looser garments bound,  
And her rude tresses in a fillet wound :  
Now armed with a Dart, now with a Bowe :  
A Squire of *Phæbe's*. *Menalus* did knowe

None

None more in grace, of all her Virgin throng:  
 But, Favorites in favour last not long.  
 The parted Day in equall balance held,  
 A Wood shee entred, as yet neuer feld.  
 There from her shoulders shee her Quiuer takes,  
 Vnbends her Bowe; and, tyr'd with hunting, makes  
 The flowry-mantled Earth her happy bed;  
 And on her painted Quiuer layes her head.  
 When *Ioue* the Nymph without a guard did see  
 In such a posture; This stealth, said hee,  
 My Wife shall neuer know: or, say shee did;  
 Who, ah, who would not for her sake be chid!  
*Diana's* shape and habit them indew'd,  
 He said; My Huntresse, where hast thou pursew'd  
 This morning's chace? Shee, rising, made reply;  
 Haile Pow'r, more great than *Ioue* (though *Ioue* stood by)  
 In my esteem — He smil'd: and gladly heard  
 Him-selfe, by her, before Himselfe preferr'd;  
 And kist. His kisses too intemperate grow;  
 Not such as Maids on Maidens do bestow.  
 His strict imbracements her narration stay'd;  
 And, by his crime, his owne deceit betray'd;  
 Shee did what Woman could to force her Fate:  
 (Would *Iuno* saw! it would her spleene abate)  
 Although, as much as Woman could, shee stroue;  
 What Woman, or, who can contend with *Ioue*!  
 The Victor hies him to th' ætherall States.  
 The Woods, as guiltie of her wrongs, shee hates;  
 Almost forgetting, as from thence shee flung,  
 Her Quiuer, and the Bowe which by it hung.  
 High *Menalus Dictynna* with her traine  
 Now entring, pleased with the quarry slaine,

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Beheld, and call'd her: call'd vpon, shee fled;  
And in her semblance *Iupiter* doth dread.  
But, when shee saw the attending Nymphs appeare;  
Shee troops amongst them, and diuerts her feare.  
Ah, how our faults are in our faces read!

With eyes scarce euer rais'd, shee hangs the head:  
Nor perks shee now, as shee was wont to do,  
By *Cynthia's* side, nor leads the starry crew.  
Though mute shee bee, her violated shame  
Selfe-guiltie blushes silently proclaime.

But that a Maid, *Diana* the ill hid  
Had soone espy'd: they say, her fly Nymphs did.

Nine Crescents now had made their Orbs compleat;  
When, faint with labour, and her brothers heat,  
Shee takes the shades; close by the murmuring  
And siluer current of a fruitfull Spring.

The place much prays'd, the streame as coole as cleere  
Her faire feet glads. No Spyes, said shee, be here:  
Here will wee our disrobed bodies dip.

*Calisto* blusht: the rest their faire lims strip.  
And her perforce vnclath'd, that sought delayes;  
Who, with her body, her offence displays.  
They, all abasht, yet loth to haue it spy'd,  
Striuing her belly with their hands to hide;  
Auant, said *Cynthia*; get thee from our trayne;  
Nor, with thy lims, this sacred Fountaine stayne.

This knew the Matron of the Thunderer;  
Whose thoughts, to fitter times, reuenge defer:  
Nor long delaye's; for, *Arcas* (which more scorne  
And grieve prouok't) was of the Lady borne.

Beheld with ire, which turn'd her eyes to flame;  
Must thou be fruitfull too, to blaze my shame,

And

And propagate the wrong? and must he be  
 A liuing infamy to *Ioue* and me?  
 I'ye not indur't: That so selfe-pleasing shape,  
 Which drew my husband to thy willing rape,  
 I sure shall spoile. This said, her haire she wound  
 About her hand, and dragg'd her on the ground.  
 Her hands, for pittie heau'd (so smooth, so faire!)  
 Grew forth-with rough, and horrid with black haire.  
 Her daintie hands (which, swift deformity  
 Conuerts to pawes) the place of feet supply.  
 The mouth, so prais'd by *Ioue* (that late to sin  
 Entic't a God) now horribly doth grin:  
 And, lest shee might too powrefully beseech,  
 Shee instantly bereft her of her speech:  
 In stead whereof, a noyse ascends her hoarse  
 And rumbling throte, which terror doth inforce;  
 Although a Beare, her minde shee still possesse,  
 And with continuall groanes her grieve expresse;  
 With pawes stretcht vp to heauen, accus'd her fate:  
 And whom she could not call, she thought ingrate.  
 How oft, affraid to keepe the Wood's alone,  
 Sought she the house and fields that were her owne!  
 How often, chaced by the following crye,  
 Th'affrighted Huntresse from her hounds did flie!  
 Oft shee (the Wood's wild foragers espy'd)  
 Forgetting what shee was, her selfe would hide:  
 A Beare; yet trembles at the sight of Beares;  
 And Wolues (her Father then amongst them) feares.  
 When (lo!) *Lycam's* Grand-child thither drew,  
 Thrice five yeares old, nor of his Mother knew;  
 While he pursues the chace and saluage spoiles  
 (The *Erymanthian* Woods begirt with toyles)

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Her he encounters. *Arcas* seene, shee stay'd,  
And would haue ra'ne acquaintance. He, affraid,  
Stared vpon her with a constant eye;  
And backward stept, as shee approched nye.  
About to wound her vndefended brest:  
The King of Gods, who did the fact detest,  
With them, the crime with-drew, and both conuai'd  
To heauen; now neighbouring Constellations made.

*Saturnia* sweld to see her Riual shine  
Amongst the Starres. Shee stoops to *Neptune's* brine;  
Gray *Thetis* and the old *Oceanus*  
(Grac't by the Deities) accoasting thus:

Aske you why I, the Queene of Gods, am come  
From blest aboads? Another holds my roome.  
When Nights blacke mantle shall the World infold;  
My wounds (those honour'd Stars) you may behold;  
There, where the shortest Circle, at the end  
Of all the turning Axeltree, doth bend.  
Who would not iniurie the wife of *Ioue*,  
When our worst punishments preferments proue?  
How great our act! how is our powre display'd!  
Vnform'd a Woman, and a Goddesse made.  
Thus we the guiltie scourge! Thus, thus we our  
Reuenge aduance! such, and so great our powre!  
Let him vnbeast the beast (as heretofore  
*Phoronida*) and her proud shape restore.  
Why doth he not *Lycaon's* daughter wed,  
Reiecting me, and place her in his bed?  
But, you who once my careful Nurfes were,  
If my indignities doe touch you neere,  
Command you that the seuen *Triones* keepe  
Their lazie Waine out of your sacred Doepe.

From



From thence, those stars, the price of whordome, drive;  
Nor let th'impure in your pure Surges diue.

They both assent. Her Peacocks to the skyes  
Their Goddesse draw; late stucke with *Argus* eyes.  
Thou too, thou prating Rauē, turn'd as late  
From white to blacke, by well-deserued Fate.  
(The spotlesse siluer Doue was not more white,  
Nor Swans which in the running brookes delight:  
Nor yet that vigilant Fowle, whose gaggling shall  
Hereafter free th'attempted Capitoll.)  
Thy tongue, thy tell-tale tongue did thee vndoe:  
And what was white, is now of fable hew.

The Palme, *Coronis*, of *Larissa*, bare  
From all th'*Aemonian* Dames for matchlesse faire.  
Who dearly, *Delphian*, was belou'd by thee;  
As long as chaste, or from detection free.  
But, *Phæbus* Bird her scapes did soone descree:  
Nor could they charme th'inexorable Spie:  
Whom, flying to his Lord, the Crowe pursewes  
(As talkatiue as he) to know the newes;

And, knowing, said: Thy selfe thou dost ingage  
By thanklesse seruice: slight not my presage.  
Know what I was, and am: through all my time  
My actions list: thou'lt find my faith my crime.  
For, *Pallas*, on a day, in chest compos'd  
Of *Attick* Osiars, priuately inclos'd  
Her *Erichthonius* (whom no Woman bare)  
Committed to the custodie and care  
Of three faire Virgin Nymphs, that daughters were  
To prudent *Cecrops*, who two shapes did beare:  
Nor told what it contain'd; but, charg'd that they  
Her secrets should not to themselves betray.

These

These from an Elme I (vnesp'd) espy.  
 Faire *Herse* and *Pandrosa* faithfully  
 Performe their charge. *Aglauros* then did call  
 Her fearfull sisters, and vntyes with-all  
 The wicker Cabinet; whole twigs contayne  
 An infant, rayed on a Dragon's trayne.  
 This, I my Goddesse told; and for reward,  
 Am now cashiered from *Minerva's* Guard,  
 The Bird of Night preferd. Beware by mee:  
 Nor too officiously tell all you see.

Perhaps, you thinke, I to that place aspir'd  
 Without her grace: vnought-to, or desir'd:  
 Should you aske *Pallas*, and her anger by;  
 Though more than angrie, this shee would deny.  
 Me had King *Coronæus*, great in fame.  
 Through happy *Phocis*, by a royall Dame.  
 Rich suters I (despile me not) had store:  
 My beauty wrackt me. Walking on the shore,  
 As leasurely as now I use to goe,  
 Cold *Neptune* saw me, and with lust did glowe.  
 The time, his prayr's, and prayles spent in vaine;  
 What would not yeeld, he offers to conframe;  
 And follows me that fled. The harder strand  
 Behind me left and tyr'd with yeelding sand,  
 To Gods and Men I crie. No humane aid  
 Was then at hand: a Maid releecies a Maid.  
 For, as to heauen my trembling armes I threw;  
 My armes cole-black with howering feathers grew.  
 My Robe I from my shoulders thought to throwe:  
 But, that was plume, and to my skin did growe.  
 With hands to beat my naked brest, I trie:  
 But, neither brest to beat, nor hands, had I.

D

Running.

Running, in sand I sunke not as before;  
 But, me the scarce-toucht Earth, vnburden'd bore.  
 Forth-with, I lightly through the Ayre ascend;  
 And on *Minerua*, without blame, attend.  
 But, what was this; when shee, whose wicked deed  
 Vnwoman'd her, in our lost grace succeeds?  
 For, know (no more than through all *Lesbos* spred)  
*Nyctimene* defil'd her Fathers bed.  
 Though now a Bird; yet, full of guilt, the sight,  
 The Day, she shuns, and masks her shame in Night.  
 About her, all our winged troops repayre;  
 And, with inuic'ts, chace her through the Ayre.  
 To her, the *Ranen*: Mischiefe thee surpris  
 For staying me. Vaine Omen's I despise;  
 Then, forward flew; and told the hurtfull truth  
 Of lost *Coronis*, and th' *Aemonian* Youth.  
 The Harp drops from his hand: and from his head  
 The Laurell fell: his chearefull colour fled.  
 Transported with his rage, his bow heooke,  
 And with inuic'table arrow strooke  
 That brest, which he so oft to his had ioyn'd:  
 Shee shrieks; and from the deadly wound doth wind  
 The biting Steele, pursu'd with streames of blood,  
 That bath'd her pure white in a crimson Flood:  
 And said; Though this be dew, yet, *Phæbus*, I  
 Might first haue teem'd: now, two in one must die.  
 Shee fains: forc't life in her blood's torrent swims:  
 And stifning cold benims her senselesse limbs.  
 His crueltie, to her he lou'd, too late,  
 He now repenteth, and himselfe doth hate,  
 Who lent an eare, whom rage could so incense:  
 He hates his Bird, by whom he knew th' offence;

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Hee hates his Art, his Quiuer, and his Bowe;  
 Then, takes her vp, and all his skill doth shoue.  
 But (ah!) too late to vanquish Fate he tries;  
 And surgerie, without successe, applies.  
 Which when he saw, and saw the funerall pyle  
 Prepared to deuour so deare a spoyle;  
 Since no coelestiall eye may shed a teare,  
 He fetcht a grone, that made Earth grone to heare:  
 And now vncar'd-for odours powr'd vpon her;  
 And vndue death with all due rites doth honour.  
 But, *Phœbus*, not induring that his seed  
 (And that by her) the greedie Fire should feed,  
 Snatcht it both from her womb, and from the flame;  
 And to the two-shap't *Chiron* brought the same.  
 The white-plum'd *Rauen*, who reward expects,  
 He turnes to blacke; and for his truth reiects.

It pleas'd the Halfe-horse to be so imploy'd;  
 Who in his honorable trouble ioy'd.  
 Behold: the *Centaur's* daughter with red haire,  
 Whom formerly the Nymph *Caricle* bare  
 By the swift Riuer, and *Ocyroë* nam'd;  
 Who had her Father's healthfull Art disclaym'd,  
 To sing the depth of Fates: Now, when her brest  
 Was by the prophecying rage possest,  
 And that th'included God inflam'd her mind;  
 Beholding of the Babe, she thus diuin'd:  
 Health giuer to the World, grow Infant, grow;  
 To whom mortalitie so much shall owe.  
 Lel Soules thou shalt restore to their aboads;  
 And once against the pleasure of the Gods.  
 To doe the like, thy Grand-fires flames denie:  
 And thou, begotten by a God, must die.

Thou, of a bloodlesse corps; a God shalt bee:  
 And Nature twice shall be renew'd in thee.  
 And you, deare Father, not a Mortall now;  
 To whom the Fates eternitie allow;  
 Shall wish to die, then when your wound shall smart  
 With Serpents blood, and slight your helpless Art.  
 Relenting Fates will pittie you with death,  
 Against their Law, and stop your groning breath.

Not all yet said, her sighes in stormes arise;  
 And ill-aboding teares burst from her eyes.  
 Then, thus: My Fates preuent me: lo, they tie  
 My faltering tongue; and farther speech denie.  
 Alas! these Arts not of that valew be,  
 That they should draw the wrath of Heauen on me!  
 O, rather would I nothing had fore-knowne!  
 My lookes seeme now not humane, nor my owne.  
 I long to feed on grasse: I long to run  
 About the spacious fields. Woe's me, vndon!  
 Into a Mare. (my kindred's shape) I grow:  
 Yet, why throughout? my Father but halfe so.

The end of her complaint you scarce could heare  
 To vnderstand: her words confused were.  
 Forth-with, nor words, nor neighings, she exprest;  
 Her voyce yet more inelining to the beast:  
 Then, neigh'd out-right. Within a little space,  
 Her down-thrust armes vpon the Meadow passe.  
 Her fingers ioyne: one hoofe figne nayles vnite;  
 Her head and neck enlarge, not now vpright:  
 Her trayling garment to a trayne extends:  
 Her dangling haire vpon her crest descends:  
 Her voyce and shape at once transform'd became;  
 And to the Prodigie they giue a name.

Old *Chiron* weeps; and *Phæbus*, vainly cries  
On thee to change the changelesse Destinies.  
Admit thou could'st: thee, from thy selfe expel'd,  
Then *Elis*, and *Messenian* pastures held.

It was the time when, cloth'd in Neat-herds weeds,  
Thou play'dst vpon vnequall seven-fold Reeds:  
Whil'st thee thy Pipe delights, whil'st cares of loue  
Thy soule possesse, and other cares remoue;  
Without a guard the *Pylion* Oxen stray:  
Observed by the craftie sonne of *May*,  
Forthwith he secretly conueighs them thence,  
In vntract Woods concealing his offence.  
None saw but *Battus*, in that Country bred;  
Who wealthy *Neleus* famous horses fed.  
Him onely he misdoubts: then, (t'ane a-part)  
Stranger, said *Mercury*, what ere thou art;  
If any for this Herd by chance inquire,  
Conceale thy knowledge: and receiue, for hire,  
This white-hair'd Cow. Hee tooke her, and reply'd,  
Be safe; thy theft shall sooner be discry'd  
By yonder stone, than me; and shew'd a stone.  
*Ioue's* sonne departs, and straight returns vnkowne  
(A seeming Clowne in forme and voice) who said:  
Saw'st thou no cattel through these fields conuay'd?  
Detect the theft; in their recouerie ioyne:  
And, lo, this Heifer, with her Bull, is thine.  
He (the reward redoubl'd) answer'd: There  
Beneath those hills, beneath those hills they were.  
Then, *Hermes*, laughing lowd; What, knaue, I say,  
Me to my selfe; me to my selfe betray?  
Then, to a Touch-stone turn'd his periur'd brest;  
Whose nature now is in that name exprest.



Hence, he, who beares the Caduceus springs  
 Through boundlesse ayre; & views, frō stretcht-out wings,  
*Munychian* fields, *Minerva's* loued soyle,  
*Lycæum*, exerciz'd with learned toyle.  
 By chance, vpon that day it did befall,  
 When to her Fane, prepar'd for festiuall,  
 In crowned baskets on their shining haire,  
 The Virgin-trayne her sacrifices bare:  
 Returning; these the winged God doth view;  
 Who not forth-right, but in a circuit flew.  
 As when a greedie Kite fresh entrailes spies,  
 Fearing to stoop for those that sacrifice,  
 Strikes circles through the Ayre, nor far remoues;  
 But, with fixt eyes reuertes to what he loues:  
 So, swift *Cyllenius* o're the *Attick* towres,  
 In ayrie windings circularly scowres.  
 As *Lucifer* out-shines each other Starre;  
 As siluer *Phæbe*, *Lucifer*; so farre  
 Did *Herse* all the other Virgins stayne;  
 The glory of that pomp, and of her trayne.  
 Loue-struck, he burnes as in the Ayre he hung.  
 A bullet by *Balarian* Slinger flung,  
 Increaseth so in feruor as it flies;  
 And findes the fire it had not, in the skyes.  
 From Heauen, he stoops to more affected Earth:  
 Not now disguis'd like one of humane birth;  
 Such confidence his beaureous parts impart;  
 Which, though diuine, he striues to grace by Art.  
 He curls his haire; his mantle, wrought with gold,  
 He in the most becomming garb doth fold;  
 And his fine feet adorns: then, in his hand  
 Takes his sleep-causing and expelling wand.

Three roomes there were within the faire court  
 Of *Cecrop's* house, with Iuory arches deckt,  
*Pandrosa* and *Aglauros* on each side  
 Of *Herse* lay; *Aglauros* first espy'd  
 The sly-approching *Mercurie*: his name  
 Shee boldly asks, and why he thither came.  
 To whom, *Pleiones* nephew: He am I  
 Who on *Ioue's* errands (*Ioue*, my Father) flie.  
 And to be plaine; to *Herse* faithfull proue:  
 And be an Aunt vnto our fruitfull loue.  
 Thy sister's beauties this repaire inforce:  
 I pray thee of a Louer take remorse.  
 So star'd she on him, and as much amaz'd;  
 As when shee on *Minerua's* secrets gaz'd:  
 Who asks a masse of treasure for her hire;  
 And, till 'twere payd, constrayn'd him to retire.

Warres angrie Goddessesse cast on her a look  
 That darted fire; and fetcht a sigh which shooke  
 Her bosom, with the *Aegis* which shee wore:  
 Who calls to minde, how shee, not long afore,  
 Profanely did, against her faith, discouer  
 The *Lemnian* issue, borne without a Mother:  
 Now to her sister, to the God ingrate;  
 And by so base a meanes t' intrich her state.

Forth-with to *Ennie's* caue her course shee bent,  
 Furr'd with black filth, within a deepe descent  
 Between two hills; where *Phobus* neuer shows  
 His chearfull face; where no winde ever blowes:  
 Repleat with sadnesse, and vnaetive cold;  
 Deuoid of fire, yet still in smoake enrould.  
 Whither when as the fear'd in battell came,  
 Shee staid before the house (that hatefull frame

Shee might not enter), and the darke doore strooke  
 With her bright lance; which straight in sunder broke.  
 There saw shee *Enuie* lapping *Vipers* blood;  
 And feeding on their flesh, her vices food:  
 And, hauing seen her, turn'd away her eyes.  
 The *Cariffe* slowly from the ground doth rise  
 (Her halfe-deuoured *Serpents* laid aside)  
 And forward creepeth with a lazie stride.  
 Viewing her forme so faire; her armes, so bright;  
 Shee gron'd, and sigh't at such a chearfull sight.  
 Her body more than meger; pale her hew;  
 Her teeth all rusty; still shee looks askew;  
 Her brest with gall, her tongue with poyson sweld:  
 Shee only laught; when shee sad sights beheld.  
 Her euer-waking cares exil'd soft sleep:  
 Who looks on good success; with eyes that weep;  
 Repining, pines: who, wounding others, bleeds:  
 And on her selfe reuengeth her misdeeds.  
 Although *Tritonia* did the Hag detest;  
 Yet briefly thus her pleasure shee exprest:  
*Aglauas*, one of the *Cecropides*,  
 Doe thou infect with thy accurst disease.  
 This said; the hastie Goddesse doth aduance  
 Her body, with her earth-repelling lance.  
*Enuie* pursues her with a wicked eye,  
 Much grieu'd at her preuayling industrie.  
 Wrapt in darke clouds; which way so ere she turns,  
 The Corne she lodges, flowry pastures burns,  
 Crops what grows high; Towns, Nations, with her breath  
 Pollutes; and Vertue persecutes to death.  
 When shee the faire *Athenian* towres beheld,  
 Which so in wealth, in learned Arts exceed,

And



And feastfull Peace; to crie thee scarce forbears,  
In that thee saw no argument for teares.  
When thee *Aglauros* lodging entred had,  
Shee gladly executes what *Pallas* bade:  
Her cancred hand vpon her brest thee lay'd,  
And crooked thornes into her heart conuay'd,  
And breath'd in banefull poyson; which thee sheads  
Into her bones, and through her liuer spreads.  
And that her enuy might not want a cause:  
The God in his diuineſt forme thee draws:  
And with it, ſets before her wounded eyes  
Her happy ſiſter, and their nuptiall ioyes:  
Augmenting all. Theſe ſecret woes excite,  
And gnaw her ſoule. Shee ſighes all day, all night;  
And with a ſlow infection melts away,  
Like Ice before the Sunnes vncertaine ray.  
Faيرة *Herſe*'s happy ſtate ſuch heart-burne breeds  
In her black boſom, as when ſpiny weeds  
Are ſet on fire: which without flame conſumes  
And ſeem ( ſo ſmall their heat ) to burne with ſume.  
Oft thee reſolues to die, ſuch fights to ſhun:  
Oft, by diſcloſing, to haue both vndon.  
Now ſits ſhee on the threshold, to preuent  
The Gods acceſſe; who with loſt blandiſhment,  
And his beſt Art, perſwades. Quoth ſhee; forbear,  
I cannot be remou'd, if you ſtay here.  
I to this bargain, he reply'd, will ſtand;  
The doore then forces with his figured wand.  
Striuing to riſe, to ſecond her debate,  
Her hips could not remoue, preſt with dull waight.  
Againſt thee ſtruggled to haue ſtood on end:  
But, thoſe viſſupple ſinewes would not bend.

Incroching cold now enters at her nayles :  
 And lack of bloud her veines blew branches pale's.  
 And as a Canker, slighting helpelesse Arts,  
 Creeps from th'infected to the sounder parts:  
 So by degrees the winter of wan Death  
 Congeales the path of life, and stops her breath :  
 Nor stroue she : had she stroue to make her mone,  
 Voyce had no way ; her neck and face now stone.  
 There shee a bloudlesse Statue sate, all freckt:  
 Her spotted minde the Marble did infect.

When *Atlantiades*, on her, prophane  
 Of tongue and heart, this sharp reuenge had ta'ne ;  
 He from the Citie, nam'd by *Atlas*, flew  
 On mounting wings, and vnto heauen with-drew.  
 With whom, *loue* thus (his loue concealing) ioynes :  
 Thou, faithfull Minister to my designs,  
 Shoot swiftly through the Ayre vnto that Land,  
 Whose Northern coasts beneath thy Mother stand,  
 Which those Inhabitants *Sidonia* name :  
 Behold, yon royall Herd : conduct the same,  
 From not farre distant Mountaines, to the shore.  
 This he dispatcht, with speed that went before  
 A humane thought. There, oft the princely Maid,  
 Accompany'd with *Tyrian* Virgins, play'd.  
 Loue and high Maiestie agree not well ;  
 Nor will together in one bosom dwell.  
 That Powre, from whom, what ere hath being, springs ;  
 That King of Gods, who three-fork't lightning flings ;  
 Whose nod the World's vnfixt foundation shakes,  
 The figure of a soulelesse Bull now takes :  
 And, lowing, walks vpon the tender grasse  
 Amongst the Herd ; though he in forme surpass.

His colour whiter than vntrodden snow,  
 Before still-moyft and thawing *Auster* blow.  
 The flesh, in swelling rowles, adorne his necke:  
 His broad-spredd brest, long dangling dew-laps deck.  
 His hornes, though small, yet such as Art inuite  
 To imitate, than thining gemmes more bright;  
 His eyes no wrath, his browes no terror threat;  
 His whole aspect with smiling peace repleat.  
 The beast, *Agenor's* daughter doth admire,  
 So wondrous beautifull, so void of ire.  
 Though such, at first she his approach did dread,  
 Yet forthwith toucht; and then with flowres him fed.  
 The Louer ioyes: till he his hopes might feast,  
 He kist her hands; ah, scarce defers the rest!  
 Now, on the springing grasse, he frisks and playes:  
 His sides now on the golden sands he layes.  
 Her feare subdu'd, shee strokes his proffred brest:  
 Her Virgin-hands his hornes with garlands drest.  
 The royall Maid, who now no courage lackt,  
 Ascends the Bull, not knowing whom shee backt.  
 He, to the Sea approaching, by degrees  
 First dips therein his hoofs, anon his knees;  
 Then, rushing forward, beares away the prize.  
 Shee shrieks, and to the shore reuertes her eyes:  
 One hand his horne, the other held behind;  
 Her lighter garments swelling with the wind;





# OVID'S

## METAMORPHOSIS.

### The third Booke.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

*A* *R*aid troops from Dragons late-sowne teeth arise.  
*By his owne Hounds the Hart Actæon dyes.*  
*Iuno, a Beldame. Semele doth frise*  
*In wifes imbraces. Bacchus from Ioue's thigh*  
*Takes second birth. The wise Tiresias twice*  
*Doth change his sex. Scorn'd Eccho pines & a voice :*  
*Selfe-lost & Narcissus to a Daffadill.*  
*Bacchus, a Boy. The Tyrrhen's ship stands still,*  
*With Iuy wor'd. Strange shapes the Saylor's fright :*  
*Who Dolphins turne, and fill in ships delights.*

*A* *N*d now the God arising with his Rape  
 At sacred Crete, resumes his heavenly shape.  
 The King his sonne to seeke his daughter sent,  
 Fore-doomed to perpetuall banishment,  
 Except his fortune to his wish succeed:  
 How pious, and how impious in one deed!  
 Earth wandred-through (Ioue's thefts who can exquire?)  
 He shuns his Country, and his Fathers ire:  
 With Phæbus Oracle consults, to know  
 What Land the Fates intended to bestow.  
 Who, thus: In desert fields obserue a Cow,  
 Yet neuer yoke, nor scruile to the plow.

Follow

Follow her slow conduct, and where shee shall  
Repose, there build: the place *Bœotia* call.

Scarcely *Cadmus* from *Castalian* Caue descended;  
When he a Hecker saw, by no man tended,  
Her neck vngall'd with groning seruitude.  
The God ador'd, he foot by foot pursu'd.  
*Cephisus* floud, and *Panope* now past,  
Shee made a stand; to heauen her fore-head cast,  
With loftie horns most exquisitely faire;  
Then, with repeated lowings filld the Ayre:  
Looks back vpon the company shee led;  
And, kneeling, makes the tender graffe her bed.  
Thanks-giuing *Cadmus* kist the vnknowne ground;  
The stranger fields and hills saluting round.  
About to sacrifice to heauen's high King,  
He send's for water from the liuing Spring.

A Wood there was, which neuer Axe did bow;  
In it, a Caue, where Reeds and Officers grew,  
Roof't with a rugged Arch by Nature wrought;  
With pregnant waters plentifully fraught.  
The lurking Snake of *Mars* this Hold possesse;  
Bright scal'd, and shining with a golden cresse;  
His bulk with poyson swolne; fire-red his eyes:  
Three darting tongues, three ranks of teeth comprise.  
This farall Well th'vnlucky *Tyrians* found;  
Who with their down-let Pitcher, rays'd a sound.  
With that, the Serpent his blew head extends;  
And suffering Ayre with horrid hisses rends.  
The water from them fell: their colour fled:  
Who all, astonisht, shock with sudden dread.  
Hee wreaths his scaly foldes into a heape;  
And fetcht a compasse with a mightie leape:

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Then, bolt-vpright his monstrous length displays  
More than halfe way; and all the Woods suruayes.  
Whose body, when all seene, no lesse appears,  
Than that, which parts the two Cœlestiall Beares.  
Whether the *Tyrians* sought to fight, or flie,  
Or whether they through feare could neither trie;  
Some crasht he 'twixt his iawes; some claspt to death;  
Some kils with payson; others with his breath.

And now the Sunne the shortest shadowes made;  
Then, *Cadmus*, wondring why his seruants stay'd,  
Their foot-steps trac't. A hide the Hero's wore,  
Which late he from a slaughtered Lyon tore:  
His Arms a dart, a bright Steele-pointed Speare;  
And such a minde as could not stoope to feare.  
When he the Wood had entred, and there view'd  
The bodies of the slaine with bloud imbrew'd;  
Th'insulting victor quenching his dire thirst  
At their suckt wounds; he sigh't, as heart would burst:  
Then said, I will reuenge, O faithfull Mates,  
Your murders, or accompany your Fates.  
With that, he listeth vp a mighty stone,  
Which with a more than manly force was throwne:  
What would haue batter'd downe the strongest wall,  
And shiuered towres, doth giue no wound at all.  
The hardnesse of his skin, and scales that grow  
Vpon his armed back, repell the blowe.  
And yet that strong defence could not so well  
The vigour of his thrilling Dart repell;  
Which through his winding back a passage rends:  
There sticks the Steele into his guts descends.  
Rabid with anguish, hee retorts his lookes  
Vpon the wound, and then the iaueling tooke

Benewome

Betweene his teeth; it euery way doth winde:  
 At length, tugg'd out, yet leaues the head behind.  
 His rage increast with his augmenting paines:  
 And his thick-panting throte swels with full veines.  
 A cold white froth surrounds his poy's nous iawes:  
 On thundring Earth his trayling scales he drawes:  
 Who from his black and *Stygian* maw ciect's  
 A blasting breath, which all the grasse infects.  
 His body, now he circularly bends;  
 Forthwith into a monstrous length extends:  
 Then rusheth on, like showr-intens'd Floods;  
 And with his brest ore-bears the obuius Woods.  
 The Prince gaue way; who with the Lyon's spoyle  
 Sustayn'd th' assault; and forc't a quick recoyle,  
 His Lance fixt in his iawes. What could not feele;  
 He madly wounds; and bites the biting Steele.  
 Th' inuenom'd gore, which from his palate bled,  
 Conuerts the grasse into a duskie red:  
 Yet, slight the hurt, in that the Snake with-drew;  
 And so, by yeelding, did the force subdew.  
 Till *Agenorides* the Steele imbrew'd  
 In his wide throte, and still his thrust pursew'd;  
 Vntill an Oke his back-retrait with-stood:  
 There, he his neck transfixt: with it, the Wood.  
 The Tree bends with a burden so vnknowne;  
 And, lashed, by the Serpents taile, doth grone.  
 While he suruay'd the hugeness of his foe,  
 This voyce he heard (from whence he did not know)  
 Why is that Serpent so admir'd by thee?  
*Agenor's* sonne, a Serpent thou shalt bee.  
 He speechlesse grew: pale feare repeld his blood;  
 And now vncurl'd haire like bristles stood.

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Behold ! mans Fautresse, *Pallas* (from the sky  
Descending to his needfull aide) stood by:  
Who bade him in the turn'd-vp furrowes throw  
The Serpents teeth ; that future men might grow.  
He, as commanded, plow'd the patient Earth:  
And therein sow'd the seeds of humane birth.  
Lo (past beliefe ! ) the Clods began to moue:  
And tops of Lances first appear'd aboue:  
Then, Helmets, nodding with their plumed Crests;  
Forth-with, resulgent Pouldrons, plated Brests;  
Hands, with offensive weapons charg'd, insew:  
And Target-bearing troops of Men vp-grew.  
So in our Theater's solemnities,  
When they the Arras rayse, the Figures rise:  
Afore the rest, their faces first appeare;  
By little and by little then they reare  
Their bodies, with a measure-keeping hand,  
Vntill their feet vpon the border stand.  
Bold *Cadmus*, though much daunted at the sight  
Of such an Host, addrest him to the fight.  
Forbcare (a new-borne Souldier cry'd) & ingage  
Thy better fortune in our ciuill rage!  
With that, he on his earth-bred brother flew:  
At whom, a deadly dart another threw.  
Nor he that kild him, long suruiues his death;  
But, through wide wounds expires his infant breath.  
Slaughter, with equall furie, runs through all:  
And by vnciuill ciuill blowes they fall.  
The new-sprung Youth, who hardly life possesse,  
Now panting, kick their Mother's bloody breast:  
But siue surui'd: of whom, *Echion* one;  
His Armes to Earth by *Pallas* counsell throwne,



He craues the loue he offers. All accord  
As Brothers should ; and what they take afford.  
*Sidonian Cadmus* these assist, to build  
His Iostie walls ; the Oracle fulfilld.

Now flourish *Thebes* : now did thy exile proue  
In shew a blessing ; those that rule in loue  
And warre, thy Nuptials with their daughter grace:  
By such a Wife to haue so faire a race ;  
So many sonnes and daughters ; nephewes too  
(The pledges of their peacefull beds) inshew ;  
And they now growne to excellence and powre.  
But, Man must censur'd be by his last houre:  
Whom truly we can neuer happy call,  
Afore his death, and closing funerall.

In this thy euery way so prosperous state,  
Thy first misse-hap sprung from thy Nephew's fate,  
Whose browes vnnaturall branches ill adorne ;  
By his vngratefull dogs in pieces torne.  
Yet fortune did offend in him ; not he :  
For, what offence may in an error be ?  
With purple bloud, staine Deare the Hills imbrow :  
And now high Noon the shades of things withdrew ;  
While East and West the equall Sunne partake :  
Thus, then, *Hyantius* to his Partners spake,  
That trod the Mazes of the pathlesse Wood :  
My Friends our nets and iauelins reake with blood :  
Enough hath beene the fortune of this day :  
To morrow, when *Aurora* shall display  
Her rose cheeks, we may our sports renew.  
Now, *Phaëbus*, with inflaming eye doth view  
The crannied Earth : here let our labour end :  
Take vp your toyles. They gladly condescend.

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A vale there was with Pines and Cypresse crown'd,  
*Gargaphie* call'd; for *Dian's* loue renown'd.  
 A shady Caue possiest the inward part,  
 Not wrought by hands; there, Nature witty Art  
 Did counterfet: a native Arch shee drew,  
 With Pumice and light Topases, that grew.  
 A bubbling Spring, with streams as cleere as glasse  
 Ran chiding by, inclos'd with matted grasse.  
 The weary Huntresse vsually here laues  
 Her Virgin lims, more pure than those pure waues.  
 And now her Bowe, her lau'lin, and her Quiuer;  
 Doth to a Nymph, one of her Squires, deliuer:  
 Her light impoucrisht Robes another held:  
 Her Buskins two vntie. The better skil'd  
*Ismenian Crocale*, her long haire wound  
 In pleited-wreathes: yet was her owne vnbound.  
 Neat *Hyaie*, *Niphe*, *Rhanis*, *Pfecas* (still  
 Imploy'd) and *Phiale* the Lauers fill.  
 While here *Titania* bath'd (as was her guise)  
 Lo *Cadmus* Nephew, tyr'd with exercise,  
 And wandring through the Woods, approcht this Groue  
 With fatall steps, so Destinie him droue!  
 Entring the Caue with skipping Springs bedew'd:  
 The Nymphs, all naked, when a Man they view'd,  
 Clapt their resounding brests, and fild the Wood  
 With sudden shrieks: like luory pales they stood  
 About their Goddesse: but shee, far more tall,  
 By head and shoulders ouer-tops them all.  
 Such as that colour, which the Clouds adorns,  
 Shot by the Sunne-beam's; or the rose Morn's:  
 Such flush't in *Dian's* cheeks, being naked tane.  
 And though inuiron'd by her Virgin trayne,

Shee

She side-long turnes, looks back, and wisht her bow:  
 Yet, what shee had, shee in his face doth throw.  
 With vengefull Waters sprinkled; to her rage  
 These words she addes, which future Fate presage:  
 Now, tell how thou hast seene me disarray'd;  
 Tell if thou canst: I giue thee leaue. This said,  
 Shee to his neck and eares new length imparts;  
 This Browe th' antlers of long-living Harts:  
 His legges and feet with armes and hands supply'd;  
 And cloth'd his body in a spotted hide.  
 To this, feare added. *Autonoeus* flies,  
 And wonders at the swiftnesse of his thighs.  
 But, when his looks he in the Riuer view'd,  
 He would haue cry'd, Woe's me! no words insew'd:  
 His words were grones. He frets, with galling teares,  
 Checks not his owne; yet his owne mind he beares.  
 What should he doe? Goe home? or in the Wood  
 For euer lurke? Feare, this; shame that withstood.  
 While thus he doubts, his Dogs their Master view:  
*Black-foot* and *Tracer*, opening first, pursew:  
 Sure *Tracer*, *Gnoffus*; *Black-foot* *Sparta* bare:  
 Then all fell in, more swift than forced Ayre:  
*Spie*, *Ranener*, *Clime-cliffe*; these *Arcadia* bred:  
 Strong *Fawn-bane*, *Whirlwind*, eager *Follow-dread*;  
*Hunter*, for sent; for speed, *Flight* went before;  
 Fierce *Saluage*, lately ganch'd by a Bore;  
 Greedy, with her two whelps; grim Wolf-got *Ranger*;  
 Stout *Shepherd*, late preseruing flocks from danger;  
 Gaunt *Catch*, whose race from *Sicyonia* came;  
*Patch*, *Courser*, *Blab*; rash *Tyger* neuer tame;  
 Blanch, *Mourner*, *Royster*, Wolfe surpassing strong;  
 And *Tempest*, able to continue long:

Swift,



Swift, with his brother Churle, a Cyprian hound;  
 Bold Snatch, whose sable brows a white star croud;  
 Cole, shag-hair'd Rug, and Light-foot wondrous fleet,  
 Bred of a Spartan Bitch, his Sire of Creet:  
 White-tooth, and Ring-wood (others not t' expresse)  
 O're Rocks, o're Craggs, o're Cliffs that want access,  
 Through streightned wayes, and where there was no way,  
 The well-mouth'd hounds pursue the princely prey.  
 Where oft he wont to follow, now he flies;  
 Flies from his family! in thought he cries,  
 I am *Alecon*, servants, know your Lord!  
 Thoughts wanted words. High skyes the noyse record.  
 First, *Collier* pinch't him by the haunch: in flung  
 Fierce *Kill-deare*; *Hill-bred* on his shoulder hung.  
 These came forth last; but crost a nearer way  
 A-thwart the hills. While thus their Lord they stay,  
 In rush the rest; who gripe him with their phangs.  
 Now is no roome for wounds. Groanes speake his pangs,  
 Though not with humane voyce, vnlike a Hart:  
 In whose laments the knowne Rocks beare a part.  
 Pitch't on his knees, like one who pitty craves,  
 His silent looks, in stead of Armes, he waues  
 With vsuall showts their Dogs the Hunters cheare;  
 And seeke, and call *Alecon*. He (too neare!)  
 Made answer by mute motions, blam'd of all  
 For being absent at his present fall.  
 Present he was, thar absent would haue beene;  
 Nor would his cruell hounds haue felt, but scene.  
 Their snowts they in his body bathe; and teare  
 Their Master in the figure of a Deere:  
 Nor, till a thousand wounds had life dissaid,  
 Could quier-bearing *Dian* be appeas'd.

'Twas censur'd variously: for, many thought  
 The punishment farre greater than the fault.  
 Others so sowe a chastitie commend,  
 As worthy her: and both, their parts defend.  
*Ioue's* wife not so much blam'd or prays'd the deed;  
 As shee reioyceth at the wounds that bleed  
 In *Cadmus* Family; who keeps in mind  
*Europa's* rape, and hateth all the kind.  
 Now new occasions fresh displeasure moue:  
 For *Semele* was great with child by *Ioue*.  
 Then, thus shee scolds: O, what amends succeeds  
 Our lost complaints! I now will fall to deeds.  
 If we be more than titularly great;  
 If we a Scepter sway; if Heauen our fear;  
 If *Ioue's* fear'd Wife and Sister (certainly,  
 His Sister) torment shall the Whore destroy.  
 Yet, with that theft perhaps she was content,  
 And quickly might the iniurie repent:  
 But, shee conceiues, to aggrauate the blame,  
 And by her Belly doth her crime proclaime.  
 Who would by *Iupiter* a Mother proue,  
 Which hardly once, hath hapned to our loue:  
 So confident is beaurie! Yet shall he  
 Deceiue her hopes: nor let me *Iuno* be,  
 Vnlesse, by her owne *Ioue* destroy'd, shee make  
 A swift descent vnto the *Stygian* Lake.  
 [Shee quits her Throne, and in a yellow clowd  
 Approach't the Palace; nor dismiss that shrowd,  
 Till shee had wrinkl'd her smooth skin, and made  
 Her head all gray: while creeping feet conuay'd  
 Her crooked lims; her voice small, weake, and hoarse,  
*Bere-like*, of *Epidaur*, her Nurse.

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Long-talking; at the mention of *Ioue's* name,  
 Shee sigh't, and said; Pray heauen, he proue the same!  
 Yet much I feare: for many oft beguile  
 With that pretext, and chasteft beds defile.  
 Though *Ioue*; that's not enough. Giue he a signe  
 Of his affection, if he be diuine.  
 Such, and so mightie, as when pleasure warms  
 His melting bolome, in high *Iuno's* armes;  
 With thee, such and so mightie, let him lie,  
 Deckt with the ensignes of his deitie.  
 Thus shee aduiz'd the vn suspecting Dame;  
 Who begs of *Ioue* a boone without a name.  
 To whom the God: Choose, and thy choyce possesse;  
 Yet, that thy diffidencie may be lesse,  
 Witnesse that Powre, who through obscure aboads  
 Spreads his dull streams: the feare, and God of Gods.  
 Pleas'd with her harm, of too much powre to moue!  
 To perish by the kindnesse of her Loue:  
 Such be to me, she said, as when the Invites  
 Of *Iuno* summon you to *Venus* Rites.  
 Her mouth he sought to stop: but, now that breath  
 Was mixt with ayre which sentenced her death.  
 Then, fetch't a sigh, as if his brest would teare  
 (For, shee might not vnwish, nor he vnswear)  
 And sadly mounts the skie; who with him tooke  
 The Clouds, that imitate his mournfull looke;  
 Thick showrs and tempests adding to the same,  
 With thunder and inuitable flame.  
 Whose rigor yet he strueth to subdew:  
 Not armed with that fire which overthrew  
 The hundred-handed Giant; 't was too wilde;  
 There is another lightning, far more milde,



By Cyclops forged with lesse flame and ire:  
Which, deathlesse Gods doe call the Second fire.  
This, to her Father's house, he with him tooke:  
But (ah!) a mortall body could not brooke  
Æthereall tumults. Her successe shee mournes;  
And in those so desir'd imbracements burnes.

Th' vnperfect Babe, which in her wombe did lie,  
Was ra'ne by *Ioue*, and sew'd into his thigh,  
His Mother's time accomplishing: Whom first,  
By stealth, his carefull Aunt, kinde *Ino*, nurst:  
Then, giuen to the *Nysides*, and bred  
In secret Caues, with milke and honey fed.

While this on earth befell by Fates decree  
(The twice-born *Bacchus* now from danger free)  
*Ioue*, waightie cares expelling from his brest  
With flowing Nectar, and dispos'd to iest  
With well-pleas'd *Ino*, said: In *Venus* deeds,  
The Femal's pleasure farre the Male's exceeds.  
This shee denyes; *Tiresias* must decide  
The difference, who both delights had try'd.  
For, two ingendring Serpents once he found,  
And with a stroke their slimy twists vnbound;  
Who straight a Woman of a man became:  
Seuen Autums past, he in the eighth the same  
Refinding, said: If such your powre, so strange,  
That they who strike you must their nature change;  
Once more I'le trie. Then, struck, away they ran:  
And of a Woman he became a Man.  
He, chosen Vmpire of this sportfull strife,  
*Ioue's* words confirm'd. This vext his froward wife  
More than the matter crau'd. To wreak her spite,  
His eyes shee muffled in eternall night.

Th' omni-

Th'omnipotent (since no God may vndoe  
An others deed) with Fates which should inſew  
Inform'd his Intellect; and did ſupply  
His body's eye-fight, with his mindes cleere eye.

He giuing ſure replies to ſuch as came,  
Through all th' *Aonian* City's ſtretcht his fame.

First, blew *Liriope* ſad triall made  
How that was bur too true which he had ſaid:

Whom in times paſt *Cephiſus* flood imbrac't  
Within his winding ſtreams, and forc't the chaſte.

The louely Nymph (who not vnfruitfull prou'd)  
Brought forth a Boy, euen then to be belou'd,

*Narciſſus* nam'd. Enquiring if old age  
Should crowne his Youth; He, in obſcure preſage,

Made this reply: Except himſelfe he know.

Long, they no credit on his words beſtow:

Yet did the euent the prophecie approve,

In his ſtrange ruine, and new kind of loue.

Now, he to twentie added had a yeare:

Now in his looks both Boy and Man appeare:

Many a loue-fick Youth did him deſire;

And many a Maid his beautie ſet on fire:

Yet, in his tender age his pride was ſuch,

Thar neither Youth nor Mayden might him touch.

The vocall Nymph, this louely Boy did ſpy  
(Shee could not proffer ſpeech, nor not reply)

When buſie in purſuite of ſaluage ſpoyles,

He draue the Deere into his corded toyles.

*Ecco* was then a Body, not a Voyce:

Yet then, as now, of words ſhee wanted choyce;

But onely could reiterate the cloſe

Of euery ſpeech. This *luno* did impoſe.

For, often when she might have taken Ioue,  
 Compressing there the Nymphs, who weakly stroue;  
 Her long discourses made the Goddesse stay,  
 Vntill the Nymphs had time to run-away.  
 Which when perceiu'd; she said, For this abuse  
 Thy tongue henceforth shall bee of little vse.  
 Those threats are deeds: Shee yet ingeminates  
 The last of sounds, and what shee heares relates.

*Narcissus* seene, intending thus the chase;  
 Shee forth-with gloues, and with a noyselesse pace  
 His steps pursues; the more she did pursew,  
 More hot (as nearer to her fire) shee grew:  
 And might be likened to a sulph'rous match;  
 Which instantly th'approched flame doth catch.  
 How oft would shee haue woo'd him with sweet words!  
 But, Nature no such libertie affords:  
 Begin she could not, yet full readily  
 To his expected speech shee would reply.  
 The Boy, from his Companions parted, said;  
 Is any nigh? I, *Erebo* answer made.  
 He, round about him gazed (much appall'd)  
 And cry'd out, Come. Shee him, who called, call'd.  
 Then looking back; and seeing none appear'd,  
 Why shunst thou mee? The selfe-same voyce he heard,  
 Deceiu'd by the Image of his words;  
 Then let vs ioyne, said he: no sound accords  
 More to her wish: her faculties combine  
 In deare consent, who answer'd, *Let vs ioyne!*  
 Flattering her selfe, out of the Woods she sprung;  
 And would about his struggling neck haue hung.  
 Thrust backe, he said, Life shall this brest forsake,  
*Erebo*, light Nymph, on me thy pleasure take.



On me thy pleasure take, the Nymph replies  
 To that disdainfull Boy, who from her flies.  
 Despiz'd; the Wood her sad retreat receaues:  
 Who couers her ashamed face with leaues;  
 And sculks in desert Caves. Lone still possesse  
 Her soule; through griefe of her repulse, increasse  
 Her wretched body pines with sleepleffe care:  
 Her skin contracts: her bloud conuerts to ayre.  
 Nothing was left her now but voyce and bones:  
 The voyce remaynes; the other turne to stones.  
 Conceal'd in Woods, in Mountaynes neuer found,  
 Shee's heard of all: and all is but a Sound.

Thus her, thus other Nymphs, in mountaines borne,  
 And sedgy brooks, the Boy had kil'd with scorn.  
 Thus many a Youth he had afore deceiv'd;  
 When one thus pray'd with hands to heav'n vpheld;  
 So may he loue himselfe, and so despaire!  
*Rhainus* condescends to his iust pray'r.

A Spring there was, whose siluer Waters were,  
 As smooth as any mirror, nor lesse cleare:  
 Which neither Herd-men, tame, nor salvage Beast,  
 Nor wandring Fowle, nor scattered leaues molest;  
 Girt round with grasse, by neighboring moylures fed,  
 And Woods, against the Sunnes inuasion spread.  
 He, tyr'd with heat and hunting, with the Place  
 And Spring delighted, lyes vpon his face,  
 Quepching his thirst, another thirst doth rise;  
 Rayst by the forme which in that glasse he spies.  
 The hope of nothing doth his powres invade:  
 And for a body he mistakes a shade.  
 Himselfe, himselfe contracts: who pores thereon  
 So fixedly, as if of *Parian* stone.

Beholds his eyes, two starres! his dangling haire  
 Which with vnshorn *Apol'o's* might compare!  
 His fingers worthy *Bacchus*! his smooth chin!  
 His luory neck! his heavenly face! where-in  
 The linked Drifties their Graces fix?  
 Where *Roses* with vnfullied Lillyes mix!  
 Admireth all, for which, to be admir'd:  
 And vnconsiderately himselfe desir'd.  
 The prayes, which he gives, his beautie claym'd.  
 Who seeks, is sought: th' Inflamer is inflam'd.  
 How often would he kisse the flattering spring!  
 How oft with downe-thrust arms sought he to cling  
 About that loued necke! Those cou'sning lips  
 Delude his hopes; and from himselfe he slips.  
 Not knowing what, with what he sees he fryes:  
 And th' error that deceiues, incites his eyes.  
 O Foole! that striv'st to catch a flying shade!  
 Thou seek'st what's no-where: Turn aside, 'twill vade.  
 Thy formes reflection doth thy sight delude:  
 Which is with nothing of its owne indu'd.  
 With thee it comes; with thee it stayes; and so  
 'Twould goe away, hadst thou the power to go.  
 Nor sleep, nor hunger could the Louer rayse:  
 Who, lay'd along, on that false forme doth gaze  
 With looks, which looking neuer could suffice;  
 And ruinares himselfe with his owne eyes.  
 At length, a little lifting vp his head;  
 You Woods, that round about your branches spread,  
 Was euer so vnfortunate a Louer!  
 You know, to many you haue beene a couer;  
 From your first growth to this long distant day  
 Haue you knowne any, thus to pine away!

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I like, and see, but yet I cannot find  
 The lik't, and scene. O' Loue, with error blind!  
 What grieues me more: no Sea, no Mountayn steep,  
 No wayes, no walls, our ioyes a-funder keep:  
 Whom but a little water doth diuide,  
 And he himselfe desires to be inioy'd.  
 As oft as I to kisse the flood decline,  
 So oft his lips ascend, to close with mine.  
 You'd thinke we toucht: so small a thing doth part  
 Our equall loues! Come forth, what ere thou art.  
 Sweet Boy, a simple Boy beguile not so:  
 From him that seeks thee, whither would'st thou go?  
 My age nor beautie meritt thy disdain:  
 And me the Nymphs haue often lou'd in vaine.  
 Yet in thy friendly shewes my poore hopes liue;  
 Still struing to receiue the hand I giue;  
 Thou smil'st my smiles: when I a teare let fall,  
 Thou shedd'st an other; and consent'st in all.  
 And, lo, thy sweetly-mouing lips appeare  
 To vtter words, that come not to our care.  
 Ah, He is I! now, now I plainly see:  
 Nor is't my shadow that bewitcheth me.  
 With loue of me I burne; (O too too sure!)  
 And suffer in those flames which I procure.  
 Shall I be woo'd, or wooe? What shall I craue?  
 Since what I couet, I already haue.  
 Too much hath made me poore! O, you diuine  
 And fauoring Powres, me from my selfe dis-ioyne!  
 Of what I loue, I would be dispositt:  
 This, in a Louer, is a strange request!  
 Now, strength through griefe decays; short is the time  
 I haue to liue; extinguish't in my Prime.



Nor grieues it me to part with well-mist breath;  
 For griefe will find a perfect cure in death:  
 Would he I loue might longer life inioy I  
 Now, two ill-fated Louers, in one, die.

This said; againe vpon his Image gaz'd;  
 Teares on the troubled water circles rais'd:  
 The motion much obscur'd the fleeting shade.  
 With that, he cry'd (perceiuing it to vade)  
 O, whither wilt thou I stay: nor cruell proue,  
 In leauing me, who infinitely loue.

Yet let me see, what cannot be possit;  
 And, with that emptie food, my fury feast.  
 Complaining thus, himselfe he disarayes;  
 And to remorselesse hands his brest displays:  
 The blowes that solid snow with crimson stripe;  
 Like Apples party-red, or Grapes scarce ripe.  
 But, in the water when the same appeare,  
 He could no longer such a sorrow beare.  
 As Virgin wax dissolues with seruent heat;  
 Or morning frost, whereon the Sun-beams beat:  
 So thawes he with the ardor of desire;  
 And, by degrees, consumes in rasetne fire.  
 His meger cheeks now lost their red and white;  
 That life, that fauour lost, which did delight.  
 Nor those diuine proportions now remaine,  
 So much by *Eccho* lately lov'd in vaine.  
 Which when shee saw, although she angry were,  
 And still in minde her late repulse did beare;  
 As often as the miserable cry'd,  
 Alas! Alas, the wofull Nymph reply'd.  
 And euer when he struck his sounding brest,  
 Like sounds of mutuall sufferance exprest.

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His last words were, still hanging o're his shade;  
 Ah, Boy, belou'd in vaine! so *Ecebo* said  
 Farewell. Farewell, sigh't she. Then downe he liest  
 Deaths cold hand shuts his selfe-admiring eyes:  
 Which now eternally their gazes fix  
 Vpon the Waters of infernall *Stryx*.  
 The wofull *Naiades* lament the dead;  
 And their clipt haire vpon their brother spread.  
 The wofull *Dryades* partake their woes:  
 With both, sad *Ecebo* ioynes at euery close.  
 The funerall Pyle prepar'd, a Horse they brought  
 To fetch his body, which they vainely sought.  
 In stead whercof a yellow flowre was found,  
 With tufts of white about the button crown'd:

This, through *Achaia* spread the Prophets fame;  
 Who worthily had purchas't a great name.  
 But, proud *Echion's* sonne, who did despise  
 The righteous Gods, derides his prophecies;  
 And twits *Tiresias* with his rauisht sight.  
 He shook his head, which age had cloth'd in white;  
 And said, 'T were well for thee, hadst thou no eyes  
 To see the *Bacchanal* solemnities.  
 The time shall come (which I preface is neere)  
 When *Semeleian Liber* will be here:  
 Whom if thou honour not with Temples due;  
 Thy Mother, and her sisters shall imbrue  
 Their furious hands in thy effused blood;  
 And throw thy seuered lims about the Wood.  
 'T will be; thy malice cannot but rebell:  
 And then thou'l't say, The blinde did see too well.  
 His mouth proud *Pentheus* stops. Beliefe succeeds  
 Fore-running threats: and words are seal'd by deeds.

is come ; the fields with clamor sound ;  
 They in his Orgies tread a frantrick Round.  
 Women with Men, the base, and nobler sort,  
 Together to those vnknowne Rites resort.

You sonnes of *Mars*, you of the Dragons race  
 (Said he) what furie doth your minds imbaze ?  
 Is Brasse of such a powre, which drunkards bear,  
 Or sound of Hornes, or Magicall deceit ;  
 That you, whom Trumpets clangor, horrid fight,  
 Nor death, with all his terrors, could affright ;  
 Lowd Women, wine-bred rage, a lustfull crew  
 Of Beasts, and Kettle-drums, should thus subdew ?  
 Ar you, graue Fathers, can I but admire !  
 Who brought with you your flying Gods from *Tyre*,  
 And fixt them here: now from that care so farra  
 Estranged, as to lose them without warre !  
 Or you, who of my able age appeare ;  
 Whose heads should helmets, and not garlands, weare !  
 Not leany Ianelins, but good Swords adorne  
 The hands of Youth. O you, so nobly borne ;  
 That Dragon's fiery fortitude indue,  
 Whose single valour such a number slue.  
 He, in defending of his Fountayne, fell :  
 Doe you th' Inuaders of your fame repell.  
 He slue the strong: doe you the weake destroy ;  
 And free your Country from foule infamy.  
 If Destinies decree that *Thebes* must fall ;  
 May men, may warlike engines raze her wall :  
 Let sword and fire our famisht liues assault ;  
 Then should we not be wretched through our fault,  
 Nor striue to hide our guilt ; but, Fortune blame ;  
 And vent our pittied sorrowes without shame.

Now,



Now, by a naked Boy we are put to flight:  
Whom bounding Steeds, nor glorious Arms delight,  
But haire perfum'd with Myrthe, soft Anadems,  
And purple Robes inchac't with gold and gems,  
Who shall confesse (if you your aid denie)  
His forged Father, and false Deitie:  
What? had *Acrisius* vertue to withstand  
Th' Impostor, chaced from the *Argive* strand?  
And shall this vagabond, this forainer,  
Me *Pentheus*, and the *Theban* State deterre?  
Goe (said he to his seruants) goe your way,  
And drag him hither bound: prevent delay.

Him *Cadmus*, *Atbamis*, and all dissuade;  
By opposition, more intemperate made:  
Furie increaseth, when it is withstood:  
And then good counsell doth more harme than good.  
So haue I seen an vnstopt torrent glide  
With quiet waters, scarcely heard to chide:  
But, when faln Trees, or Rocks, impeacht his course,  
To forne, and roare with vncontrolled force.  
All bloudy they retorne. Where is, said hee,  
This *Bacchus*? *Bacchus* none of vs did see,  
Reply'd they; This his minister we found  
(Presenting one with hands behinde him bound)

A *Lydian*, zealous in those mysteries.  
On whom fierce *Pentheus* looks, with wrathfull eyes:  
Who hardly could his punishment deferre.  
Then, thus: Thou wretch, that others shalt deterre,  
Declare thy Name, thy Nation, Parentage;  
And why thou followest this new-fangled Rage.

He in whom innocency feare o're-came;  
Made this reply; *Acetes* is my name.

My life I owe to the *Mænian* earth;  
 To none, my fortunes; borne of humble birth.  
 No land my Father left me to manure,  
 Nor Herds, nor bleating Flocks; himselfe was poore.  
 The tempted Fish, with hook and line he caught;  
 His skill was all his wealth: His skill he taught;  
 And said, My heire, Successor to my Art,  
 Receine the riches which I can impart.  
 He, dying, left me nothing; and yet all:  
 The Sea may I my patrimony call.  
 Yet, left I still should on those Rocks abide,  
 To navigation I my time apply'd;  
 Obseru'd th' *Olexas* *Ris*, that raine portend;  
 The *Hyades*, who weepe when they descend;  
*Taygeta*, and *Arcturus*, the resorts  
 Of severall winds; and harbour-giving Ports.  
 For *Delos* bound, we made the *Cebian* shores:  
 And, there arriv'd, with industrious Oares.  
 Leaping a-shore, I made the beach my bed.  
 When aged Night *Murex*'s blushes fled,  
 I rose; and bade my men fresh water bring;  
 Shewing the way that guided to the Springs;  
 Then, from a Hill obseru'd the winds accord;  
 My Mates I call'd, and forth-with went aboard.  
 All here, the Master's Mate *Opbelies* cries;  
 And thinking he had light upon a prize,  
 Along the shore a lonely Boy conuay'd,  
 Adorn'd with the beantie of a Maid.  
 Heauy with wine and sleepe, he reeled so,  
 That, though supported, he could hardly goe.  
 When I beheld his habit, gait, and feature,  
 I could not thinke it was a humane Creature.

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Fellowes, I doubt (nay, without doubt) said I,  
 This excellence includes a Deitie.  
 O, be propitious, who so ere thou art;  
 And to our industrie successe impart;  
 And pardon these who haue offended thus.  
 Then, *Diſſys* said: Forbeare to pray for vs:  
 (Than he, none could the top saile-yard bestride  
 With lighter speed; nor thence more nimble slide)  
 This, *Libys*, swart *Melanthur* (who the *Prom*  
 Commanded) and *Alcimedor* allow;  
*Epopeus* the Boats-man, so all say;  
 Bewitched with the blind desire of prey.  
 This ship, said I, you shall not violate  
 With sacriledge of so diuine a weight;  
 Wherein I haue most int'rest, and command;  
 And on the hatches their ascent with stand.  
 Whereat, the desperate *Lycabas* grew wild;  
 Who for a bloody murder was exil'd  
 From *Tuscany*. Whil'st I alone resist,  
 He rooke me such a buffet with his fist,  
 That downe I fell; and had false over-board,  
 If I (though senselesse) had not caught a cord.

The wicked Company the fact approue.  
 Then, *Bacchus* (for, 'twas he) began to moue,  
 As if awaked with the noyse they made  
 (His wind-bound senses now discharg'd) and said:  
 What clamor's this? What doe you? Sailers, whither  
 Meane you to beare me? Ah, how came I hither I  
 Feare not, said *Proreus*: name where thou would'st be;  
 And to that Harbor we will carry thee.  
 Then, Friends, *Lyens* said, for *Naxos* stand:  
*Naxos* my home; an hospitable Land.



By Seas, by all the Gods, by what auayles,  
 They sweare they will, and bade me hoysse-vp sayles.  
 Which trim'd for *Naxos* on the Star-board side;  
 What do'st thou mad-man, foole? *Opbeltes* cry'd.  
 Each feares his losse. Some whisper in mine eare :  
 Most say by signes, Vnto the Lar-board steere.  
 Amaz'd: Some other hold the Helme, said I;  
 Ple not be tainted with your periurie.  
 All chafe and storme. What? said *Ethalion*,  
 Is all our safetie plac't in thee alone?  
 With that, my office he vpon him tooke;  
 And *Naxos* (altering her course) forsooke.

The God (as if their fraud but now out-found)  
 From th' vpper deck the Sea suruayed round;  
 Then, seem'd to crie. Sirs, this is not, said he,  
 That promis't shore, the Land so wisht by me.  
 What is my fault? what glory in my spoyle,  
 If men a Boy, if many one beguile?  
 I wept afore: but, they my teares deride;  
 And with laborious Oares the waues diuide.  
 By him I sweare (than whom none more in view)  
 That what I now shall vtter, is as true,  
 As past beliefe. The ship in those profound  
 And spacefull Seas, so stuck as on drie ground.  
 They, wondring, ply'd their Oares; the sayles display'd;  
 And strue to run her with that added aide.  
 When hvy gaue their Oares a forc't restraint;  
 Whose creeping bands the sayles with Berryes paint.  
 He, head-bound with a wreath of clustred Vines,  
 A lauelin shook, claspt with their leauy twines.  
 Stern Tygers, Lynxes (such vnto the eye)  
 And spotted Panthers, round about him lye.

All; ouer-board now tumble; whether 'twere  
 Out of infused madnesse, or for feare:  
 Then, *Medon* first with spiny fins grew blacke;  
 His forme depressed, with a compass back.  
 To whom said *Lycabas*; & more than strange!  
 Into what vncouth Monster wilt thou change!  
 As thus he spake, his mouth became more wide;  
 His nose more hookt: scales arme his hardned hide.  
 While *Libys* tugg'd an Oare that fixed stands,  
 His hands shrunke vp; now finns, no longer hands.  
 An-other by a cable thought to hold;  
 But, mist his armes. He fell: the Seas infold  
 His maymed body: which a tayle efr-soone  
 Receiues, reuerfed like the horned Moone.  
 They leap aloft, and sprinkle-vp the Flood;  
 Now chace aboue; now vnder water scud:  
 Who like lasciuious Dancers friske about;  
 And gulped Seas, from their wide nostrils spoue.  
 Of twenty Saylers, onely I remayn'd:  
 So many men our Complement contain'd.  
 The God my minde could hardly animate;  
 Trembling with horror of so dire a Fate.  
 Suppress'd, said he, these tumults of thy feare;  
 And now thy course for sacred *Dis* beare.  
 Arriu'd there, with his implor'd consent,  
 I Orders tooke; and thus his Feasts frequent.

Our eares are tyr'd with thy long ambages:  
 Which wrath, said he, would by delay, appease.  
 Goe, seruants, take him hence: let his forc't breath  
 Expire in grones: and torture him to death.  
 In solid prison pent; while they prouide  
 Whips, Racks, and Fire, the doores flie open wide.

And

And of themselves, as if dissolu'd by charmes,  
The fetters fall from his ynapinion'd armes.

But now, not bidding others, *Pentheus* flings  
To high *Cytheron's* sacred top, which rings  
With frantick songs, and shrill-voic't *Bacchanals*,  
In *Liber's* celebrated Festivals.

And as the warlike Courser neighs and bounds,  
Inflam'd with furie, when the Trumpet sounds :  
Euen so their far-heard clamours set on fire  
Sterne *Pentheus*, and exasperate his ire.

In midst of all the spacious Mountayne stood  
A perspicable Champain, fring'd with wood.

Here, first of all, his Mother him espyes,  
Viewing those holy Rites with prophane eyes.

Shee, first, vpon him frantickly did runne :  
And first her eger lauelin pearc't her sonne.

Come, sisters, cry'd shee, this is that huge Bore  
Which roots our fields; whom we with wounds must gore.

With that, in-rush the sense-distracted Crew :

And altogether the amaz'd pursue.

Now trembled he ; now, late-breath'd threats suppress :

Himselfe he blames, and his offence confess.

Who cry'd, Helpe Aunt. *Autome* ; I bleed :

O let *Athen's* ghost soft pittie breed !

Not knowing who *Athen* was, shee lops

His right hand off: the other *Ius* crops.

The wretch now to his Mother would haue throwne

His suppliant hands: but, now his hands were gone.

Yet lifting vp their bloody stumps, he said,

Ah, Mother, see ! *Agave*, well appay'd,

Shouts at the sight, casts vp her neck, and shakes

Her staring haire. In cruell hands shee takes



His head, yet gasping : *to* sing, said shee,  
*to* my Mates ! this spoyle belongs to mee.  
Not leaues, now wither'd, nipt by Autumn's frost,  
So soone are rauisht from high Trees, and tost  
By Scattering winde, as they in peeces-teare  
His minced lims. Th'*Ismenians*, struck with feare,  
His Orgies celebrate ; his prayles sing ;  
And incense to his holy Altars bring.

---

OVID'S

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My dear friend,  
I have just received your letter of the 10th inst. and am  
glad to hear from you. I am well and hope these few lines  
will find you the same. I have not much news to write at  
present, but I thought I would write a few lines to let you  
know I am still alive and well. I have not much news to write  
at present, but I thought I would write a few lines to let you  
know I am still alive and well.

ONLY

# OVID'S

## METAMORPHOSIS.

### The fourth Booke.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

**D**Erceta, a Fish. Semiramis a Dove.  
 Transforming Nais equal Fate doth prove.  
 White berries Lemus blood with black discolours.  
 Apollo, like Eurynome, beguiles  
 Leucothoe, buried quick for that offence:  
 Who, Nestor-sprinkled, sprouts to Frankincense.  
 Grieved Clitie, turn'd to a Flower, turns with the same  
 Daphnis, to stone. Sex changeth Scytheon.  
 Eelmus, a Lead-stone. Curets got by showers.  
 Crocus, and Smilax turn'd to little flowers.  
 In one Hermaphrodite, two bodies joyned.  
 Mincides. Bats. Sad Ino made divine,  
 With Melicert. Who Iuno's salt upbraid;  
 Or Statues, or Cadmean Fowles are made.  
 Hermione and Cadmus, worn with woe,  
 From hurtless Dragons. Drops to Serpents grow.  
 Atlas, a Mountain. Gorgon-toucht Sea-weeds  
 To Corall change. From Gorgon's blood, proceeds  
 Swift Pegasus: Crysator also takes  
 From thence his birth. Fair haire convert to Snakes.

**B**Ut yet, Alciboe Minēides.  
 The honour'd Orgies of the God displease.  
 Her sisters share in that impietie;  
 Who Bacchus for the sonne of Ioue denie.

And



And now his Priest proclaimes a solemne Feast;  
 That Dames and Maids from vsuall labour rest;  
 That wrapt in skins, their haire-laces vnbound,  
 And dangling Tresses with wilde luy crown'd,  
 They leauy Speares assume. Who prophesies  
 Sad haps to such as his command despise.  
 The Matrons and new-married Wiues obay:  
 Their Webs, their vn-spun Wooll, aside they lay;  
 Sweet odours burne; and sing: *Lyeus, Bacchus,*  
*Nysseus, Bromius, Euan, great Iacchus:*  
 Fire-got, Sonne of two Mothers, The twice-borne,  
 Father *Eteleus*, *Thyon* neuer shorne,  
*Lenaeus*, planter of life cheering Vines;  
*Nysileus*: with all names that *Greece* assigns  
 To thee. *ô Liber!* Still dost thou inioy  
 Vnwasted Youth; eternally a Boy!  
 Thou'rt seen in heauen; whom all perfections grace;  
 And, when vnhorn'd, thou hast a Virgins face.  
 Thy conquests through the Orient are renown'd,  
 Where tawny *India* is by *Ganges* bound.  
 Proud *Pantheus*, and *Lycurgus*, like prophane,  
 By thee (*ô greatly to be fear'd!*) were slaine:  
 The *Thuscans* drencht in Seas. Thou hold'st in awe  
 The spotted *Lynxes*, which thy Chariot draw.  
 Light *Bacchanals*, and skipping Satyrs follow,  
 Whil'st old *Sylenus*, reeling still, doth halloo;  
 Who weakly hangs, vpon his tardie Ass.  
 What place so-e're thou entrest, sounding brasse,  
 Lowd Sack-buts, Tymbrels, the confused cryes  
 Of Youths and Women, pierce the marble skyes.  
 Thy presence, we, *I/menides*, implore:  
 Come, *ô come* pleas'd! Thus they his Rites restore.

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Yet, the *Menides* at home remaine :  
 And with their plyed task's his Feast prophane :  
 Who either weaue, or at their distaffs spin ;  
 And vrge their Maids to exerceise their sin.  
 One said, as shee the twisted thread out-drew ;  
 While others sport, and forged Gods pursue,  
 Let vs, whom better *Pallas* doth inuite,  
 Our vsfull labour season with delight,  
 And stories tell by turnes ; that, what long yeares  
 Denie our eyes, may enter at our eares.  
 They all agree ; and bade the eldest tell  
 Her storie first. Shee paus'd, not knowing well  
 Of many which to choose : T'insist vpon  
 The Sad *Deretis*, of fam'd *Babylon*  
 ( Who, as the *Palestines* beleue, did take  
 A scaly forme, inhabiting a Lake )  
 Or of her daughter *Speake*, with wing'd aspect  
 High-percht on towres : who there her old age spent  
 Or of that *Nais* ; who with charmes most strange,  
 And weeds too pow'rfull, humane shapes did change,  
 Into mute Fishes, till a Fish shee grew  
 Or of the Tree whose berries chang'd their hew ;  
 The white to black, by bloods aspercion, growne :  
 This pleaseth best ; as being most vnknowne.

Who thus began ; and draws the following woll.  
 Young *Pyramus* ( no Youth so beautifull  
 Through all the East ) and *Thisbe* ( who for faire  
 Might with th'immortall Goddesses compare )  
 Ioynd houses, where *Seminamis* inclin'd  
 Her stately towne, with walls of brick compos'd.  
 This neighbourhood their first acquaintance bred :  
 That, grew to loue ; Loue sought a nuptiall bed :

But

But Parents, who could not with-stand, with-stood.  
 Their ioynt desires, and like incensed blood.  
 Signes onely vtter their vnwitnest loues:  
 But hidden fire the violenter proues.  
 A cranny in the parting wall was left;  
 By shrinking of the new-layd mortar, cleft:  
 This, for so many Ages vndecry'd  
 (What cannot Loue finde out!) the Louers spy'd.  
 By which, their whispering voyces softly trade,  
 And Passion's amorous embassie conuay'd.  
 On this side, and on that, like Snayles they cleaue;  
 And greedily each others breath receaue.  
 O enuious walls (said they) who thus diuide  
 Whom Loue hath ioynd! O, giue vs way to slide  
 Into each others armes! if such a blisse  
 Transcend our Fates, yet suffer vs to kisse!  
 Nor are w'ingrate: much we confesse we owe  
 To you, who this deare libertie bestowe.  
 At Night they bid farewell. Their kisses greet  
 The senselesse stones, with lips that could not meet.  
 When from th'approching Morn the stars withdrew,  
 And that the Sunne had drunke the scorched dew,  
 They at the vsuall Station meet againe;  
 And with soft murmurs mutually complaine.  
 At last, resolute in silence of the Night  
 To steale away, and free themselves by flight;  
 And with their houses, to forsake the Towne.  
 Yet, lest they so might wander vp and downe;  
 To meete at *Ninus* tombe they both agree,  
 Vnder the shelter of a shady Tree.  
 There, a high Mulberry, full of white fruit;  
 Hard by a liuing Fountayne fixt his Root.

The



The Sun, that seem'd too slow, his steeds bestowes  
In restfull Seas: from Seas, with Night arose.  
Then *Thisbe* in the darke the doores vnbar'd;  
And slipping forth, vnmiss'd by her guard,  
Comes maskt to *Ninus* tomb: there in the cold  
Sits vnderneath that Tree: Loue made her bold.  
When (lo!) a Lyonesse, linear'd with the blood  
Of late-blaine *Becues*, approacht the neighbor flood,  
To quench her thirst. Far-off by Moon-light spy'd,  
Swift feare her flight into a Caue doth guide.  
Flying, her mantle from her shoulders fell:  
The fatall *Lionesse*, as from the Well  
Vp to the rocky Mountaine shee with-drawes,  
Found it, and tore it with her bloody iawes.

When *Pyramus*, who came not forth so soone,  
Perceiued by the glimpses of the Moone  
The footing of wilde Beasts: his looke grew pale.  
But, when he spy'd her torne and bloody vaile;  
One night (said he) two louers shall destroy!  
Shee longer life deserued to inioy.  
The guilt is mine: 'twas I (poore soule!) that slue thee  
Who to a place so full of danger drew thee,  
Nor came before. You Lyons, o descend  
From your aboads! a wretch in peeces rend,  
Condemned by his selfe-pronounced doom:  
And make your entrailes my opprobrious tomb!  
But Cowards wish to die. Her mantle hee  
Carries along vnto th'appointed Tree.  
There hauing list, and washt it with his eyes;  
Take from our blood, said he, the double dyes.  
With that, his body on his sword he threw:  
Which, from the reaking wound, he dying drew.

Now

Now, on his back, vp-spun the blood in smoke;  
 As when a Spring-conducting pipe is broke,  
 The waters at a little breach break out,  
 And hissing, through the aëry Region spout.  
 The Mulberries their former white forsake;  
 And from his sprinkling blood their crimson take.

Now she, who could not yet her feare remoue;  
 Returns, for feare to disappoint her Loue.  
 Her eger spirit seeks him through her eyes;  
 Who longs to tell of her escap't surprise.  
 The place and figure of the Tree she knew;  
 Yet doubts, the berries hauing chang'd their hue.  
 Vncertaine; she his panting lims descri'd,  
 That struck the stayned earth; and starts aside.  
 Box was not paler than her changed looke:  
 And like the lightly breath'd-on Sea she shooke.  
 But, when she knew 'twas he (now dispossest  
 Of her amaze) shee shrieks, beats her swoln brest,  
 Puls off her haire; imbraces, softly reares  
 His hanging head, and fills his wound with reares.  
 Then, kissing his cold lips: Woe's me (she said)  
 What cursed Fate hath this diuision made!  
 O speake, my *Pyramus*! o looke on mee!  
 Thy deare, thy desperate *Thisbe* calls to thee!  
 At *Thisbe's* name he opens his dim eyes;  
 And hauing seen her, shuts them vp, and dyes.  
 But when his empie scabbard shee had spy'd,  
 And her known Robe; Vnhappy man! she cry'd,  
 These wounds from loue, from thine own hand proceed!  
 Nor is my hand too weake for such a deed:  
 My loue as strong. This, this shall courage giue  
 To force that life which much disdains to liue.

In death I'll follow thee instyl'd by all,  
 The wretched Cause, and partner of thy Fall.  
 Whom Death (that had (alas!) alone the might  
 To pull thee from me!) shall not dis-vnite.  
 O you, our wretched Parents (this severe  
 To your owne blood!) my last Petition heare:  
 Whom constant loue, whom death hath ioyn'd, interre  
 Together in one envi'd Sepulcher.  
 And thou, ô Tree, whose branches shade the flaine;  
 Of both our slaughters beare the lasting stains:  
 In funerall habit: euer clothe your brood;  
 A liuing monument of our mixt blood.  
 This said, his sword, yet reeking, shee reuers't,  
 And with a mortall wound her bosom peare't.  
 The easie Gods vnto her wish accord;  
 Their Parents also her desire afford:  
 The late-white Mulberryes in black now mourne;  
 And what the fire had left, lay in one urne.

Here ended she. Some intermission made,  
*Leucothoe*, her sisters silent, said:

This Sunne, who all directeth with his light,  
 Weake Loue hath tam'd: his loues we now recite.  
 He first discover'd the adulterie  
 Of *Mars* and *Venus* (nothing scapes his eye)  
 And in displeasure told to *Iuno's* sonne  
 Their secret stealths, and where the deed was done.  
 His spirits faint: his hands could not sustaine  
 The worke in hand. Forthwith, he forg'd a chaine,  
 With nets of brasse, that might the eye deceaue,  
 (Lesse curious far the webs which Spiders weene)  
 Made pliant to each touch, and apt to close:  
 This, he about the guiltie bed bestowed.



No sooner these Adulterers were met,  
 Than caught in his so strangely forged net;  
 Who, struggling, in compeld imbracements lay.  
 The Ivory doores then *Vulcan* doth display;  
 And calls the Gods. They shamefully lay bound:  
 Yet one, a wanton, wist to be so found.  
 The heavenly dwellers laugh. This tale was told  
 Through all the Round, and mirth did long vphold.  
*Venus*, incens'd, on him who this disclos'd  
 A memorable punishment impos'd.  
 And he, of late so tyrannous to Loue,  
 Loue's tyrannie in iust exchange doth proue.  
*Hyperion's* sonne, what boots thy pearcng sight  
 Thy feature, colour, or thy radiant light!  
 For thou, who earth inflamest with thy fires,  
 Art now thy selfe inflam'd with new desires.  
 Thy melting eyes alone *Leucothoe's* view;  
 And giue to her, what to the World is dew.  
 Now, in the East thou hastnest thy vp-rise:  
 Now, slowly sett'st; euen loth to leaue the skyes.  
 And, while that Obiect thus exacts thy stay,  
 Thou addest houres vnto the Winters day.  
 Oft, in thy face thy mindes disease appears;  
 Affrighting all the darkned World with feares.  
 Not *Cynthia's* interpos'd Orbe doth moue  
 These pale aspects; this colour springs from loue.  
 Shee all thy thoughts ingross: nor didst thou care  
 For *Clymene*, for her who *Circes* bare,  
 For *Rhodoe*, *Clytie*, who in loue abounds,  
 Although despis'd, though tortur'd with two wounds.  
 All, all were buried in *Leucothoe's*;  
 Borne in sweet *Saba*, of *Eurynome*.

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As shee in beautie farre surpass all other:  
 So much the Daughter farre surpass the Mother.  
 Great *Orchamus* was Father to the Maid:  
 Who, seventh from *Belus Priscus*, *Perseus* way'd  
 In low *Hesperia* Vales those pastures are  
 Where *Phæbus* hories on *Ambrosia* fare.  
 There, tyred with the trauels of the day,  
 They renouate what labour doth decay.  
 Now, while celestiall food their hunger feeds,  
 And Night in her alternate raigues succeeds,  
 In figure of *Enryomus*, the God  
 Approcht the chamber, where his life abroad  
 He, spinning by a lamp, *Lucas* that found,  
 With twice six hand-maids, who inclos'd her round,  
 Then kissing her (her Mother now by Art)  
 I haue, said he, a secret to impart:  
 Maids, presently with draw. They all obey'd  
 He, after he had cleer'd the chamber, said  
 The tardie Yeare I measure: I am he  
 Who see all Objects, and by whom all seepe  
 The World's cleere eye: by thy fair selfe, I sweare  
 I loue thee above thought. Shee shooke for feare  
 Her spindle and her distaffe from her fell:  
 And yet that feare became her wondrous well.  
 Then, his owne forme and radiancy, he tooke  
 Though with that unexpected presence strooke  
 Yet, vanquish't by his beautie, her complaint  
 Shee laid aside, and suffred his constraint.  
 This chytic vext (his loue obscur'd no measure)  
 Who in the furie of her fell displeasure,  
 Divulg'd the quickly-spreading infamy:  
 And to her father doth the fact descry.

Who sterne and savage, shuns vp all remorse, and in cold  
 From her that field, suddew'd, she said, by force;  
 And Sol to witnesse calls. His dishonour  
 Interres aliud, and casts a Mount vpon her  
 Hyperion's sonne this hastens with his rayes;  
 And for her re-ascent a breach displays:  
 Yet could not she aduance her heavy head:  
 But life, too hasty, from her body fled.  
 Neuer did Phlox with such sorrow mourne  
 Since wretched Phlox the World did burne;  
 Yet strives he with his influence to beget  
 In her cold limbe life, re-quickning heat.  
 But, since the Fates such great attempts withstood;  
 He steepes the place and body in a flood  
 Of fragrant Nectar, much beuileth her end;  
 And sighing, said; Yet shalt thou heauen ascend.  
 Forthwith, her body thence into a dew  
 Which, from the moy'st earth, in odour threw  
 Then through the hill a shrub of Frankincense  
 Thrust vp his crowne, and took his roo from thence.  
 Though loue might cheere her sorrow haue excus'd  
 Sorrow, her tongue; Day's King her bed refus'd  
 She, with distracted passion, pines away,  
 Detesteth company; all night, all day,  
 Disrobed, with her ruffled haire vnbound,  
 And wet with moisture, lies vpon the ground;  
 For nine long dayes all sustenance forbeares;  
 Her hunger cloyd with dew, her thirst with teares.  
 Nor rose; but, turns on the God her eyes;  
 And euer turns her face to him that flies.  
 At length, to earth her stupid body cleanses  
 Her wan complexion turns to bloodlesse leaues,



Yet streak't with red : her perisht lims beget  
A flowre, resembling the pale Violet;  
Which, with the sun, though rooted fast, doth moue;  
And, being changed, changed not her loue.

Thus she. This wondrous story caught their eares;  
To some the same impossible appears;  
Others, that all is possible, conclude,  
To true-styl'd Gods: but, *Bacchus* they exclude.  
All whist, *Alcithoe*, call'd vpon, doth run  
Her shettles through the web; and thus begun.

To omit the pastorall lones, to few vnknowne,  
Of young *Idean Daphni*s, turn'd to stone  
By that vext Nymph; who could not elle assuage  
Her ieaousie: such is a louer's rage!  
And *Scythen* who his nature inuolates,  
Now male, now female, by alternate Fates;  
With *Celmus* turn'd into an Adamant,  
Who of his faith to little loue might vane;  
The shorne *Curetes*, got by falling shoures;  
*Crocos* and *Smilax*, chang'd to pretty flowres,  
I ouer-passe; and will your eares surprize  
With sweet delight of vnknowne nouelties.

Then, know, how *Salmacis* infamous grew;  
Whose too strong waues all manly strength vndo,  
And mollifie, with their soule-softning touch:  
The cause ynkown; their nature knowne too much.  
Th'*Idean* Nymphs narst, in secure delight,  
The sonne of *Hermes* and faire *Aphrodite*.  
His father and his mother, in his looke  
You might behold; from whom, his name he tooke.  
When Summers sine he thrice had multiply'd;  
Leauing the fount-full Hills of foster *Ide*.

He wandred through strange Lands, pleas'd with the sight  
 Of forren streames; soyle less'ning with delight.  
 The *Lycian* Cities past, he treads the grounds  
 Of wealchy *Caria*, which on *Lycia* bounds:  
 There lighted on a Poole, so passing cleer,  
 That all the glittering bottom did appear;  
 Inuiron'd with no marsh-loving Reeds,  
 Nor piked Bull-rushes, nor barren weeds:  
 But, liuing Turf vpon the border grew;  
 Whose euer-Spring noblasting Winter knew.  
 A Nymph this haunts, vnpractiz'd in the chace,  
 To bend a Bow, or run a strife-full race.  
 Of all the Water-Nymphs, this Nymph alone  
 To nimble-footed *Dian* was vnknowne:  
 Her sisters oft would say; *Fie, Salmacis*,  
*Fie* lazie sister, what a sloth is this!  
 Vpon a Quiuer, or a lauelin seaze;  
 And with laborious hunting mix thine ease.  
 On Quiuer, nor on lauelin, would she seaze;  
 Nor with laborious hunting mix her ease.  
 But now in her owne Fountayne bathes her faire  
 And shapefull lims; now kems her golden haire:  
 Her selfe oft by that liquid mirror drest;  
 There taking counsell what became her best:  
 Her body in transparant Robes array'd,  
 Now on soft leaues, or softer mosse display'd:  
 Oft gathers flowres; so, when she saw the Boy:  
 Whom seen, forthwith shee couers to inioy;  
 And yet would not apprech, though big with haste,  
 Till nearly trickt, till all in order plac'd;  
 Her loue-inueighling lookes set to inspire;  
 Who merited to be reputed faire.

Sweet Boy, said she, well worthy the aboard  
Of blest coelestials! if thou be a God,  
Then art thou *Cupid*! if of humane race,  
Happy the Parents, whom thy person grace!  
Thy sister, if thou hast a sister, blest!  
Thy Nurse, much more, who fed thee with her brest!  
But (ô!) no lesse than deist'd is shee  
Whom marriage shall incorporate to thee!  
If any such; let me this treasure steale:  
If not, be't I; and our dear Nuptials seale.

This said, she held her peace. He blisht for shame;  
Not knowing loue: whom shamefastnesse became.  
So Apples show vpon the sunny side;  
So luory, with rich Vermillion dy'd:  
So pure a red the siluer Moone doth staine,  
When auxil'ary brasie rebounds in vaine.  
Shee earnestly intreats a sisters kisse:  
And now, aduancing to imbrace her blisse,  
He, struggling, said; Lasciuious Nymph, forbear;  
Or I will quit the place, and leane you heere.  
Faire Stranger, timorous *Salmaris* reply'd,  
'Tis freely yours; and therewith stept aside:  
Yet, looking back, amongst the shrubby Trees  
She closely sculks, and crouches on her knees.  
The vacant Boy, now being left alone,  
Imagining he was obseru'd by none,  
Now here, now there, about the margent trips;  
And, in th'alluring waves his ankles dips.  
Caught with the Water's flattering temp'ature,  
He streight disrobes his body; ô, how pure!  
His naked beautie *Salmaris* amazz'd:  
Who with vn-satisfied longing gaz'd



Her sparkling eyes shoot flames through this sweet error;  
 Much like the Sunne reflected by a mirror.  
 Now, she impatiently her hope delays;  
 Now, burns t'imbracc: now, halfe-madde, hardly staves.  
 He swiftly from the banke on which he stood,  
 Clapping his body, leaps into the flood;  
 And, with his rowing armes, supports his limbs:  
 Which, through the pure waves, glister as he swims.  
 Like luory statues, which the life surpasses;  
 Or like a Lilly, in a crystall glasse.  
 He's mine! the Nymph exclaim'd: who all vnstript;  
 And, as she spake, into the water skipt:  
 Hanging about the neck that did resist;  
 And, with a mastring force, th'vnwilling kist:  
 Now, puts her hand beneath his scornfull brest;  
 Now every way inuading the distrest:  
 And wraps-about the subiect of her lust,  
 Much like a Serpent by an Eagle trust'r;  
 Which to his head and feet, infettered, clings;  
 And wreaths her tayle about his stretcht-out wings.  
 So clasping luy to the Oke doth grow;  
 And so the *Polypus* detaines his foe.  
 But *Atlantiades*, relentlesse coy,  
 Still struggles, and resists her hop't-for ioy.  
 Intested with her body: foole, said shee,  
 Struggle thou may'st; but neuer shalt be free.  
 O you, who in immortal thrones reside,  
 Grant that no day may euer vs diuide!  
 Her wishes had their Gods. Even in that space  
 Their cleauing bodies mix: both haue one face.  
 As when wee two diuided scions ioyne,  
 And see them grow together in one rine:

So

So they, by such a strict embracement glewd,  
 Are now but one, with double forme indewd.  
 No longer he a boy, nor she a maid;  
 But neither, and yet either, might be said.  
*Hermaphroditus* at himselfe admires:  
 Who halfe a female from the spring retires,  
 His manly lims now formed; and thus prays,  
 With such a voyce as neither sex betrays:  
 Swift *Hermes*, *Asphradite*! him o heare  
 Who was your sonne! who both your names doth beare!  
 May euery man, that in this water swims,  
 Returne halfe-woman, with inteebled lims.  
 His gentle parents signe to his request;  
 And with vnkowne reelets the spring infect.

Here, they conclude: yet giue their hands no rest;  
 But *Bacchus* slight, and still prophane his Feast.  
 Then, suddenly harsh instruments surprize  
 Their charged eares, not extant to their eyes:  
 Sweet *Myrrine* and *Saffron* all the house perfume.  
 Their webs (past credit!) flourish in the loome:  
 The hanging wooll to green-leard luy spreads;  
 Part, into vines: the equal twilled threads  
 To branches run: buds from the distalle prooe;  
 And with that purple paint their blissing fruit.  
 Now to the day succeeds that double full light;  
 Which neither can be called day, nor night.  
 The building trembles: torches of fat Pines  
 Appeare to burne; the roome with flames shines.  
 Fill'd with fantasticall resemblances  
 Of howling beasts, whom blood and laughter please.  
 The Sisters, to the smoky roote retire  
 And, there disperit, atold both night and fire.

Thus, while they corners seek, thin films extend  
 From lightned lims, with small beatus inter-pend,  
 But how their former shapes they did forgoe,  
 Concealing darknesse would not let them know.  
 Nor are these little Light-detesting things  
 Born-vp with feathers, but transparent wings.  
 Their voyce befits their bodies: small, and faint:  
 Wherewith they harshly utter their complaint.  
 These houses haunt, in night conceale their shame;  
 And of the loued Euening take their name.

All *Thebes* now feared *Bacchus* celebrates:  
 Whose wondrous powr his boasting Aunt relates.  
 She onely, of so many sisters, knew  
 No grieffe as yet, but what from them she drew.  
 A happy Mother, Wife to *Athamas*,  
 Nurie to a God: these caus'd her to surpass  
 The bounds of her felicities; and made  
 Vext *Iuno* storm; who to her selfe thus said;

What? could that Strumpets brat the form debase  
 Of poore *Maenian* Saylers, drencht in Seas?  
 A Mother vix to murder her owne son?  
 And wing the three *Minides* that spun?  
 Can I but yn-reuenged wrongs deplore?  
 Must that suffice? and is our powre no more?  
 He teacheth what to doe; learne of thy Foe:  
 What furie can, the wounds of *Pentheus* show  
 More than too-much. Why should not *Iue* tread  
 The path which late her frantick sisters lead?

A steep dark Cane, with deadly Ewe repleat,  
 Through silence leads to hell's infernall seat.  
 By this, dull *Stryx* crieis a blasting flame:  
 Here ghosts descend, whose bodies earth inhume;

Amongst



Amongst those thorns, stiffe Cold, and Palenesse dwell.  
The new-come ghosts nor know the way to Hell;  
Nor where the roomy Stygian Citie stands;  
Or that dire Palace where black Dis commands.  
A thousand entries to this Citie guide:  
The gates still open stand, on euery side.  
And as all Riuer run into the Deep:  
So all vnhouse'd Soules doe thither creep.  
Nor are they pestered for want of roome:  
Nor can it be perceiu'd that any come.  
Here shadows wander from their bodies pent:  
Some plead; and some the Tyrants Court frequent;  
Some in life-practiz'd Arts imploy their times:  
Others are torur'd for their former Crimes.  
*Saturnia* stooping from her Throne of Ayre  
(Her hate immortall!) thither makes repayre.  
As soone as shee had entered the gate,  
The threshold trembl'd with her sacred waight.  
Still-waking *Cerberus* the Goddesse dreads,  
And barketh thrice at once, with his three heads.  
Shee calls the Furies, Daughters to old Night;  
Implacable, and hating all delight.  
Before the doors of Adamant they sit;  
And there with combs their snaky curles vnkit.  
When they through gloomy darknesse did disclose  
That forme of Heauen, the Goddesse arose.  
The Dungeon of the Damned this is nam'd.  
Here *Tityus*, for attempted Rape defam'd,  
Had his vast body on nine Acres spread:  
And on his heart a greedy Vulture fed.  
From *Tantalus*, deceitfull water slips:  
And catcht-at fruit auoids his touch'd lips.

Thou euer seekest, or roul'st vp in vaine  
 A stone, & *Sisyphus*, to fall againe.  
*Ixion*, turn'd vpon a restlesse wheele,  
 With giddy head pursues his flying heele.  
 The *Betides*, whom *Rim-mens* blood accuse,  
 For euer draw the Water, which they loose.  
 On all, *Saturnia* frowns; but most of all  
 At thee *Ixion*; then, a looke lets fall  
 On *Sisyphus*: And why (said shee) remains  
 This brother onely in perpetuall paines;  
 When haughtie *Athamas*, whose thoughts despise,  
 Both *Ioue* and me, abides in constant loyes?  
 Then tells the cause of her approach, her hate,  
 And what shee would: the fall of *Cadmus* state;  
 That *Athamas* the Furies would distract,  
 And yrge him to some execrable fact.  
 Importunately shee solliciteth,  
 Commands, intreats, and promitt, with one breath  
 Incens't *Tisiphone* her Tresses shakes;  
 And, tossing from her face the hissing Snakes,  
 Thus said: You need not vie long ambages;  
 Suppose all done already, that may please:  
 Forsake this lothsome Kingdome, and repayre  
 To th' vpper world's more comfortable ayre.

Well-pleas'd *Saturnia* then to heauen with-drew:  
 Whom first *Thyomantran* Iris purg'd with dew.  
 Forthwith, *Tisiphone* her garment takes,  
 Dropping with blood, and girt with knotted Snakes.  
 About her head a bloody torch she shooke;  
 And swiftly those accurst aboads forfooke.  
 Still-fighting Sorrow, Horror, trembling Feare,  
 And gasty Madnesse, her associats were.

The

The entred Palace ground: pale poyson boyles  
 The politht doores: the frighted Sunne recoyles.  
 Then *Athamas* and *Ino*, stricke with dread  
 And monstrous apparitions, sought to haue fled:  
 But sterne *Eriopis* their escape with stands;  
 And stretching out her viper-grasping hands,  
 Shook her dark brows. The troubled Serpents hiss  
 Some, falling on her shoulders, there vntill;  
 Others, vpon her vgly brest descend,  
 Spet poyson, and their forked tongues extend:  
 Two Adders from her crawling haire shee drew;  
 And those at *Athamas* and *Ino* threw:  
 These vp and down about their bosoms roule;  
 And with insur'd infection sad the Soule.  
 No wound vpon their bodies could be found:  
 It was the mind that felt the desperate wound.  
 She brought besides, from her abhorred home,  
 The surfet of *Echidna*, with the fume  
 Of hell-bred *Cerberus*, still-wandering Error,  
 Obluion, Mischiefe, Teares, in fennell Terror,  
 Distracted Fury, an Affection fixt  
 On murder; altogether ground, and mixt  
 With blood yet recking; boyl'd in hollow brasie,  
 And stird with Hemlocke. While sad *Athamas*  
 And *Ino* quake, she pours into their brests  
 The ragefull poyson; which their peace infects.  
 Her flamy torch then whisking in a round  
 (Whose circularie fire her conquest crown'd)  
 To *Pluto's* emptie regiment she makes  
 A swift descent; and there vngirts her Snakes.  
 Forthwith, *Eolis* det with poyson boyles  
 Is, my Mates, he cries, here pitch your royles;

Here,



Here, late a Lyoness by me was seen  
 With her two whelps. With that, pursues the Queene  
 And from her breast cleave her snatch: The Child  
 Stretches forth his little arms, and on him smil'd:  
 Whom like a sling about his head he swings;  
 And cruelly against the pavement flings.  
 The Mother, who her with her griefe distraught,  
 Or that the payson on her senses wrought,  
 Runs howling with her haire about her eares;  
 And in bare arms her *Meliverta* beares;  
 Eyes Euche *Bacchus* I thus laugh, and said;  
 Thus art thou by thy Foster-child repaid.  
 There is a Rock that over-looks the Mayne,  
 Hollow'd by fretting Surges, scott from rayne,  
 Whose craggy brow to vaster Seas extends  
 This, *Is* (fury adding strength) ascends;  
 Descending head-long, with the load she beares;  
 And strikes the sparkling waves, that fall in teares.  
 Then, *Venus*, grieving at her Neece's Fate,  
 Her Vnclie thus intreats: O thou, whose State  
 Is next to *Ioue's*; great Ruler of the Flood;  
 My fate is hold; yet pittie shew my blood,  
 Now tossed in the deepe *Ionian* Seas:  
 And joyne them to thy warrie *Deities*.  
 Some fauour of the Sea I should obtaine,  
 That am ingender'd of the fomy *Maine*:  
 Of which, the acceptable name I beare.  
*Neptune* affords a fauourable ease;  
 Who what was mortall from their beings took;  
 Then gave to either a Maiefticke look;  
 In all their faculties diuinely frind:  
 And her, *Lucretia*; him, *Peleus* nam'd.

The *Thiban* Ladies, who her steps pursew'd,  
 Her last on the first Promontorie view'd.  
 Then, held for dead; with haire, and garments rent,  
 They beat their breasts; and *Cadmus* House lament.  
 Of little Iustice, and much Crueltie,  
 All, *inno* tax. Indure (shee said) shall I  
 Such blasphemies? Ele make you monuments  
 Of my reuenge. Threats vther their euent.  
 When one, of all the most affectionate,  
 Cry'd, O my Queene, I will partake thy Fate!  
 And thought to leape into the roring Flood;  
 But could not moue: her feete fast-fixed stood.  
 Another, who her bosome meant to beat;  
 Perceiu'd her stiff'ned armes to lose their heat.  
 By chance, her hand This stretcheth to the Maines;  
 Nor could her hand, now stone, yestretch againe.  
 As She her violated Tresses tare,  
 Her fingers forthwith hardned in her haire.  
 Their Statues now those seuerall gestures beare.  
 Wherein they formerly surpris'd were.  
 Some, Fowles became; now eald *Cadusides*;  
 Who with their light wings sweeppe those gulphy Seas.  
 Little knew *Cadmus*, that his Children raign'd.  
 In sacred Seats, and deathlesse States retayn'd.  
 Subdew'd with woes, with tragicall euent,  
 That had no end, and many dire offents,  
 He leaues his Citie; as not through his owne,  
 But by the fortune of the place o're-throwne:  
 And with his wife *Hermione*, long tost,  
 At length arriueth at th' *Illyrian* Coast.  
 Now spent with griefe and age, whilst they relate  
 Their former toyles, and Familie's first fate:

And was that Serpent sacred, which I slew  
 (Said he) whose teeth into the Earth I threw  
 (An vncouth seed) when I from *Sidon* came?  
 If this, the vengefull Gods so much inflame,  
 May I my belly Serpent-like extend!  
 His belly lengthned, ere his with could end:  
 Tough scales vpon his hardened out-side grew;  
 The black, distinguished with drops of blew  
 Then, falling on his breast, his thighs vnite;  
 And in a spiny progresse stretch out-right.  
 His armes (for, armes as yet they were) he spreads:  
 And teares on cheeks, that yet were humane, sheds.  
 Come, O Sad Soule, said he, thy husband touch;  
 Whil' st I am I, or part of me be such.  
 Shake hands, while yet I haue a hand to shake;  
 Before I totally endue a Snake.  
 His tongue was yet in motion; when it cleft  
 In two, forthwith of humane speech bereft.  
 He hift, when he his sorrowes sought to vent;  
 The onely language now which Nature lent.  
 His Wife her naked bosom beats, and cryes,  
 Stay *admirer*, and put off these prodiges.  
 O stranger! where are thy feet, hands, shoulders, breast,  
 Thy colour, face, and (while I speake) the rest!  
 You Gods, why also am not I a Snake?  
 He lick't her willing lips euen as the spake;  
 Into her well-knowne bosom glides; her waste,  
 And yeelding neck, with louing twines imbrac't.  
 Amazement all the standers-by possess;  
 While glittering combs their slippery heads inucess.  
 Now are they two: who crept, together chayn'd,  
 Till they the covert of the Wood attayn'd.

These



These gentle Dragons, knowing what they were,  
Do hurt to no man, nor mans presence feare.

Yet were those sorrowes by their daughters sonne  
Much comforted, who vanquish't *Indie* went:  
To whom th' *Achaian* Temples consecrate;  
Diuinely magnifi'd through either State.  
Alone *Acrisius Abantrades*,  
Though of one Progenie, dissents from these:  
Who, from th' *Argolian* Citie, made him flie;  
And manag'd armes against a Deitie.  
Nor him, nor *Persus* he for *Ioue's* doth hold;  
(Begot on *Danaë* in a showre of gold)  
Yet straight repents (so preualent is truth)  
Both to haue forc't the God, & doom'd the Youth.  
Now is the one Inthroned in the skyes:  
The other through *Ayr's* emptie Region flies;  
And beares along the memorable spoyle  
Of that new Monster, conquer'd by his toyle.  
And as he o're the *Lybian* Deserts flew,  
The bloud, that drop't from *Gorgon's* head, streight grew  
To various Serpents, quickned by the ground:  
With these, those much infested Climes abound,  
Hither and thither, like a cloud of rayne  
Borne by crosse windes, he cuts the ayrie Mayne;  
Far-distant earth beholding from on high;  
And ouer all the ample World doth flie:  
Thrice saw *Arcturus*, thrice to *Cancer* prest;  
Of't hurried to the East, of't to the West.  
And now, not trusting to approached night,  
Vpon th' *Hesperian* Continent doth light:  
And craues some rest, till *Lucifer* displays  
*Aurora's* blush, and shew *Apollo's* rays.

Huge-statur'd *Atlas Iapetoni des*  
 Here sway'd the vtmost bounds of Earth and Seas;  
 Where *Titan's* panting steeds his Chariot sleepe,  
 And bathe their fierie feet-locks in the Deepe.  
 A thousand Heards, as many Flocks, he fed  
 In those large Pastures, where no neighbours tread:  
 Here to their tree the shining branches sute;  
 To them, their leaues; to those, the golden fruit.  
 Great King, said *Persens*, if high birth may moue  
 Respect in thee, behold the sonne of *Ioue*:  
 If admiration, then my Acts admire;  
 Who rest, and hospitable Rites desire;  
 He, mindfull of this prophetic, of old  
 By sacred *Tbemis* of *Parnassus* told;  
 In time thy golden fruit a prey shall proue,  
 O *Iapets* sonne, vnto the sonne of *Ioue*.  
 This fearing, he his Orchard had inclos'd:  
 With solid Cliffs, that all access oppos'd:  
 The Guard whereof a monstrous Dragon held;  
 And from his Land all Forrainers expeld.  
 Be gone, said he, for feare thy glories proue,  
 But counterfeit; and thou no sonne to *Ioue*;  
 Then addes vnciuill violence to threats.  
 With strength the other seconds his intreats:  
 In strength inferiour, Who so strong as he?  
 Since courtisie, nor any worth in me,  
 Vext *Persens* said, can purchase my regard;  
 Yet from a guest receiue thy due reward.  
 With that, *Medusa's* vgly head he drew,  
 His owne reuerfed. Forthwith, *Atlas* grew:  
 Into a Mountayne equall to the man:  
 His haire and beard to woods and bushes ran.

His armes and shoulders into ridges spread;  
And what was his, is now the Mountaynes head:  
Bones turne to stones; and all his parts extrude  
Into a huge prodigious altitude.

(Such was the pleasure of the euer-blest)

Whereon the heavens, with all their tapers, rest.

*Hippotades* in hollow rocks did close  
The strife-full Windes: Bright *Lucifer* stole  
And rous'd vp Labour. *Perseus*, hauing ty'd  
His wings t' his feet, his fauchion to his side,  
Sprung into ayre: below, on either hand  
Innumerable Nations left the Land  
Of *Aethiop*, and the *Cephed* fields suruay'd;  
There, where the innocently wretched maid  
Was for her mothers proud impietie,  
By vniust *Achmen* sentenced to die.  
Whom when the Heros saw to hard rocks chain'd;  
But that warm tears from charged eye-springs drain'd,  
And light winds gently fann'd her fluent haire,  
He would haue thought her marble. Ere aware  
He fire attracteth; and, astonisht by  
Her beaurie, had almost forgot to fly.  
Who lighting said; O fairest of thy kinde  
(More worthy of those bands which Lovers bind,  
Than these rude gyues) the Land by thee renown'd,  
Thy name, thy birth declare; and why thus bound.  
At first, the silent Virgin was affrayd  
To speake t' a man; and modestly had made  
A visard of her hands; but they were ty'd:  
And yet abortive reues their fountains hide.  
Still vrg'd, lest she should wrong her innocence,  
As if alham'd to vtter her offence,

Her



Her Countrey shee discouers; her owne name;  
 Her beauteous Mothers confidence, and blame.  
 All yet vntold, the Waues began to rore:  
 Th' apparant Monster (hastning to the shore)  
 Before his brest, the broad-spread Sea vp-bears,  
 The Virgin shrieks. Her Parents see their feares.  
 Both mourne; both wretched (but, shee iustly so:)  
 Who bring no aid; but extasies of woe,  
 With teares that stute the time: Who take the leane  
 They loathe to take; and to her body cleaue.  
 You for your griefe may haue, the stranger said,  
 A time too long: short is the houre of aid.  
 If freed by me, *your sonne*, in fruitfull gold  
 Begot on *Danaë* through a brazen Hold;  
 Who conquer'd *Gorgon* with the sitake haire,  
 And boldly glide through vn-inclosed aire:  
 If for your sonne you then will me prefer;  
 Adde to this worth, That in deliuering her;  
 I'll trie (so fauour me the Powres diuine)  
 That shee, sau'd by my valour, may be mine.  
 They take a Law; intreat what he doth offer;  
 And further, for a Dowre their Kingdome proffer.  
 Lo! as a Gally with fore-fixed prow  
 (Row'd by the sweat of slaues) the Sea doth plow:  
 Euen so the Monster furroweth with his brest,  
 The foming floud; and to the neere Rocke prest  
 Not farther distant, than a man might sling  
 A way-inforcing bullet from a sling.  
 Forth-with, the youthfull issue of rich shows,  
 Earth pushing from him, to the blew skye towrs.  
 The furious Monster eagerly doth chase  
 His shadow, gliding on the Seas smooth face.

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And as *Ioue's* bird, when shee from high surtayer  
 A Dragon basking in *Apollo's* rayes;  
 Descends vnscene, and through his necks blew scales  
 (To shun his deadly teeth) her talons naile's:  
 So swiftly stoops high-pincht *typhider*  
 Through singing ayre: then on his backe doth feare;  
 And neere his right sin sheaths his crooked sword  
 Vp to the hilt; who deeply wounded, roar'd:  
 Now capers in the ayre, now dines below  
 The troubled waues; now turn's vpon his foe:  
 Much like a chafed Bore, whom eager hounds  
 Haue at a Bay, and terrifie with sounds.  
 He, with swift wings, his greedy iawes auoids;  
 Now, with his fauchion wounds his scaly sides;  
 Now, his shell-rough-cast back; now, where the taile  
 Ends in a Fish, or parts expos'd r'assaile.  
 A streame mixt with his bloud the Monster flings  
 From his wide throat; which wets his heavy wings  
 Nor longer dares the wary Youth rely  
 On their support. He sees a rock hard by,  
 Whose top about the quiet waters stood;  
 But vnderneath the winde-incensed flood  
 There lights; and, holding by the rocks extent,  
 His oft-thrust sword into his bowels sent.  
 The shore rings with th' applause that fills the skye.  
 Then, *cepheus* and *Cassiope*, with ioy,  
 Salute him for their son: whom now they call  
 The Sauour of their House, and of them all.  
 Vp came *Andromeda*, freed from her chains;  
 The cause, and recompence of all his paines.  
 Meane-while, he washeth his victorious hands  
 In-cleansing waues. And left the beachy Sands

Should

Should hurt the snaky head, the ground he strew  
 With leaues and twigs that vnder water grew:  
 Whereon, *Medusa's* vgly face he layes.  
 The Greene, yet iuicy, and attractive sprays  
 From the toucht Monster stifning handesse tooke;  
 And their owne native pliancy forooke.  
 The Sea-Nymphs this admired wonder trie  
 On other Sprigs, and in the issue ioy:  
 Who sow againe their Seeds ypon the Deep.  
 The Corall now that proper tie doth keepe,  
 Receiuing hardnes from felt ayre alone:  
 Bencath the Sea a twig, about a stone.

Forth-with, three Altars he of Tur erects,  
 To *Hermes*, *Ioue*, and *Hier* who warre affects;  
*Minerua's* on the right; on the left hand  
 Stood *Mercurie's*: *Ioue's* in the midst did stand.  
 To *Mercurie*, a Calfc they sacrifice;  
 To *Ioue*, a Bull; a Cow, to *Pallas* dyes:  
 Then takes *Andromeda*, the full reward  
 Of so great worth; with Dow'r, of lesse regard.  
 Now, *Loue* and *Hymen* vige the Nuptiall Bed:  
 The sacred Fires with rich perfumes are fed;  
 The house hung round with Gerlands; eury where  
 Melodious Harps and Songs salute the eare;  
 Of iocund mirth the free and happy signes:  
 With Dores display'd, the golden Palace shines.  
 The *Cephen* Nobles, and each stranger Guest,  
 Together enter to this sumptuous Feast.  
 The Banquet done, with generous wines they cheare  
 Their heightned spirits: *reueus* songs to heare  
 Their fashions, manners, and originall;  
 Who, by *Lycides* is inform'd of all.

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This told ; he said : Now tell, O valiant Knight,  
 By what felicitie of force or sleight,  
 You got this purchase of the snaky haire.  
 Then *Abantiades* forthwith declares,  
 How vnder frosty *Atlas* clifsy side  
 There lay a Plaine, with Mountaines fortify'd  
 In whose accesse the *Phorciades* did lye ;  
 Two sisters ; both of them had but one eye :  
 How cunningly his hands thercon he lay'd,  
 As they from one another it conuay'd.  
 Then through blind waits, and rocky forrests came  
 To *Gorgon's* house: the way vnto the same,  
 Beset with formes of men and beasts, alone  
 By seeing of *Medusa* turn'd to stone :  
 Whose horrid shape securely he did eye,  
 In his bright target's cleere refulgency.  
 And how her head he from her shoulders tooke,  
 Ere heauy sleepe her snakes and her forsooke.  
 Then told of *Pegasus*, and of his brother,  
 Sprung from the bloud of their new-slaughtred mother :  
 Adding the perils past in his long way ;  
 What seas, what soyles, his eyes below sunnay ;  
 And to what starres his lofty pirtch ascends :  
 Yet long afore their expectation ends.  
 One Lord among the rest would gladly know,  
 Why Serpents onely on her head did grow.

Stranger, said he, since this that you require  
 Deserues the knowledge, take what you desire:  
 Her passing beautie was the onely scope  
 Of mens affections, and their enuied hope :  
 Yet was not any part of her more rare  
 (So say they who haue seene her) than her haire.

Whom

Whom Neptune in Minerva's Fane compress.  
 Ione's daughter, with the *Ægis* on her breast,  
 Hid her chaste blushes: and due vengeance takes,  
 In turning of the Gorgon's haire to Snakes.  
 Who now, to make her enemies affrayd,  
 Bears in her shield the Serpents which she made.

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# OVID'S

## METAMORPHOSIS.

### The fifth Booke.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

**T**He Gorgon scene, Cepheus Statues growe  
So Phineus Prizes, Polydex, the foe  
To Perseus prayle. The sea-gyne Hippocrene  
By Horse-hoofe says it. The Muses into Nine  
Rape-sing Birds: Pierides, re Tyes, beamed  
The Gods, by Typhon chaic'd, themselves disguis'd  
Sad Cyane into a Fountayne flaxes.  
Th' ill-natur'd Boy a spotted Stealion grows.  
Lond Arethusa shewes into a spring.  
Ascalaphus an Onke, by his feather wing  
The fountaine of Syrene, by a Water-mouse  
Stern Lynceus Cares to a Lynx dark turne.

**V**Hilft the Danaean Heroes thus relates,  
Amidst th' assembly of the Cephen States;  
Exalted voyces through the Palace ring:

Not like to theirs who at a marriage sing;  
But such as menace warre. The nuptiall Feast  
Thus turn'd to tumult, to the life express  
A peacefull Sea, whole brow no frown deforms  
Streight raised into billowes by rude stormes.  
First Phineus, the rash Author of this warre,  
Shaking a Lance, began the deadly iarre.  
Lo, I the man, that will vpon thy life  
Revenge, said he, the rapture of my wife.

Nor



Nor shall thy wings, nor *Ione* inforged gold,  
 Worke thy escape. About to throw: O hold!  
 Perplexed *Cepheus* cries: What wilt thou do?  
 What furie, frantick brother, prompts thee to  
 So foule a fact? Is this the recompence  
 For such high merit? for her life's defence?  
 Not *Persens*, but th' incens't *Nereides*,  
 But horned *Hammon*, and the wrath of Seas  
 (That Orke that sought my bowels to deuoure)  
 Haue snatcht her from thee; raiust in the houre  
 Of her exposure. But thy crueltie  
 Perhaps was well content that she should die,  
 To ease thy losse with ours. May not suffice,  
 That shee was bound in chaynes before thine eyes;  
 That thou, her Vncle, and her Husband, brought  
 Her perill no preuention, nor none sought;  
 But that anothers aid thou must enuy,  
 And claime the Trophcys of his victory?  
 Which, if of such esteeme, thou shouldst haue strain'd  
 Thauc fore't them from those Rocks, where lately chain'd.  
 Let him, who did enjoy them: nor exact  
 What is his dew by merit and compact.  
 Nor thinke, we *Persens* before thee prefer;  
 But him, before so abhor'd a sepulcher.  
 • He, without answer, rowling to and fro  
 His eyes on either, doubts at which to throwe:  
 And pausing, his ill-aymed lance at length  
 At *Persens* hurls, with rage-redoubled strength,  
 Fixt in the bed-stock; vp herce *Persens* starts,  
 And his retorted Speare at *Phineus* darts:  
 Who suddenly behind an Altar slept;  
 An Altar vengeance from the wicked kept:

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And yet in *Abatus* brow the weapon stuck.  
 He fell: the Steele our of his scull they pluck:  
 Who spurnes the earth, and staynes the board with blood,  
 With that, the multitude, with fury wood,  
 Their Lances sling, and some there be who crye,  
 That *Cepheus*, and his sonne in law, should die.  
 But *Cepheus* wisely quits the clamorous Hall;  
 Who Faith and Justice doth to record call,  
 With all the hospitable Gods; that hee  
 Was from this execrable vp-rore free.  
 The warlike *Pallas*, present, with her shield  
 Protects her Brother, and his courage steeld.  
 Young *Indian Atys* by ill hap was there,  
 Whom *Ganges* got *Limaice* did beare  
 In her cleare Waues: his beantie excellent,  
 Which rare and costly ornaments augment  
 Who scarce had fully sixteene Summers told:  
 Clad in a *Tyrian* mantle, fring'd with gold.  
 About his neck he wore a carquenet;  
 His haire with Riband bound, and odors wet:  
 Although he cunningly a Dart could throwe  
 Yet with more cunning could he vse his Bowe.  
 Which now a-drawing with a tardy hand;  
 Quick *Perseus* from the Altar snatcht a Brand,  
 And dasht it on his face: one-start his eyes;  
 And through his flesh the shinered bones arise.  
 When *Syrian Lycab* his *Atys* view'd,  
 Shaking his formlesse looks, with bloud imbrow'd:  
 To him in strictest bonds of friendship ty'd,  
 And one who could not his affection hide:  
 After he had his tragicke bewail'd;  
 Who through the bitter wound his soule exhal'd:

He took the Bowe, which erst the Youth did bend;  
 And said; With me, thou Murderer contend;  
 Nor longer glory in a Boye's sad fate,  
 Which stains thy actions with deserved hate.  
 Yet speaking, from the string the arrow flew  
 Which took his plighted robe, as he with down  
*Acrisaniade*; upon him prest;  
 And sheath'd his Harpy in his groining breast.  
 Now dying, he for *Atys* looks, with eyes  
 That swim in night; and on his bosome lyes:  
 Then chearfully expires his parting breath:  
 Reioycing to be ioynd to him in death.  
*Phobas* the *Syēnit*, *Metibion's* son  
 With him the *Libyan Amphimedon*;  
 Eager of combat, slipping in the blood  
 That drencht the pavement, fell: his sword withstood  
 Their re-ascent, which through the short-ribs smote  
*Amphimedon*, and cut the others throte.  
 Yet *Persus* would not venture to invade  
 The Halbertere *Erithen* with his blade;  
 But in both hands a Goblet high in boist  
 And massie, took; which at his head he tost:  
 Who vomits clotted blood; and, tumbling downe,  
 Knocks the hard pavement with his dying crowne.  
 Then *Polydemon* (sprung from Goddess-borne  
*Semiramis*) *Phlegyas*, the enborne  
*Elyce*, *Clytus*, *Scythian Abas*,  
 And braue *Lyctus* (old *Spercheus* blisse)  
 Fell by his hand: whose feet in triumph tread  
 Upon the slaughtered bodies of the dead.  
 But *Phixen*, fearing to confront his Foe  
 In close assault, far-off a dart doth throw.

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Which led by error, did on *Ida* fight;  
 A Neuter, who in vaine forbore to fight;  
 He, sternly frowning, thus to *Phineus* spake:  
 Since you, me an vnwilling partie make,  
 Receiue the enemie whom you haue made;  
 That, by a wound, a wound may be repay'd,  
 About to hurle the Dart, drawne from his sides,  
 With losse of bloud he faints, and falling dy'd.  
 Then, great *Odytes* fell by *Chamir*'s sword;  
 Next to the King, the greatest *Cepheus* Lord;  
*Hypseus* slew *Protemus*; *Lyncedes*  
*Hypseus*, Old *Emathion* fell with these;  
 Who fear'd the Gods, and fauoured the right,  
 He, whom old age exempted from the fight,  
 Fights with his tongue, himselfe doth interpose,  
 And deeply execrates their wicked blowes.  
*Cromis*, as he imbrac't the Altar, lopt  
 His shaking head; which on the Altar dropt  
 Whose hallo-dead tongue yet curses; & expires  
 His righteous soule amidst the sacred Fires.  
 Then *Stratias* and *Ammon*, *Phineus* slew;  
 Who from one womb at once their being drew:  
 Inuincible with hurlo-bats, could they quell  
 The dints offwords. Neere these *Alphystus* fell,  
 The Priest of *Ceres*, with a Miter crown'd;  
 Which to his temples a white fillet bound.  
 And thou *Lampetides*, whose pleasant wit,  
 Detesting discord, in soft peace more fit  
 To sing vnto thy tuncfull Lir; now prest  
 With Songs to celebrate the nuptiall Feast:  
 When *Pettalus*, at him who stood far off  
 With his defenselesse Harp; strikes with this loof;

Goe sing the rest vnto the Ghosts below:  
 And pearce his Temples with a deadly blow.  
 His dying fingers warble in his fall:  
 And then, by chance, the Song was tragicall.  
 This, yrrueng'd, *Lycormas* could not brooke;  
 But from the door's right side a Leauer tooke,  
 And him between the head and shoulders knocks:  
 Downe falls he like a sacrificed Ox.  
*Ciniphean Palates* then sought to seaze  
 Vpon the left: when fierce *Marmarides*  
 His hand nayl'd to the door-post with a Speare;  
 Whose side stern *Abas* pierc'd as he stuck there.  
 Nor could he fall; but giuing vp the ghost,  
 Hung by the hand against the lineared post.  
*Melaeus* then, of *Perseus* partie, fell;  
 And *Darilas*, whose riches did excell:  
 In *Nasamon* none than he more great  
 For large Possessions, and huge hoards of Wheat.  
 The steel stuck in his groine, which death pursw'd:  
 Whom *Halcyoneus* of *Bastria* view'd  
 (The Author of the wound) as he did roule  
 His turn'd vp eyes, and sigh'd out his soule:  
 For all thy land, said he, by this diuorce  
 Receiue thy length; and left his bloudlesse corse.  
 The Speare, reuengefull *Abas*'s drew  
 From his warm wound; and at the Thrower threw:  
 Which in the middle doth his nares diuide;  
 And passing through, appear'd on either side.  
 Whilst Fortune crown'd him, *Clytus* he confounds  
 And *Darus*, of one womb, with different wounds:  
 Through *Clytus* thighs a ready Dart he cast;  
 An other twixt the iawes of *Darus* past.

Mindaes

Mindeſſan celadon and After ſlew;  
 His Father doubtfull gotten on a lew;  
 Ecbion, late well ſecur'd in things to come;  
 Now over-taken by an vnkowne doome;  
 Thoafter, Phineus Squire, his fauchion try'd  
 And fell Agyrtes, that ſould parricide.  
 Yet more remain'd than were already ſpent:  
 For, all of them, to murder one, conſent.  
 The bold Conſpirators on all ſides fight;  
 Impugning promiſe, merit, and his right.  
 The vainely-pious Father ſides with th' other;  
 With him, the frighted Bride, and penſive Mother;  
 Who fill the Court with out-cries; by the ſound  
 Of clashing Armes, and dying ſcreeches drown'd.  
 Bellona the polluted floore imbrows  
 With ſtreams of bloud, and horrid warre renewes.  
 Falſe Phineus, with a thouſand, in a ring  
 Begirt the Heroes: who their Lances ſling  
 As thick as Winters haile; that blinde his fight,  
 Sing in his eares, and round about him light.  
 His guarded back he to a pillar ſets;  
 And with vndaunted force confronts their threats.  
 Cbaonian Molpens preſt to his left ſide:  
 The right, Nabatbean Etbemon ply'd.  
 As when a Tyger, pinch't with famine, heares  
 Two bellowing Herds within one Vale; forbeares;  
 Nor knowes on which to ruſh, as being loth  
 To leaue the other, and would fall on both:  
 So Perſeus, which to ſtrike, vncertayne proues;  
 Who daunted Molpens with a wound remoues;  
 Contented with his flight, in that the rage  
 Of fierce Etbemon did his force ingage;



Who at his neck vncircumspectly stroke,  
 And his keene sword against the pillar broke.  
 The blade from vnrelenting stone rebounds;  
 And in his throte th' vnhappy owner wounds.  
 Yet was not that enough to work his end;  
 Who fearfully doth now his armes extend  
 For pittie vnto *Perseus*, all in vaine;  
 Who thrust him through with his *Cykenian* keine.  
 But, when he saw his valour ouer-sway'd  
 By multitude: I must, said he, seek ayd  
 (Since you your selues compell me) from my foe;  
 Friends turn your backs: then *Gorgon* head doth shew.  
 Some others seek, said *Theffaler*, to fight  
 With this thy Monster; and with all his might  
 A deadly dart in deuour'd to haue throwne:  
 But in that posture became a stone.  
 Next, *Amphix*, full of spirit, forward prest;  
 And thrust his sword at bold *Lynceus* breast:  
 When, in the passe, his fingers stupid grow;  
 Nor had the power of moving to or fro.  
 But *Nileus* (he who with a forged stile  
 Vanted to be the sonne of seuen-fold *Nile*,  
 And bare seuen silver Riuer in his shield,  
 Distinctly wauing through a golden field)  
 To *Perseus* said: Behold, from whence we sprung:  
 To euer-silent shadowes beare a-long  
 This comfort of thy death, that thou didst die  
 By such a braue and high-borne enemy.  
 His vtterance faultred in the latter clause:  
 The yet vnfinisht sound stuck in his iawes;  
 Who gaping stood as he would something say:  
 And so had done, if words had found a way.

These

These Eryx blames; 'Tis your faint soules that dead  
Your powres, said he, and not the Gorgon's head.  
Rush on with me, and prostrate with deep wounds  
This Youth, who thus with Magick Armes confounds.  
Then rushing on, the ground his foot-steps stay'd;  
Now mutely fixe: an armed Statue made.

These suffer'd worthily. One, who did fight  
For *Perseus*, bold *Ateneus*, at the sight  
Of *Gorgon's* snakes abortive marble grew.  
On whom *Astyes* in fury flew,  
As if alive, with his two-handed blade;  
Which shrilly twang'd; but no incision made:  
Who, whilst he wonders, the same nature takes;  
And now his Statue hath a wondring look.  
It were too tedious for me to report

Their names, who perisht of the vulgar sort.  
Two hundred scap't the furie of the light:  
Two hundred turne to stone at *Gorgon's* sight.  
Now *Phineus* his vniust commotion rewe:

What should he doe? the senselesse shapes he views  
Of his knowne friends, which differing figures bore;  
And doth by name their seuerall ayd implore.  
And yet not trusting to his eyes alone,  
The next he toucht; and found it to be stone.

Then turns aside: and now, a Penitent,  
With suppliant hands, and armes obliquely bent,  
O *Perseus*, thine said he, thine is the day!  
Remoue this Monster. Hence, O hence conuay

*Medusa's* ugly looks, or what more strange,  
Which humane bodyes into marble change!  
Not hate, not thirst of rule begot this strife:  
I onely fought to re-obtaine my Wife.

Thine is the plea of Merit; mine, of Times:  
 Yet, in contending I confesse my crime:  
 For life (O chiefe of men!) I onely sew:  
 Afford me that: the rest I yeeld to you.  
 Thus he; not daring to reuert his eyes  
 On him whom he intreats: who thus replyes.  
 Faint-hearted *Phineus*, what I can afford,  
 (A gift of worth to such a fearefull Lord)  
 Take courage, and perswade thy selfe I will:  
 No wounding sword thy bloud shall euer spill.  
 Moreover, that I may thy wish preuent,  
 Here will I fix thy lasting monument:  
 That thou by her thou lou'st maist still be seene;  
 And with her Spouse's image cheare our Queene.  
 Then, on that side *Phorcynus* head doth place,  
 To which the Prince had turn'd his trembling face.  
 And as from thence his eyes he would haue throwne,  
 His neck grew stiffe: his teares congeale to stone.  
 With fearefull suppliant looks, submissiue hands,  
 And guiltie countenance, the Statue stands.  
 Victorious *Achilles* now lyes  
 T his native Citie, with the rescu'd prize:  
 There, vengeance takes on *Prius*, and restor'd  
 His Grand-father; whose wrongs redresse implor'd.  
 For *Prius* had by force of Armes expeld  
 His brother; and vsurped *Argos* held.  
 But him, nor Arms, nor Bulwarks, could protect  
 Against the snaky Monsters grim aspect.  
 Yet not the vertue of the Youth, which shone  
 Through so great toyle, nor sorrowes vnder-gone;  
 With thee, O *Polydore*, King of small  
 Sea-girt *Scribus*, could preuaile at all.

End.



Endlesse thy wrath, thy hate inexorable  
Detraacting; and condemning for a fable  
*Medusa's* death. The moued Youth replies:  
The truth your selfe shall see; Friends, shut your eyes  
Then, represents *Medusa* to his view:  
Who presently a bloudlesse Statue grew.

Thus long *Tritonia* to her brother cleauer:  
Then in a hollow cloud *Seriphus* leaues  
(*Scyros* and *Gyaros* on the right-hand side)  
And o're the toyling Seas her course apply'd  
To *Thebes*, and Virgin *Helicon*; there stay'd:  
And thus vnto the learned Sisters saide.

The fame of your new Fountaine, rays'd by force  
Of that swift-winged *Medusa's* horse,  
Me hither drew, to see the wondrous Flood:  
Who saw him issue from his Mothers blood.

Goddesse, *Vrania* answered, what cause  
So-euer you to this our Mansion drawes,  
You are most wel-come. What you heard is true:  
And from that *Pegæus* this Fountaine grew.  
Then *Pallas* to the sacred Spring conuay'd,  
Shee admires the waters by the horse-boote made;  
Suruay's their high-grown groues, coole caues, fresh bowes,  
And meadowes painted with all sorts of flowers:  
Then happy stiles shee the *Meonides*,  
Both for their Arts, and such aboads as these.

O heauenly Virgin, one of them reply'd,  
Most worthy our Societie to guide,  
If so your actiue vertue did not moue  
To greater deeds: deserv'dly you approue  
Our studies, pleasant seat, and happie state,  
Were we secure from what we chiefly hate.

But nothing is unlawfull to the lewd:  
 And Maids by nature are with feare indu'd.  
 The dire *Pyreneus* still intrudes my sight:  
 Nor haue I yet recover'd that affright.  
 He, *Daulis* with all *Phoris*, had obtain'd  
 By *Thracian* Armes; and there vniuersally raignd:  
 Bound for *Parnassus* Temple, vs he spies;  
 And with false zeale adores our Deities.  
*Maenides*, said he, (he knew vs well)  
 While sad stars governe, and showers fall (then fell  
 By chance a mightie shower) vouchsafe I pray  
 Beneath the shelter of my rooſe to ſtay:  
 The Gods haue entered humble Cottages.  
 Vrg'd by the weather, and ſuch words as theſe  
 We to his importunitie aſſent;  
 And yet no farther than the Lobby went.  
 It now held vp: the vanquiſht South-winds flie  
 Before the North; which purge the duſkie ſkie.  
 Preſt to depart: he ſhuts the doores; prepares  
 To offer force: with wings we ſcape his ſnares.  
 He preſently the higheſt tower aſcends;  
 And, as he would haue ſlowne, his body bends:  
 The way you goe, ſaid he, will I purſue;  
 And from the bartlements himſelfe he threw:  
 Who falling, ſtrikes the earth with daſhe-out braines;  
 Which with his wicked blood, he dying, ſtaines.  
 The Muſe yet ſpoke: when, wings were heard to clatter;  
 And from high trees ſaluting voyces charter.  
*Ioue's* daughter wonders, and inquires from whence  
 Thoſe voyces came, including humane ſenſe:  
 Not men, but nine all-imitating Pies;  
 Bewayling their deſerued crimes.

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The Goddesse to th'admirring Goddesse said:  
They, foyl'd by vs, by vs were thus repay'd.  
*Pierus*, who rich *Pella* held by lot,  
These on *Pasnon Euphrates* got.  
Nine times shee on *Lucina* call'd aloud:  
The foolish sisters, of their number proud,  
Through all *Aemonia* and *Achaia* came;  
And thus vnciuilly their strife proclaime.

*Thespiades*, th' vnlearned multitude  
No more with your vaine harmonic delude;  
But cope with vs (if hope excite your will)  
As many; yet vnmatcht, for voyce or skill.  
Surrender you to vs, if we excell,  
*Hyantian Aganip*, and *Gorgan's* Well:  
Th' *Emathian Woods* to snowy *Pedone*  
Shall pay our losse. The Nymphs our iudges be.

A shame it was to strive: more shame it were  
To yeeld. The Nymphs by their owne riues swate  
And sit on benches made of liuing stone.  
Then, vn-elected, rudely stept forth one;  
Who sung the Giants watre: their fayned act  
Shee magnifies; and from the Gods detracts.  
How *Typhon*, from earths gloomy entrailes rais'd,  
Struck all their pow'r's with feare, who fled amaz'd,  
Till *Aegypt*: scorched soyle the weary hides;  
And wealthy *Nile*, who in seuen chanel's glides.  
That thither Earth-born *Typhon* them pursu'd.  
When as the Gods concealing shapes indu'd.  
*Ioue* turn'd himselfe, shee said, into a Bull:  
Whence *Libyan Hammon* had a horned scull.  
*Bacchus* a Gore, *Apollo* was a Crowe,  
*Phaëbe* a Car, *Ioue's* wife a Cow of snowe.

Vento



Penet a Fish, a Stock did *Hermes* hide:  
 And still her voyce vnto her Harp apply'd:  
 Then call they vs. But, ours perhaps to heare,  
 Nor leisure serues you, nor is't worth your care.  
 Doubt not, said *Pallas*, orderly repeat  
 Your long'd-for Verse; and takes a shady seat.  
 Then shee; On one we did the taske impose:  
*Calliope*, with Iuy crown'd, vp rose;  
 Who with her thumb first tun'd the quauering strings,  
 And then this Ditty to the musique sings.

The gleab, with crooked plough, first *Ceres* rent;  
 First gaue vs corne, a better nourishment;  
 First Lawes prescrib'd: all from her bountie sprung.  
 Byme, the Goddess *Ceres* shall be sung.  
 Would We could Verses, worthy her, reuerse:  
 For shee is more than worthy of our Verse.  
*Trinacria* was on wicked *Typhon* throwne;  
 Who rudely with the Islands waight doth grone:  
 That durst affect the Empire of the skyes:  
 Oft he attempteth, but in vaine, to rise.  
*Ausonian Pelion*: his right hand  
 Down waighs; *Pachyne* on the left doth stand;  
 His legs are vnder *Lithaeus* spread;  
 And *Aeolus*' bales charge his horrid head:  
 Where, lying on his back, his iawes expire  
 Thick clouds of dust, and vomit flakes of fire.  
 Oft times he struggles with his load below:  
 And Townes, and Mountaynes labours to ore-throw.  
 Earth-quake therewith: the King of shadowes dreads,  
 For feare the ground should split about their heads,  
 And let in Day t' affright the trembling Ghosts.  
 For this, he from his silent Empire posts,

Drawn:

Drawne by black horses, tracing all the Round  
 Of rich *Sicilia*; but, no breaches found.  
 Him *Erycina* from her Mount suruay'd  
 (Now fearelesse) and, her sonne imbracing, said.  
 My Armes, my strength, my glorie; for my sake,  
 O *Cupid*, thy all-conquering weapons take;  
 And fix thy winged arrowes in his heart,  
 Who rules the triple world's inferior part.  
 The Gods, euen *Joue* himselfe; the God of waues;  
 And who illustrates earth haue beene thy slaues.  
 Shall Hell be free? Thine, and thy mother's Sway,  
 Inlarge, and make th'internall Powr's obey.  
 Yet we (such is our patience!) are dispis'd  
 In our owne heauen; and all our force vnpriz'd.  
 Seest thou not *Pallas*, and the Queen of Night,  
 Far-darting *Dian*; how my worth they slight?  
 And *Ceres* daughter will a Maid abide,  
 If we permit; for shee affects their pride.  
 But, if thou fauour our joynt Monarchy,  
 Thy Vncle to the Virgin-Goddesse tie.  
 Thus *Venus*. He his Quiver doth vncluse;  
 And one, out of a thousand arrows, chose  
 At her Arbitriment; a sharper head  
 None had; more ready, or that surer sped.  
 Then bends his Bowe: the string this eate arriues,  
 And through the heart of *Diu* the arrow drines.  
 Not far remou'd from *Eme's* high-built wall,  
 A Lake there is, which men *Pergusa* call.  
 Cāyster's slowly-gliding waters beare  
 Far fewer singing Swans than are heard there.  
 Woods crown the Lake, and clothe it round about  
 With leamy veils, which *Phabus* beames keep out.

The

The trees create fresh ayre, th' Earth various flowres:  
 Where heat nor cold th' eternall Spring detoures,  
 Whil' st in this groue *Persephone* disports,  
 Or Violets pulls, or Lyllyes of all sorts;  
 And while she stroue with childish care and speed  
 To fill her lap, and others to exceed;  
*Dis* saw, affected, carryed her away,  
 Almost at once. *Loue* could not brooke delay.  
 The sad-fac't Goddess cryes (with feare appall'd)  
 To her Companions; oft her Mother call'd.  
 And as she tore th' adornment of her haire,  
 Down fell the flow'rs which in her lap shee bare.  
 And such was her sweet Youth's simplicitie,  
 That their losse also made the Virgin crie.  
 The Rauisher flies on swift wheelcs; his horses  
 Excites by name, and their full speed inforces;  
 Shaking for haste the rust-obscured raignes  
 Vpon their cole-black necks, and shaggy maines.  
 Through Lakes, through *Palicene*, which expires  
 A sulphurous breath, through earth ingendring fires,  
 They passe to where *Corinthian Bacchides*  
 Their Citie built betwene vnequall Seas.

The Land 'twixt *Aetna* and *Cyane*  
 With stretcht-out hornes begitts th' included Sea.  
 Here *Cyane* who gaue the Lake a name,  
 Amongst *Sicilian* Nymphs of speciall fame,  
 Her head aduanc't: who did the Goddess know?  
 And boldly said, You shall no farther goe;  
 Nor can you be vnwilling *Ceres* son:  
 What you compell, perswasion should haue won.  
 If humble things I may compare with great;  
*Anap*is lou'd me: yet did he intreat,

And



And me, not frighted thus, espous'd This said,  
 With out-stretcht armes his farther passage staid.  
 His wrath no longer Pluto could restrain;  
 But giues his terror-striking Reeds the raigne;  
 And with his Regall mate, through the profound  
 And yelding water, cleaves the solid ground:  
 The breath & infernall Tartarus extends;  
 At whose darke iawes the Chariot descends.  
 But Cyane the Goddesse Rape laments;  
 And her owne iniur'd Spring; whose discontents  
 Admit no comfort: in her heart shee beares  
 Her silent sorrow: now, resolves to teares;  
 And with that Fountayne doth incorporate,  
 Whereof th'immortall Deitie but late.  
 Her softned members thaw into a drow:  
 Her nailes lesse hard, her bones now limber grew.  
 The fiercest parts first melt away: her haire,  
 Fine fingers, legs, and feet; that soone impartre,  
 And drop to streames: then, arms, back, shoulders, side,  
 And bosom, into little Currents glide.  
 Water, in stead of blood, fills her pale veines:  
 And nothing now, that may be graspt, remains.  
 Mean-while, through all the earth, and all the Maine,  
 The fearfull Mother sought her childe in vaine.  
 Not dewy-hayr'd Aurora, when shee rose,  
 Nor Hesperus, could witness her repose.  
 Two pitchy Pines at flaming Aetna lights;  
 And restless, carries them through freezing Nights:  
 Again, when Day the vanquish't Starres suppress,  
 Her vanish't comfort seeks from East to West.  
 Thirsty with trauell, and no Fountayne nyc,  
 A cottage thatcht with straw, invites her eye.

At th' humble gate she knocks: An old wife shewes.  
 Her selfe thereat; and seeing her, bestowes  
 The water so desir'd; which shee before  
 Had boyld with barley. Drinking at the doore,  
 A rude hard-fauour'd Boy beside her stood,  
 Who laughes, and cald her greedy-gut. Her blood  
 Inflam'd with anger, what remayn'd shee threw  
 Full in his face; which forthwith speckled grew.  
 His armes conuert to legs; a taile withall  
 Spines from his changed shape: of body small,  
 Left he might proue too great a foe to life:  
 Though lesse, yet like a Lizard: th' aged wife  
 (That wonders, weeps, and feares to touch it) shuns,  
 And presently into a creuise runs.  
 Fit to his colour they, a name cloekt;  
 With sundry little stars all-ouerspeckt.

What Lands, what Seas, the Goddesse wandred through  
 Were long to tell: Earth had not roome enough.  
 To *Sicily* shee returns: where ere shee goes,  
 Inquires; and came where *Cyane* now flowes.  
 Shee, had shee not beene changed, all had told;  
 Now, wants a tongue her knowledge to vnfold:  
 Yet, to the mother, of her daughter gaue  
 A sure ostent: who bore vpon a waue  
*Persephone's* rich zone; that from her fell;  
 When, through the sacred Spring, shee sunke to hel.  
 This seen, and knowne; as but then lost, shee tare,  
 Without selfe-pitty, her dis-theueled haire;  
 And with redoubled blowes her brest invades:  
 Nor knowes what Land t'accuse, yet all vpbraids;  
 Ingrate, vnworthy with her gifts t'abound:  
*Triacria* chieflly; where the steps shee found.

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Of her misfortunes. Therefore there shee brake  
 The furrowing plough; the Oxe and owner strake  
 Both with one death; then, hade the fields beguile  
 The trust impos'd, shrunk seed corrupts. That soile,  
 So celebrated for fertilitie,  
 Now barren grew: corne in the blade doth die.  
 Now, too much drouth annoys; now, lodging showers:  
 Stars smitch, winds blast. The greedy fowle deuoures  
 The new-sowne graine: Kintare, and Darnell tire  
 The fetter'd Wheat; and weeds that through it spire.  
 In *Elean* waues *Alphens* Loue appeard;  
 And from her dropping haire her fore-head clear'd:  
 O Mother of that far-sought Maid, thou friend  
 To life, said she; here let thy labour end:  
 Nor be offended with thy faithfull Land;  
 That blamelesse is, nor could her rape with-stand.  
 I, here a guest, not for my Country plead:  
 My Country *Pisa* is, in *Elis* bred;  
 And, as an Alien, in *Sicania* dwell:  
 But yet no Country pleaseth me so well.  
 I, *Arethusa*, now these Springs possesse:  
 This is my seat: which, courteous Goddesse, blesse.  
 Why I affect this place, *Ortygia* came  
 Through such vast Seas; I shall impart the same  
 To your desire; when you, more fit to heare,  
 Shall quit your care, and be of better cheare.  
 Earth giues me way: through whose darke cauerns roll'd,  
 I here ascend; and vnknowne stars behold.  
 While vnder ground by *Styx* my waters glide,  
 Your sweet *Proserpina* I there espy'd.  
 Full sad shee was: euen then you might haue seen  
 Feare in her face: and yet shee is a Queen;

And



And yet shee in that gloomy Empire swayes;  
And yet her will th'infernall King obeyes.

Stone-like stood *Ceres* at this heavy newes;  
And, staring, long continued in a muse.  
When griefe had quickned her stupiditie,  
Shee tooke her Chariot, and ascends the skie:  
There, veiled all in clouds, with scattered haire,  
Shee kneeles to *Iupiter*, and made this pray'r.  
Both for my blood and thine, *Ion*, I sew:  
If I be nothing gracious, yet doe you  
A Father to your Daughter prove; nor be  
Your care the lesse, because shee sprung from me.  
Lo, she at length is found, long sought through all  
The spacious World; if you a Finding call  
What more the losse assures: but if, to know  
Her being, be to Finde, I haue found her so.  
And yet I would the iniurie remit,  
So he the stolne restore: 'Twere most vnfit  
That holy *Hymen* should thy daughter ioyne  
To such a Thiefe; although shee were not mine.

Then *Ion*: The pledge is naturall, and these cares  
To either equall: Yet this deed declares  
Much loue, mis-called Wrong: nor should we shame  
Of such a sonne, could you but thinke the same.  
All wants suppose, can he be lesse than great,  
And be *Ion*'s brother? What, when all compleat?  
I, but prefer'd by lot? Or if you burne  
In endlesse spleen; Let *Proserpine* retaine:  
On this condition, That shee yet haue ta'ne  
No sustenance: so Destinies ordaine.  
To fetch her daughter, *Ceres* postes in haste:  
But, Fates with-stand: the Maid had broke her fast.

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For, wandering in the Ore-yard, simply shee  
 Pluckt a Pomegranet from the stooping Tree;  
 Thence tooke seuen grains and eats them one by one:  
 Obserued by *Astcalaphas* alone;  
 Whom *Acheron* on *Orpheus* erst begot  
 In pitchy Caves: a Dame of speciall note  
 Amongst th' *Auernei* Nymphs. This viter'd, stayd  
 The fighting Queene of *Erebus*; who made  
 The Blab a Bird: with waues of *Phlegeton*  
 His face besprinkles; plume appeares thereon,  
 Crooked beake, and broader eyes: the shape he had  
 He lost, forthwith in yellow feathers clad.  
 His head or'e-siz'd, his long nailer talons prone;  
 His winged armes for laziness scarce moue:  
 A filthy, euer ill-prefaging Fowle,  
 To Mortals ominous: a screeching Owle.

Yet was the punishment no more than due  
 To his offence. But how offended you  
*Acheloides*, that wings and claws disgrace;  
 Your goodly formes, yet keepe your Virgin-face?  
 Was it, you *Siren*, that your deathlesse Powers  
 Were with the Goddess when shee gathered flowrs?  
 Whom when through all the Earth you sought in vaine,  
 You wisht for wings to swim vpon the Main;  
 That pathlesse Seas might testifye your care:  
 The easie Gods consented to your pray'r.  
 Streight, golden feathers on your backs appeare:  
 But, lest that musick, fram'd to inchant the eare,  
 And so great gifts of speech should be prophan'd;  
 Your Virgin-lookes, and humane voyce remain'd.  
 But *Ione*, his sister's discontent to cheare,  
 Between her and her Brother parts the yeare,

The

For,

The Goddesse now in either Empire sways:  
 Six months with *Ceres*, six with *Pluto* stays.  
*Proserpina* then chang'd her minde, and looke  
 (Late such as fullen *Dis* could hardly brooke)  
 And clear'd her browes; as *Sol*, obscur'd in shrowds  
 Of exhalations, breaks through vanquish'd clouds.

Pleas'd *Ceres* now bade *Aresbusa* tell  
 Her cause of flight: and why a sacred Well.  
 Th'obsequious waters left their murmuring:  
 The Goddesse then about the Crystall Spring  
 Her head advanc't; and, wringing her green haire,  
 Shew thus *Alpheus* ancient love declares.

I, of *Archaia* once a Nymph: none more  
 The chace affected, or r'intoyle the Bore.  
 By beantie though I never sought for fame;  
 Though masculine, of faire I bare the name,  
 Nor tooke I pleasure in my prayd face,  
 Which others valed as their only grace:  
 But, simple, was ashamed to excell;  
 And thought it infamy to please too well.  
 As from *Symphalian* woods I made retreat  
 (Twas hot, and labour had increast the heat)  
 When well-nigh tyr'd; a silent streame I found;  
 All eddileffe, perspicuous to the ground:  
 Through which you every pebble might haue seen;  
 And ran, as if it had no Rauer been.  
 The Poplar, and the hoary Willow, fod  
 By bordering streames, their gratefull shadow spread.  
 In this coole Rivulet my foot I dipt;  
 And by and by into the middle skipt:  
 Where, while I swim, and labour to and fro  
 A thousand wayes, with armes that swiftly row,

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I from the bottom heard an vnknowne tongue;  
 And frighted, to the higher margent sprung.  
 Whither so fast, & *Aresbusa* twice  
 Out cry'd *Alpheus*, with a hollow voyce.  
 Vnclothed as I was, I ran away  
 (For, on the other side my garments lay)  
 The faster followed he, the more did burne;  
 Who naked, seeme the readier for his turne.  
 As trembling Doves the eger Hawkes eschew;  
 As eger Hawkes the trembling Doves pursew;  
 I fled, He followed. To *Orchomenus*,  
*Psophis*, *Cyllene*, high-brow'd *Manalau*,  
*Gold Erymanthus*, and to *Elis*, I  
 My flight maintayned; nor could he come ny:  
 But, far vnable to hold out so long;  
 He, patient of much labour, and more strong.  
 And yet o're Plains, o're woody hills I fled,  
 And craggy Rocks, where foot did neuer tread.  
 The Sunne was at our backs: before my feet  
 I saw his shadow; or my feare did seet.  
 How ere his sounding steps, and thick drawne breath  
 That fann'd my haire, affrighted me to death.  
 Starke tyr'd, I cry'd: Ah caught! help (& forlornel)  
*Diana* helpe thy Squire, who oft hast borne  
 Thy Bowe and Quiver! Mour'd at my request,  
 With muffling clouds she couer'd the distress.  
 The Riuer seeks me in that pitchy shroud,  
 And searches round about the hollow clowd:  
 Twice came to where *Diana* me did hide;  
 And twice he *is Aresbusa* cry'd.  
 Then what a heart had I! the Lamb so feares  
 When howling Wolves about the Fold she heares &!

So

So heartlesse Hare, when traying Hounds draw nigh  
 Her sented forme; nor dares to moue an eye.  
 Nor went he on, in that he could not trace  
 My further steps; but guards the clowd and place.  
 Cold sweats my then-besieged lims posselt;  
 In thin thick-falling drops my strength decreast.  
 Where-ere I step, streames run; my haire now fell  
 In trickling dew; and, sooner than I tell  
 My destinie, into a Flood I grew.  
 The Riuer his beloued waters knew;  
 And, putting off th'assumed shape of man,  
 Resumes his owne; and in my Current ran.  
 Chaste *Delia* cleft the ground. Then, through blind caves  
 To lou'd *Orygia* she conducts my waues;  
 Affected for her name: where first I take  
 Reuiew of day. This, *Arethusa* spake.

The fertill Goddesse to her Chariot chaines  
 Her yoked Dragons, checkt with stubborn raignes;  
 Her course, 'twixt heauen and earth, to *Athen* bends;  
 And to *Triptolemus* her Chariot sends.  
 Part of the seed shee gaue; shee bade him throw  
 On vntill'd earth; part on the till'd to sow.  
 O're *Europe*, and the *Afrax* soyle conuay'd;  
 The Youth to *Seybia* turnes; where *Lyncus* sway'd.  
 His Court he enters. Aske what way he came,  
 His cause of coming, Countrie, and his Name?  
*Triptolemus* men call me, he reply'd;  
 And in renowned *Athen* I reside.  
 No ship through toying Seas me hither bare;  
 Nor ouer-land came I; but through the ayre.  
 I bring you *Ceres* gift: which sowne in fields,  
 Corn-bearing crops (a better feeding) yeelds.

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The barbarous King enuies it : and, that he  
The Author of so great a good might be ;  
Giues entertaynment : but, when sleep oppress  
His heavy eyes, with Steele attempts his brest.  
Whom *Ceres* turn's t'a *Lynx* : and home-wards makes  
The young *Mopsopian* drive her sacred Snakes.

Our Chiefe concluded here her learned Layes.  
The Nymphs, with one consent, giue vs the Bayes:  
The vanquisht raile. To whom the Muse: Since you  
Esteeme it nothing to deserue the due  
To your contention, but must adde foule words  
To your ill decds ; nor this your pride affords  
Our patience roomes: we'll wreak it on your heads,  
And tread the path which Indignation leads.  
The *Pæons* laugh, and our sharp threats despise.  
About to scould, and with disgracefull noyle  
To clap their hands ; they saw the feathers sprout  
Beneath their nailes, and clothe their armes through  
Hard nebs in one another's faces spie ;  
And now, new birds, into the Forrest flie.  
These Syluan Scoulds, as they their armes prepare  
To beat their bosoms ; mount, and hang in ayre.  
Who yet retayne their ancient eloquence ;  
Full of harsh chat, and prating without sense.

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# OVID'S

## METAMORPHOSIS

### The sixth Booke.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

**PALLAS**, an old wife, Hecate's daughter, *Demeter*  
*Hermes* and *Rhodope*, who *Mountains* grow.  
**The Pigmy**, a Crane. *Antigone* becomes,  
*A Snake*. *A Jactus* *Cynar* *in* *the* *air*;  
*His* *impious* *daughters*, *Rome*, *in* *various* *places*.  
**The Gods** commit *adulteries* and *rapes*.  
**Arachne**, a Spider. *Niohe* yet *drunken*  
*Her* *marble* *chuckles* *in* *teares*. *Urcia* *ill* *flowers*  
*Are* *curs'd* *to* *Frogs*. *From* *teares* *down* *Marlyn* *flow*.  
*His* *ivory* *shoulder* *new-made* *Pelops* *flow*.  
**Prome**, a Swallow; *Sign'd* *with* *murder* *flames*.  
*Sad* *Philomel* *to* *perce* *might* *complaint*.  
*Rage* *to* *a* *Lapwing* *turns* *the* *Odryn* *king*.  
**Calais** and **Zetes** *musins* *flashes* *in* *the* *air*.

**T**Ritonia to the Muse attention lends  
 Who both her Verse, and just revenge commends  
 Then said e'her selfe: To praise is of no words  
 Let our revenged Powre our praise set forth  
 Intends a vast ones ruine! She, the heart,  
 Before her curious webs, her owne prefer'd  
 Nor dwelling, nor her nation fame impart  
 Vnto the Damsell, but exceeding Art.

Deriv'd from *Colophonian Idmons* side;  
 Who thirstie Wooll in *Phocian* purple did.  
 Her mother (who had pay'd her debt to fate)  
 Was also meane, and equall to her mate.  
 Yet through the *Lydian* townes her praise was spread;  
 Though poore her birth, in poore *Hypepa* bred.  
 The Nymphs of *Tmolus* off their Vines forsooke;  
 The sleek *Pastophor* Nymphs their streames; to looke  
 On her rare workes: nor more delight in viewing  
 The don (don with such grace) than when a doing.  
 Whether she orbe-like roule the ruder wooll;  
 Or, finely finger'd, the selected cull;  
 Or draw it into cloud-resembling flakes;  
 Or equall twine with swift-turn'd spindle makes;  
 Or with her lively-painting needle wrought:  
 You might perceive she was by *Pallas* taught.  
 Yet such a Mistress her proud thoughts disclame:  
 Let her with me contend; if foild, no shame  
 (Said she) nor punishment will I refuse.  
*Pallas*, forth-with, an old-wines shape indues:  
 Her haire all white; her lims, appearing weake,  
 A staffe supports: who thus began to speake.

Old Age hath something which we need not shun:  
 Experience by long tract of time is won.

Scorne not aduice: with dames of humane race

Contend for fame, but give a Goddess place.

Craue pardon, and she will thy crime remit.

With eyes confessing rage, and eye-brows knit,  
 (Her labour-leaving hands scarce held from strokes)  
 She, marked *Pallas* with these words prouokes.

Old foole, that dot'st with age; to whom long-life  
 Is now a curse: thy daughter, or sons wife,

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(If thou hast either) raughe be they by this:  
 My wisdom, for my selfe, sufficient is:  
 And least thy counsell should an interest claime  
 In my diuersion, I abide the same.  
 Why comes she now? why tryall thus delays?  
 She comes, said *Pallas*, and her selfe displays:  
 Nymphs, and *Myrmidons* dames the Powre adorne  
 Onely the maid her selfe vndaunted borne:  
 And yet she blusht, against her will the red  
 Flusht in her cheeks, and chance as swiftly fled.  
 Even so the purple Morning paints the skyes:  
 And so they whirle at the *Suns* vprise:  
 Who now, as desperately obstinate  
 Praise ill affecting, runs on her owne fate:  
 No more *Ioues* daughter labors to dissuade,  
 No more refulcth, nor the strife delays:  
 Both settle to their tasks apart: both spread  
 At once their warps, suppling of fine thread,  
 Ty'd to their beames: a reed the shred diuides,  
 Through which the quick-restraining shuttle glides,  
 Shot by swift hands. The comb, inserted tooth  
 Betwene the warp suppress the rising woofe:  
 Strife lessning toyle. With skirts mixt to their waste,  
 Both moue their cunning armes with nimble haste.  
 Here crimson, dyde in *Tyr*: as brasse, they weaue:  
 The scarce distinguishing shadows fight decaie.  
 So wary clouds, that by *spells* shoue  
 The vast sky painted with a nightie Bowe:  
 Where, though a thousand severall colours shiue,  
 No eye their close transition can define:  
 What touch, the same so peccely represents;  
 And by degrees, scarce sensible, dissent.

Through-out imbellished with *Apoll* gold:  
 And both reuiu'd antiquities vnfold.  
*Pallas*, in *Albent*, *Marſe's* Rock doth frame;  
 And that old strife about the *Cities* name.  
 Twice six *Cockſhals* fit iusther on a hie,  
 Repleat with awe-muffling granitic  
 Ioue in the midst. The *ſtred* figures woke  
 Their liuely formes: *Ioue* had a regal looke.  
 The Sea-god flood, and with his *Trident* strike  
 The cleauing rock, from whence a fountaine brake:  
 Whereon he grounds his claps, with *ſpeare* and *ſhield*  
 Her ſelfe ſhe armes: her head a *million* ſtill  
 Her brest her *Aegis* guards. Her *horns* the *ground*  
 Appeares to strike, and from that *progeny* wound  
 The hoary *olimp*, charg'd with *ſtun*, *ſtun*.  
 The Gods admire! with victory the ends  
 Yet ſhe, to ſhow the *Raill* of her prayſe  
 What hopes to cheriſh for ſuch bold *ſlaves*,  
 Add's ſouereign *contitions* in the *vtmoſt* bound  
 Of euery angle, wrought in *ſtill* *Round*  
 One, *Thracian* *Rouſe*, and *ſtun* *ſtun* *ſtun*  
 Now mountaines, tops with *ſtun* *ſtun* *ſtun*  
 Once humane bodies: who durſt emulate  
 The bleſt *Cocleſtralls* both in *ſtun* and *ſtun*.  
 The next contains the *miſerable* doome  
 Of that *Pygmalion* *miſtall*, once come  
 By *Iuno*; made a *Cane*, and ſort *ſtun* *ſtun*  
 With her owne nation in *perpetuall* *ſtun*  
 A third preſents *Amymon*, who *ſtun* *ſtun*  
 For vnmatcht beautie with the wife of *ſtun*  
 Not *Ilium*, nor *Laomedon* her ſire  
 Preuail'd with violent *ſtun* *ſtun* *ſtun*.

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Turn'd to a Stork; who, with white pinions rais'd;  
 Is euer by her creaking bill selfe-prais'd;  
 In the last circle Cynarus was plac't;  
 Who, on the temples staires, the formes imbrac't  
 Of his late daughters, by their pride o're-throwne:  
 And seemes himselfe to be a weeping stone.  
 The web a wreath of peacefull olīue bounds:  
 And her owne tree her work both ends and crowns.  
*Arachne* weaves *Europa's* rape by *Talos*:  
 The Bull appeares to line the Sea to moue  
 Back to the shore she casts a heavy eye;  
 To her distracted damfels seemes to cry:  
 And from the sprinkling waves, that skip to meet  
 With such a burden, drinke her trembling feet.  
*Africa* there a struggling Eagle prest:  
 A Swan here spread his wings o're *Leida's* breast.  
*Ioue*, *Satyr*-like, in *tripe* compels;  
 Whose fruitfull womb with double issue swells:  
*Amphitryo* for *Alcmena's* loue became:  
 A showre for *Danae*; for *Agave's* flame:  
 For beautifull *Mnemossyne* he takes  
 A pastors forme; for *Deio*, *Alcides*.  
 These also, *Neptunus*, like a lustfull Seer,  
 She makes the faire *Asian* Virgin beare:  
 To get th' *Aloides* in *tripe* shape:  
 Now turn'd t'a Ram in sad *Bisaltis* rape.  
 The gold-hair'd mother of life-strengthening Seede;  
 The snake-hair'd mother of the winged Steede,  
 Found thee a Sealion & thee *Malanthus* under  
 A Delphin. She to euery forme assigns  
 Life-equal looks; to euery place their fies.  
 Here *Pachus* in a Heards-man shape delighting



A Lyon's know; now falcons wings displays;  
 Macarian Iffe shepheard-like betrays.

Liber, a grape, Erigone compest:

And Saturne, horse-like, Chiron gets; halfe-beast.

A slender wreathe her spight web confines;  
 Flowres intermixt with clasping ivy twines.

Not *Pallas* this; not *Eriny* this reproves:

Her faire successe the very *Virago* moves;

Who teares the web, with crimes celestiall fraught:

With shackle from *Cytarian* mountaines brought,

*Arachne* thrice vpon the fore-head hits.

Her great heart brooks it not. A cord she knits

About her neck. Remorsefull *Pallas* stay'd

Her falling waight: Lame wretch, yet hang, she said.

This curse (least after times thy pride secure)

Still to thy issue, and their race, indure.

Sprinkled with *Hecar's* banefull weeds, her haire

She forthwith sheds: her nose and eares impaire;

Her head growes little; her whole body so;

Her thighs and legs to spiny fingers grow:

The rest all belly. Whence a thred she sends:

And now, a Spider, her old webs extends;

All *Lydia* storms; the faine through *Phrygia* rung:

And gaue an argument to every tongue.

Her, *Niobe* had knowne; when she, a maid,

In *Sipylus*, and in *Maonia* staid.

Yet slight that home example: still rebels

Against the Gods; and with proud language twels.

Many things sweld her. Yet *Amphion's* towne,

Their high descents; nor glory of a crowne,

So pleas'd her (though she pleas'd her selfe in all)

As her faire race. We *Niobe* might call

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The happiest mother that yet ever brought  
 Life vnto light; had not her selfe so thought.  
*Tiresias Manto*, in presages skild,  
 The streets, inspir'd by holy fury, fill  
 With these exhortes: *Ismeides*, prepare:  
 To great *Latona*, and her Twins; with prayer  
 Mix sweet perfumes; your brows with Laurel bind:  
*Byme Latona* bids. The *Thebans* wind  
 About their temples the commaunded Bay:  
 And sacred fires, with incense feeding, pray.  
 Behold, the Queene in height of state appears:  
 A *Phrygian* mantle, weav'd with gold, she wears:  
 Her face, as much as rage would suffer, faire.  
 She stops; and shaking her dishevelled haire,  
 The godly troope with hauty eyes suruayes.

What madnesse is it Here-say Gods (she sayes).  
 Before the scene Celestials to prefer?  
 Or while I Altars want, to worship her?  
 Me *Tantalus* begot, alowd to feast  
 In heauenly bowres; my mother not the least  
*Pleias*; greatest *Atlas* fire to those,  
 On whose high shoulders all the stars repose:  
 Ioue is my other Grandfather; and he  
 My father in law: a double grace to me.  
 Me *Phrygia*, *Cadmus* kingdome me obay:  
 My husbands harp-raisd walls we ioyntly sway.  
 Through-out my Court behold in euery place  
 Infinite riches: adde to this, a face  
 Worthy a Goddesse. Then, to crowne my ioyes;  
 Seuen beauteous daughters, and as many boyes:  
 All these by marriage to be multiply'd.  
 Say now, haue we not reason for our pride?

How dare you then *Latona*, caus birth  
 Before me place ? to whom the ample Earth  
 Deny'd a little spot r'vnlade her wombe ?  
 Heaven, Earth, nor Seas, afford your Goddesse roome:  
 A Vagabond, till *Delos* harbor gaue.  
 Thou wandrest on the land, I on the waue,  
 It said ; and granted an vnstable place.  
 She brought forth two ; the seuenth part of my race :  
 Happy ! who doubts ? I happy will abide :  
 Or who doubts that ? with plentie fortifi'd.  
 My state too great for fortune to beuaue :  
 Though much she rauish, she much more must leaue.  
 My blessings are about low feare. Suppose  
 Some of my hopefull sons this people lose,  
 They cannot be reduc'd to such a few.  
 Off with your bayes ; these idle Rites eschew.  
 They put them off ; the sacrifice forbore ;  
 And yet *Latona* silently adore.

As far as free from barrenesse, so much  
 Disdaine and grieve th'inrag'd Goddesse touch.  
 Who on the top of *Cynthus* thus begins  
 To vent her passion to her sacred Twins.

Lo I, your mother, proud in you alone ;  
 (Excepting *Iuno*, second vnto none)  
 Am question'd if a Goddesse ; and must loose,  
 If you assist not, all religious dewes.  
 Nor is this all ; that curst *Tantalus* Seede  
 Adds foule reproches to her impious deede.  
 She dares her children before you prefer ;  
 And calls me childlesse : may it light on her !  
 Whose wicked words her fathers tongue declare.  
 About to second her report with prayer ;

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Peace, *Phœbus* said, complaint too long delayes;  
 Conceau'd reuenge: the same yett *Phœbus* sayes:  
 Then swiftly through the yeilding ayre they glide  
 To *Cadmus* towres; whom thicke d vapors hide.  
 A spacious plaine before the citie lies,  
 Made dusty with the daily exercise  
 Of trampling hooues; by strife full chariots track;  
 Part of *Amphiſon* affaine ſons here back  
 High-bounding ſteeds; whole rich capariſon  
 With ſcarlet bluſh, with gold their bridles ſhone.  
*Iſmenus* loe, her pregnant wombe firſt ſpring,  
 As with his ready horſe he beats a Ring,  
 And checks his foamy iawes; ay me the eyes;  
 While through his growing breaſt an arrow flies;  
 His bridle ſlackning with his dying force,  
 He leaſurely ſinks ſide-long from his horſe.  
 Next, *Siphilus* from clashing quiver flies  
 With ſlackned raignes: as when a Pilot ſpies  
 A growing ſtorme; and, leaſt the gentle gails  
 Should ſcape beſides him, claps on all his ſails.  
 His haſte th'vneuitable bowe breacketh;  
 And through his throte the deadly arrow ſtrooketh  
 Who, by the horſes mane and ſpeedy thighes  
 Drops headlong, and the earth in purple dyes.  
 Now *Phœdimus*; and *Tantalus*, the heire  
 This Grand-fires name; that labour done, prepare  
 To waſtle. Whiſt with oyled lims they preſſe  
 Each others power, cloſe grasping breaſt to breaſt;  
 A ſhaft, which from th'impulſiue bow-ſtring flew,  
 Them, in that ſad Coniunction ioyntly flew.  
 Both grone at once, at once their bodyes bend  
 With bitter pang, at once to earth deſcend:

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Their rowling eyes together set in death;  
 Together they expire their parting breath.  
 In rusht *Alphenor* (bleeding in their harmes)  
 And rais'd their lieglessse corpes in his armes:  
 But in that pious du oie fell: The threds  
 Of life, his siners, wrathfull *Uesins* shreds.  
 Part of his lungs elauie to th'extracted head:  
 And with his blood his troubled spirit fled.  
 But vnshorne *Damascibon* slaughtered lies,  
 Not by a single wound: shot where the thigh  
 Knit with the ham-strings in the knotty ioynt.  
 Striuing from thence to tug the fatall poynt,  
 An other in his neck the wings imbrow'd.  
 Thick-gushing blood directed straie pursu'd:  
 Which spinning vpward clef the paffine ayre.  
 Last *Ilioneus*, with successelesse prayer,  
 His hands vp-beanes: You Gods in generall  
 Said he (and ignorantly pray'd to all)  
 O pittie me! The Archer had reniorce;  
 But now irrevocable was that force:  
 And yet his life a little wound dispatcht,  
 His heart but onely with the stroke scratcht.

Ill newes, the peoples griefe, her households teares  
 Present their ruine to their mothers eares:  
 Who wonders how the Gods their liues durst touch;  
 And swels with anger that their powre was such.  
 For sad *Amphion*, wounding his owne breast,  
 Had now his fennow, with his soule, relost.  
 How different is this *Nash* from that!  
 Who scorn'd *Larona's* sacrifice of late,  
 And proudly pac't the streets; enu'd by those  
 That were her friends; now pittied by her foes!

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Frantick, on their cold corces the dorch fall,  
And her last kisses distributes to all.  
From whom, to heaven erecting her blew armes;

Cruell *Latana*, that thee with our harmes;  
Feast, feast, she sayd, thy saluage stomach cloy;  
Cloy thy wilde rage, and in our sorrow ioy:  
Seuen times, vpon seuen Herces borne, I dy.  
Triumph, triumph, victorious foe. But why?  
Thus happy, haplesse I haue not so few:  
Who, after all these funerals, subdew.

This said, the bow-string swangs. Pale terror chills  
All hearts saue *Niebes*; obdur'd by ill.  
The sisters, in long stoles of black array'd,  
About their herces stood, with haire display'd.  
One draws an arrow from her brothers side;  
And ioyning her pale lips to his, so dyde.  
An other straining to assuage the woes  
That rackt her mother, forth with speechlesse growes:  
And doubling with the wound, which inly bled,  
Shuts her fixt teeth; the soule already fled.  
This, flying falls: that, her dead sister makes  
Her bed of death: this, hides her selfe: that quakes.  
Six slaine by various wounds; to shield the last,  
Her mother, ouer her, her body cast.  
This one, she cryes, and that the least, & *Isabel*;  
The least of many, and bus one, I craue!  
Whilst thus she sues, the sur'd-for *Delia* hies.  
She, by her husband, sons, and daughters, sits  
A childlesse widow; waxing stiffe with woe.  
The winde wags not one haire; the ruddy rose  
Forsakes her cheek: in her declining head  
Her eye-balls fix, thorough-out appearing dead.

Her



Her tongue, and pallat rob'd of inward heat  
 At once congeale: her pulse forbeares to beat:  
 Her neck wants power to turne, her feet to goe,  
 Her armes to moue: her very bowels grow  
 Into a stone. She yet retains her teares.  
 Whom straight a hurle-wind to her Countrie beares;  
 And fixes on the summit of a hill.  
 Now from that mourning marble teares distill.

The exemplary reuenge struck all with feare:  
 Who offerings to *Letyne's* altars beare  
 With doubled zeale. When, one as oft befalls,  
 By present accidents the past recalls.

In fruitfull *Lycia* once, said he, there dwelt  
 A sort of *Pelantes*, who her vengeance felt.  
 'Twas of no note, in that the men were base:  
 Yet wonderfull I saw the poole, and place,  
 Sign'd with the prodigie. My father, spent  
 Almost with age, ill brooking travell, sent  
 Me thither for choice *Steeres*: and for my guide,  
 A native gaue. Those pastures searcht, we spy'd  
 An ancient Altar, black with cinders, plac't  
 Amidst a Lake, with shivering reeds imbrac't.  
 O fauour me! he, softly murmuring, said:  
 O fauour me! I, softly murmuring, praid:  
 Then askt, if *Nymph*, or *Faune* therein reside,  
 Or rurall God: The stranger thus reply'd.

O youth, no mountaine Powres this altar hold:  
 Shee calls it hers, to whom *Ioue's* wife, of old,  
 Earth interdicted: till that floting Ile,  
 Waue-wandering *Deio*, finisht her exile.  
 Where, coucht on palmes and olives, she in spight  
 Of fressull *Iuno*, brought her *Twins* to light.

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Thence also, frightened from her painfull bed,  
 With her two infans Deities she fled.  
 Now in *Chimera*-breeding *Lytis* (fir'd  
 By burning beames) and with long trauell tyr'd,  
 Heat-raised thirst the Goddessse sore opprest:  
 By their exhausting of her milk increast.  
 By fortune, in a dale, with longing eyes  
 A Lake of shallow water she descries:  
 Where Clownes were then a gathering picked weeds,  
 With shrubby oſiers, and plaſh-louing reedes.  
 Approcht; *Titania* kneeles vpon the brink:  
 And of the cooling liquor stoops to drinke.  
 The Clownes with ſtood. Why hinder you, ſaid ſhe,  
 The vſe of water, that to all is free?  
 The Sun, aire, water, Nature did not frame:  
 Peculiar; a publick gift I claime.  
 Yet humbly I intreat ite not to drench  
 My weary lims, but killing thirst to quench.  
 My tongue waſtes away ſure, & my iawes are drye.  
 Scarce is there way for ſpeech: For drink I dye.  
 Water to me, were Nectar. If I liue,  
 'Tis by your fauour: life with water giue.  
 Pitty theſe babes: for pitty they aduance  
 Their little armes: their armes they ſtretch by chance.  
 With whom would not ſuch gentle words preuaile?  
 But they, perſeuering to prohibit, ſaile;  
 The place with threats command her to forſake.  
 Then with their hands and feet diſturbe the lake:  
 And leaping with malicious motion, moue  
 The troubled mud; which riſing, ſcotes aboue.  
 Rage quenches her thirst: no more *Letama* ſues.  
 To ſuch baſe ſlaues: but Goddessſe-like doth vſe.

Her dreadfull tongue; which thus their fates imply'd :  
 May you for ever in this lake reside !  
 Her wish succeeds. In loued lakes they strine;  
 Now sprawle aboue, now vnder water dine;  
 Oft hop vpon the banke, as oft againe  
 Back to the water: nor can yet restrain  
 Their brawling tongues; but setting shame aside;  
 Though hid in water, vnder water chide.  
 Their voyces still are hoarse: the breath they fetch  
 Swells their wide throates; their iawes with railing stretch  
 Their heads their shoulders touch; no neck betwene,  
 As intercepted. All the back is Greene:  
 Their bellies (every part o're-firing) white.  
 Who now, new Frogs, in slimy pooles delight:  
 Thus much, I know not by what *Cytian*, said:  
 An other mention of a Satyre made,  
 By *Phabus*, with *Tritons*'s reede, o're-come:  
 Who for presuming felt a heavy doome.  
 Why doe you (oh!) me from my selfe distract?  
 (Oh!) I repent, he cry'd: Alas! this fact  
 Deserues not such a vengeance! Whilst he cry'd;  
*Apello* from his body stript his hide.  
 His body was one wound, bloud euery way  
 Streames from all partes: his sinewes naked lay.  
 His bare veines pant: his heart you might behold;  
 And all the siners in his brest haue rold.  
 For him the Faunes, that in the Forrests keepe;  
 For him the Nymphs, and German Satyres weepe:  
 His end, *Olympus* (famous then) bewailes;  
 With all the shepheards of those hills and dales.  
 The pregnant Earth conceiueth with their teares;  
 Which in her penetrated womb she beares,

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Till big with waters : then discharg'd her fraught.  
This purest *Phrygian* Stream a way our sought  
By down-falls, till to toying seas he came:  
Now called *Marsyas* of the *Satyres* name.

The Vulgar, these examples told, returne  
Vnto the present : for *Ambrosian* mounne,  
And his poore issue, All the mother hate.

*Pelops* alone laments his sisters fate.

While with toane garments he presents his woes,

The iuory peece on his left shoulder shewes.

This fleshy was, and coloured like the right.

*Elaine* by his fire, the Gods his lime white :

His scattered parts all found ; same that alone

Which interpos'd the neck and shoulder bone.

They then with iuory supply'd th' vnfound :

And thus restored *Pelops* was made found.

The neighboring princes meet : the Cities neare :

Intreat their kings, the desolate to cheare.

*Pelops* *Mycene*, *Sparta*, th' *Argian* State ;

And *Calydon*, not yet in *Diana's* hate ;

Fertill *Oreboemenes* ; *Corinth* has fam'd

For high-priz'd brasse ; *Messene*, neuer tam'd ;

*Cleone* ; *Patrae* ; *Pylos*, *Nehus* crowne,

And *Troizen*, not then knowne for *Pitt* : our towne ;

With all that two-sea'd *Isthmos* : Streights include :

And all without, by two-sea'd *Isthmos* view'd.

*Aibens* alone (who would beloeu't) with-held :

Thee, from that euill office, war compeld.

Th' inhabitants about the *Ionick* coast

Had then besieg'd thee with a barbarous host :

Whom *Thracian* *Tereus*, with his Aids, o'rethrew ;

And by that victorie renowned grew.

Potent.

Potent in wealth, and people; from the loynes  
 Of *Mars* deriv'd: *Pandion* *Progne* ioynes  
 To him in marriage. This, nor *Iuno* blest;  
 Nor *Hymen*, nor the *Graces* grant that feast.  
*Eumenides* the nuptiall tapers light  
 At funerall fires; and made the bed that Night.  
 Th' ill-boading Owle vpon the rooſe was ſet.  
*Progne* and *Tereus* with theſe omens met:  
 Thus parents grew. The *Thracians* yet reioyce;  
 And thanke the Gods with harmonic of voyce.  
 The marriage day, and that of *Irys* birth.  
 They conſecrate to vnderfall nirth.  
 So lyes the good vſcene. By this the Sun,  
 Conducting Time, had through five *Autumns* run;  
 When flattering *Progne* thus allures her Lord.  
 If I haue any grace with thee, afford.  
 This fauour, that I may my ſiſter ſee:  
 Send me to her, or bring thou her to me.  
 Promise my father that with ſwiſteſt ſpeede  
 She ſhall returne. If this attempt ſuccede,  
 The ſumme of all my wiſhes I obtaine.  
 He bids them launch his ſhips into the maine:  
 Then makes th' *Athenian* port with ſailes and oares;  
 And lands vpon the wiſht *Pyrean* ſhores.  
 Brought to *Pandion's* preſence, they ſalute.  
 The King with bad preſage begins his ſure.  
 For loe, as he his wiſes command recites,  
 And for her quick returne his promiſe plight,  
 Comes *Phi'omela*, clad in rich array;  
 More rich in beauty. So they uſe to ſay  
 The ſtately *Naiades*, and *Dryad's* goe  
 In *Sylvan* ſhades; were they apparell'd ſo.

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This sight in *Tereus* such a burning breeds,  
 As when we fire a heape of hoary reeds;  
 Or catching flames to Sun-dry'd stubble thrust.  
 Her face was excellent: but in-bred lust  
 Inrag'd his bloud; to which those Climes are prone:  
 Stung by his countries fury, and his owne.  
 He streight intends her women to intice,  
 And bribe her Nurse to prosecute his vice;  
 Her selfe to tempt with gifts; his crowne to spende:  
 Or rauish, and by warre his rape defend.  
 What dares he not, thrust on by wilde desire?  
 Nor can his brest containe so great a fire.  
 Rackt with delay, he *Progne's* fate renews:  
 And for himselfe in that pretention lyes.  
 Loue made him eloquent. As oft as he  
 Exceeded, he would say, Thus charged she.  
 And mouing teares (as she had sent them) sheds.  
 O Gods! how dark a blindnesse ouer-spreads  
 The soules of men! whilst to his sin he climes,  
 They think him good; and praise him for his crimes,  
 Euen *Philomela* wisht it! with soft armes  
 She hugs her father, and with winning charmes  
 Of her liues safery, her destruction prest:  
 While *Tereus* by beholding pre-pollst.  
 Her kisses and imbraces heat his blood;  
 And all afford his fire and fury food.  
 And wisht, as oft as she her fire imbrac't,  
 He were her fire: nor would haue been more chaf't.  
 He, by their importunities is wrought.  
 She, ouer-joy'd, her father thanks; and thought  
 Her selfe and sister in that fortunate,  
 Which drew on both a lamentable fate.

The



The labour of the Day now neere an end,  
 From steep *Olympus Phæbus* Steeds descend.  
 The boards are princely seru'd: *Lynceus* flows  
 In burnisht gold. Then take their soft repose.  
 And yet th' *Odrysian* King, though parted, cries:  
 Her face and graces euer in his eyes.  
 Who parts vnseene vnto his fancy faines;  
 And feeds his fires: Sleep flies his troubled braines.  
 Day vp: *Pandion* his departing son  
 Wrings by the hand; and weeping thus begun.

Deare Son, since Pietie this dew requires;  
 With her, receiue both your and their desires.  
 By faith, alliance, by the Gods above,  
 I charge you guard her with a fathers loue:  
 And suddenly send back (for all delay  
 To me is death) my ages onely stay.  
 And daughter ('tis enough thy sister's gone)  
 For pittie leaue me not too long alone.  
 As he impos'd this charge, he kist with all:  
 And drops of teares at euery accent fall.  
 The pledges then of promis'd faith demands  
 (Which mutually they giue) their plighted hands.  
 To *Progne*, and her little boy, said he,  
 My loue remember, and salute from me.  
 Scarce could he bid farewell: sobs so ingage  
 His troubled speech; who dreads his soules preface.  
 As soone as shipt; as soone as a stee ores.  
 Had mou'd the surges, and remou'd the shores;  
 Shee's ours! with me my wish I beare! he cries.  
 Exults; and barbarous, scarce defers his ioyes:  
 His eyes fast fixt. As when *Ioues* eagle beares  
 A Hare t'her ayery, trust in rapefull scares:

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And to the trembling prisoner leanes no way  
For hoped flight; but still beholds her pray.  
The Voyage made; on his owne land he treads:  
And to a Lodge Pandions daughter leads;  
Obscur'd with woods: pale, trembling, full of feares;  
And for her sister asking now with teares.  
There mues her vp; his foule intent makes knowne:  
Inforc't her; a weake Virgin, and but one.  
Helpe father! sister helpe! in her distresse  
She cries; and on the Gods, with like successe.  
She trembles like a lamb, snatcht from the phangs  
Of some fell wolfe; that dreads her former pangs:  
Or as a dove, who on her gorget beares  
Her bloud fresh staines, and late-sek talens seares.  
Restor'd vnto her mind, her ruffled haire,  
As at a wofull funerall she tare;  
Her armes with her owne fury bloudy made:  
Who, wringing her vp-heaued hands, thus said.

O monster! barbarous in thy horrid last!  
Treachorous Tyrant! whom my fathers trust;  
Impos'd with holy teares; my sisters loue;  
My virgin state; nor nuptiall ties, could moue t:  
O what a wild confusion hast thou bred!  
I, an adulteresse to my sisters bed;  
Thou husband to vs both; to me a foe;  
To all a punishment; and iustly so.  
Why mak'st thou not thy villanies compleat;  
By forcing life from her abhorred seat?  
O would thou hadst, ere I my honour lost:  
Then had I parted with a spotlesse ghost.  
Yet, if the Gods haue eyes; if their Powers be  
Of any powre; nor all decay with me;

Thou

Thou shalt not scape due vengeance. Sense of shame  
I will abandon; and thy crime proclaim:  
To men, if free; if not, my voice shall breake  
Through these thick walls; and teach the woods to speake:  
Hard rockes resolute to ruth. Let heaven this heare;  
And Heaven-thron'd Gods: if there be any there!

These words the salvage Tyrant moves to wroth:  
Nor lesse his feare: a like prouok't by both.  
Who drawes his sword: his cruell hands he winds  
In her loose haire; her armes behind her binds.  
Her throte glad *Philemela* ready made:  
Conceiuing hope of death from his drawne blade.  
Whilst she reuiles, inuokes her father; sought  
To vent her spleene; her tongue in pincers caught.  
His sword deuident from the panting roote:  
Which, trembling, murmurs curses at his foot.  
And as a serpents taile, disseuer'd, skips:  
Euen so her tongue and dying sought her lips.  
After this fact (if we may Rumor trust)  
He oft abus'd her body with his lust.  
Yet home to *Progne*, in the end, retires:  
Who for her sister hastily inquires.  
He funeralls belyes, with fained griefe:  
And by instructed teares begets belief.  
*Progne* her royall ornaments reiects;  
And puts on black: an emptie tombe erects;  
To her imagin'd Ghost oblations burnes:  
Her sisters fate, not as she should, she mournes.  
Now through twelue Signes the yere his period drew:  
What should distressed *Philemela* doe?  
A guard restrain'd her flight; the walls were strong;  
Her mouth had lost the index of her tongue.

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The wit that miserie begots is great:  
Great sorrow addes a quicknesse to conceit.  
A woofe vpon a Thracian loome she spreads;  
And inter-weaves the white with crimson titheds;  
That character her wrong: The closely wrought,  
As closely to a servant gaule; besought  
To beare it to her Mistresse who presents  
The Queene therewith; not knowing the contents.  
The wife to that dire Tyrant this unfolds:  
And in a wofull verse her state beholds.  
She held her peace: 'twas strange! griefe struck her mute.  
No language could with such a passion sute.  
Nor had she time to weepe: Right, wrong, were mixt.  
In her fell thought she her soule on vengeance fixt.  
It was that time; when, in a wilde disguise,  
Sithonian matrons use to solempnise  
Lyens three-years Feast. Night spread her wings:  
By night high Rhodope with timbre rings.  
By night the impatient Queene a iaculin takes,  
And now a Bacchanal, the Court forsakes.  
Vines shade her browes: she rough hide of a Deare  
Shogs at her side: her shoulder bare a speare.  
Hurried through woods, with her attendant feres,  
Terrible Progne, frantick with her mores,  
Thy milder fury, Bacchus, counterfets.  
At length vnto the desert cottage gets:  
Howles; Enthe, cries: breaks ope the doores, and rooke  
Her sister thence: with iuy hides her looke:  
In habit of a Bacchanal arrayd  
And to her comes the man: & thus he sayd  
That hatcht soule when I first knewe  
The poore soule shooke; he misse bloodlesse greue  
Progne

*Progne* with-drawes; the sacred weeds vnlos'd;  
 Her wofull sisters bathfull face disclos'd:  
 Falls on her neck. The other durst not raise  
 Her down-cast eyes: her sisters wrong suruayes  
 In her dishonour. As she stroue t'haue sworne  
 With vp-rai'd lookes; and call the Gods t'haue borne  
 Her pure thoughts witness, how she was compeld  
 To that loth'd fact; she hands, for speech, vpheld.  
*Sterne Progne* broiles; her bosome hardly beares  
 So vast a rage: who chides her sisters teares.

No teares, said she, our lost condition needs:  
 But Steele; or if thou hast what Steele exceeds.  
 I, for all horrid practices, am fit:  
 To wrap this roose in flame, and him in it.  
 His eyes, his tongue, or what did thee inforce,  
 T'extirp; or with a thousand wounds, diuorce  
 His guiltie soule? The deed I intend, is great:  
 But what, as yet, I know not. In this heat  
 Came *Itys* in, and taught her what to doe.  
 Beheld with cruell eyes; Ah, how I view  
 In thee, said she, thy father! and began  
 Her tragick Scene: with silent anger wain.  
 But when her sonne saluted her, and clung  
 Vnto her neck; mixt kisses, as he hung,  
 With childish blandishments; her high-wrought blood  
 Began to calme, and rage distracted stood.  
 Teares trick'd from her eyes by strong constraint.  
 But when she found her resolution faine  
 With too much pittie; her sad sister views,  
 And said, while both, her eyes by turnes peruse,  
 Why flatters he? why tonguelesse weeper the other?  
 Why sister calls not she, whom he calls mother?

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Degenerate! thinke whose daughter; to whom wed:  
 All pietie is sinne to *Tereus* bed.  
 Then *Itys* trailes: as when by *Ganges* fouds  
 A *Tigresse* drags a *Fawne* through silent woods.  
 Retiring to the most sequestred roome:  
 While he, with hands vp-heau'd, fore-sees his doome,  
 Clings to her bosom; mother! mother! cry'd;  
 She stabs him: nor once turn'd her face aside.  
 His throte was cut by *Philomela's* knife:  
 Although one wound suffiz'd to vanquish life.  
 His yet quick lims, ere all his soule could passe,  
 Shee piece-meale teares. Some boyle in hollow brasse,  
 Some hisse on spits. The pavements blisht with blood.  
*Progne* invites her husband to this food:  
 And faines her Countries Rite, which would afford  
 No attendant, nor companion, but her Lord.  
 Now *Tereus*, mounted on his Grand-fires throne,  
 With his sons carved entrailes stuffes his owne:  
 And bids her (so Soule-blinded!) call his boy.  
*Progne* could not disguise her cruell ioy:  
 In full fruition of her horrid ioy,  
 Thou hast, said she, within thee thy desire.  
 He looks about: asks where. And while againe  
 He asks, and calls: all bloody with the flaine,  
 Forth, like a Fury, *Philomela* flew;  
 And at his face the head of *Itys* threw.  
 Nor euer more than now desir'd a tongue;  
 T'expresse the ioy of her reneged wrong.  
 He, with lowd out-cryes, doth the boord repell;  
 And cites th: Furies from the depth of hell.  
 Now from his rising stomach stries to cast  
 Th' abhorred food: now weeps, with grieve againe:  
 And



And calls himselfe his sons vnhappy tombe.  
 Then drawes his sword; and through the guilty rooms  
 Pursues the Sisters; who appeare with wings  
 To cut the ayre: and so they did. One sings  
 In woods, the other neare the house remaines:  
 And on her brest yet beares her murders staines.  
 He, swift with gricfe and fury, in that space  
 His person chang'd. Long tufts of feathers grace  
 His shining crowne; his sword a bill became;  
 His face all arm'd: whom we a Lapwing name.  
 This killing newes, ere halfe his age was spent,  
*Pandion* to th' infernall Shadowes sent.

*Erichtheus* his throne and scepter held:  
 Who, both in iustice, and bold armes exceld.  
 To him his wife foure sons, all hopefull, bare:  
 As many daughters: two, surpassing faire.  
 Thee, *Cephalus*, thy *Procris* happy made:  
 But *Thrace* and *Tereus*, *Boreas* nuptiall stayd.  
 The God belou'd *Oristhya* wanted long;  
 While he put off his powre, to vse his tongue.  
 His sute reiected; horridly inclin'd  
 To anger (too familiar with that Wind.)

I iustly suffer this indignity:  
 For why, said he, haue I my armes laid by?  
 Strength, violence, high rage, and awfull threats.  
 'Tis my dishonour to haue vs'd intreats.  
 Force me befits. With this, thick clouds I drive;  
 Toss the blew billowes, knotty Okes vp-rue;  
 Congeale soft Snow, and beat the earth with haile.  
 When I my brethren in the ayre assaile,  
 (For that's our field) we meet with such a shoocke,  
 That thundering skyes with our encounters rock,

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And clowd-struck lightning flashes from on high.  
 When through the crannies of the earth I flye,  
 And force her in her hollow caues, I make  
 The Ghosts to tremble, and the ground to quake.  
 Thus should I haue wood; with these my match haue made  
*Erichtheus* should haue been compeld, not pray'd.  
 Thus *Boreas* chafed, or no lesse storming, shooke  
 His horrid wings; whose ayery motion strooke  
 The earth with blasts, and made the Ocean rore.  
 Trayling his dusky mantle on the flore,  
 He hid himselfe in clouds of dust, and caught  
 Belou'd *Oribya*, with her feare distraught.  
 Flying, his agitated fires increast:  
 Nor of his ayerie race the raignes suppress  
 Till to the walled *Cicones* he came.  
 Two goodly Twins th' espous'd *Athenian* Dame  
 Gaue to the *Icie* author of her rape:  
 Who had their fathers wings and mothers shape;  
 Yet not so borne. Before their faces bare  
 The manly enignes of their yellow haire,  
*Calais* and *Zetes* both vnplumed were.  
 But as the downe did on their chins appeare;  
 So, foule-like, from their sides soft feathers bud.  
 When youth to action had inflam'd their blood;  
 In the first vessell, with the flowre of *Greece*,  
 Through vnknowne seas, they sought the *Golden Fleet*;

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VV



# OVID'S

## METAMORPHOSIS.

### The seventh Booke.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

**M**EN, Dragons teeth produce. Wing'd Snakes their years  
By odors cast. A faire branch Olives beares.  
Drops sprouts to Flowers. Old Aeson young became,  
So Libers Nurses. An old Sheepe a Lambe.  
Cerambus flies. A Snake, a snake-like Stone.  
An Oxe, a Stag. Sad Mera barks unknowne.  
Hornes from the Coādamers. The Telchines  
All change. A Demo-tion'd Maid, The hard to please,  
Becomes a Swan. His mother Hyrie weeps  
Into a Lake. High-mountain Combe keeps  
Her son-sought Life. A King and Queen sprang'd  
To flightfull Fowls. Cephalus Nephew chang'd  
Into a Seale. Eumelus daughter flies  
Through tracelesse regions. Men from Mushrumps rise,  
Phinius and Periphas light wings assume.  
So Polyphemous neere. From Cerberus spume  
Springs Aconite. Just Earth a grave denies  
To Scyrons bones; which now in rocks arise.  
Arne a Chough. Some Myrmidons are borne  
Of toyling Ants. The late resisted Morne  
Marks Cephalus. The Dog, that did pursue,  
And Beast pusht do; two marble Statues grow.

**V**With Pagasean keele the Minye plow  
The curling waues; and Phoenix see; who now

In endlesse night his needie age consumes.  
 The youthfull sons of *Boreas*, rais'd with plumes,  
 Those greedy *Harpyes*, with the virgin face,  
 Far-off from his polluted table chace.  
 They, vnder *Iason*, hauing suffer'd much;  
 At length the banks of slimy *Phasis* touch.  
 Now *Phryxus* fleece the hardy *Minye* aske:  
 And from the King receiue a dreadfull taske.  
 Meane-while *Aëtias* fries in secret fires:  
 Who struggling long with ouer-strong desires,  
 When reason could not such a rage restraine;  
 She said: *Medea*, thou resistst in vaine.  
 Some God, yknowne, with-stands. What will this prove!  
 Or is it such as others fancie, Ioue?  
 Why seeme the Kings commands so too seuer?  
 And so, in truth they be. Why should I feare  
 A strangers ruine, neuer seene before?  
 Whence spring these cares? Why feare I more and more?  
 These furies from thy virgin brest repell,  
 Wretch, if thou canst. Could I, I should be well.  
 A new-felt force my striving powers inuades:  
 Affection this, discretion that, perswades.  
 I see the better, I approue it too:  
 The worse I follow. Why shouldst thou pursue  
 A husband of an other world; that art  
 Of royall birth? Our country may impart  
 A choice as worthy. If this forreim mate;  
 Or liue, or dye; 't is in the hands of fate.  
 Yet, may he liue! I such a sure might moue  
 To equall Gods, although I did not loue.  
 For what hath *Iason* done? his hopefull Youth  
 Would moue all hearts, that were not hard, to ruth;

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His birth, his valour. Set all these apart;  
 His person would: I am sure it moues my heart.  
 Yet should not I assist, the flaming breath  
 Of Bulls would blast him; or, assaults of death  
 Spring vp in armes from *Tellus* hostill womb:  
 Or else the greedie *Dragon* proues his tomb.  
 This suffer, and thou hast a heart of stone;  
 Borne of a *Tygresse*, and more sauage growne.  
 Yet why stand I not by? behold him flaine?  
 And with that spectacle my eyes profane?  
 Adde fury to the Bulls? to th' Earth-borne ire?  
 And sleepleffe *Dragon* with more spleene inspire?  
 The Gods forbid! yet rather helpe, than pray.  
 My fathers kingdome shall I then betray?  
 And saue this fellow, whom I hardly know,  
 That sau'd by me, he should without me goe,  
 Marry an other, and leaue me behind  
 To punishment? could he proue so vnkind,  
 Or for an other my deserts neglect;  
 Then should he dye. Such is not his aspect;  
 The clearenesse of his mind; his euery grace;  
 To feare deceit, or censure him so base.  
 Besides, before hand he shall plight his troth:  
 And bind the contract by a solemne oath.  
 What need thou doubt? goe on; delay decline:  
 Obliged *Iason* will be euer thine.  
*Hymen* shall crowne, and mothers celebrate  
 Their sons Protectresse through th' *Achaian* State:  
 My sister, brother, father, country, Gods;  
 Shall I abandon for vnkowne abodes?  
 Austere my father, barbarous my land,  
 My brother, a child; my sisters wishes stand



With my desires; the greatest God of all  
 My brest inshrines. What I forsake, is small :  
 Great hopes I follow. To receiue the grace  
 For *Argo's* safetie; know a better place  
 And Cities, which, in these far-distant parts,  
 Are famous; with ciuilitie, and arts:  
 And *Aeson's* son, whom I more dearly prize  
 Than wealthy Earth and all her Monarchies.  
 In him most happy, and affected by  
 The bounteous gods, my crown shall reach the sky.  
 They tell of Rocks that iustle in the maine:  
*Charybdis*, that sucks in, and casts againe  
 The wrackfull waues: how rau'nous *Scylla* waits  
 With barking dogs in rough *Sicilian* straits.  
 My loue possesse; in *Iason's* bosome laid;  
 Let seas swell high: I cannot be dismayd  
 While I infold my husband in my armes.  
 Or should I feare, I should but feare his harmes.  
 Call'st thou him husband? wilt thou then thy blame  
*Medea*, varnish with an honest name?  
 Consider well what thou intend'st to doe;  
 And, while thou maist, so foule a crime eschue.  
 Thus she. When honour, pietie, the right,  
 Before her stood; and *Cupid* put to flight.  
 Then goes where *Hecates* old Altar stood;  
 O're-shadowed by a dark and secret wood.  
 Her broken ardor she had now reclaim'd:  
 Which *Iason's* presence forth-with re-inflam'd.  
 Her cheeks bluish fire: her face with feruor flashes.  
 And as a dying cinder, rak't in ashes,  
 Fed by reuiuing windes, augmenting glows;  
 And toss'd, to accustom'd fury growes:

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So sickly Lone, which late appear'd to dye;  
New life assum'd from his inflaming eye.  
Whose looks by chance more beauty now discover  
Than heretofore: you might forgive the loue.  
Her eager eyes she riuets on his face;  
And, frantick, thinks him of no humane race:  
Nor could diuert her looks. As he his tongue  
Began t'vnloose, her faire hand softly wrung,  
Implor'd her aide, and promis'd her his bed:  
She answer made, with tearrs profusely shed.  
I see to what euent m' intentions moue:  
Nor ignorance deceiues me thus; but loue.  
You, by the vertue of my art, shall liue:  
In recompence, your faithfull promise giue.  
He, by the Altar of the Triple Powre,  
The groues which that great Deity imbowre,  
Her fathers Sire, to whom the hid appears,  
His owne successe, and so great danger, sweares.  
Beleeu'd: from her th' enchanted herbs receiues;  
With them, their vse: and his Protestresse leaues.

The Morrow had the sparkling stars defac't:  
When all in Mars's field assemble; plac't  
On circling ridges. Seated on a throne,  
The iuory-scepter'd King in scarlet thone.  
From adamant nostrils bras-hoou'd Buls now cast  
Hot Vultures, and the grasse with vapors blast.  
And as full forges, blowne by art, rebound;  
As puluer'd flints, infurnest vnder ground;  
By sprinkled water fire conceiue: so they  
Pent flames, inuolu'd in noysfull breasts, betray;  
So rumble their scorcht throates. Yet *Aeson* Heire  
Came brauely on: on whom they turne, and stare

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With terrible aspects; his ruine threat  
 With Steele-tipt horns. Inrag'd, their cleft booues beat  
 The thundring ground; whence clouds of dust arise;  
 And with their smoky bellowings rend the skies.  
 The *Minya* freeze with feare; but he remains  
 Vntoucht: such vertue Sorcery contains.  
 Their dew-laps boldly with his hand he strokes.  
 Inforc't to draw the plough with heavy yokes.  
 The *Colchians* at so strange a sight admire:  
 The *Minya* shout, and set his powres on fire.  
 Then, in his caske, the vipers teeth assumes:  
 Those in the turn'd-vp furrowes he inhumes.  
 Earth mollifies the poy's nous seeds, which spring;  
 And forth a haruest of new People bring.  
 And as an Embrion, in the womb inelos'd,  
 Assumes the forme of man; within compos'd,  
 Through all aecomplisht numbers; nor comes forth  
 To breathe in ayre, till his maturer growth:  
 So when the bowels of the teeming Earth  
 Grew great, she gaue mens perfect shapes their birth.  
 And, what's mote strange, with them, their armes ascends:  
 Who at th' *Aemonian* Youth their lances bend.  
 When this th' *Achajans* saw, they hung the head:  
 And all their courages for terror fled.  
 Euen she, who had secur'd him was affraid,  
 When she beheld so many one inuade.  
 A chil cold checks her blood; death looks lesse pale.  
 And lest the hearbs she gaue should chance to faile;  
 Vnheard auxiliarie charmes imparts:  
 And calls th' assistance of her secret Arts.  
 He hurles a massie stone among his foes:  
 Who on themselves conuert their deadly blowes.

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The Earth-borne brothers mutuall wounds destroy,  
And ciuill warre. The *Achines* skip for joy;  
And throng t' imbrace the Victor. Her the same  
Affection spurd, but was with-held by shame.  
Yet that too weake if none had lookt vpon her,  
Not vertue checkt her, but the wrack of honor.  
Now, in conceit, she hugs him in her armes;  
Applauds th' inuentiue Gods; with them, her charmes;  
To make the Dragon sleepe that neuer slept,  
Remaines; whose care the golden purchase kept.  
Bright crested, triple tongu'd; his cruell iawes  
Arm'd with sharpe phangs; his feet with dreadfull clawes;  
When once besprinkled with *Lethean* iuyce,  
And words repeated thrice; which sleepe produce,  
Calme the rough seas, and make swift riuers stand;  
His eye-lids vail'd to sleepes vnknowne command.  
The Heros, of the Golden Fleece possesse,  
Proud of the spoyle, with her whole fauour blest,  
His enterprize, an other Spoyle, now bore  
To sea; and lands on safe *Ionian* shore.

*Aemonian* parents, for their sons returne,  
Bring gratefull gifts, coniected incense burne;  
And chearfully with home-gilt offerings pay  
Religious vowes. But *Aeson* was away;  
Opprest with tedious age, now neere his tomb.  
When thus *Aesonides*: O wife, to whom  
My life I owe: though all I hold in chiefe  
From thy deserts, which far surpass e beliefe:  
If magick can (what cannot magick do?)  
Take yeeres from me; and his with mine renewe:  
Then wept. His pietie her passion stirs:  
Who sighs to thinke how yalike she had beene to hers.

Yet this concealing, answers: What a crime  
Hath slipt thy tongue? thinkst thou, that with thy time  
I can, or will, anothers life inuest?

*Hecate* fore-send! nor is't a iust request.

Yet *Iason*, we a greater gift will giue:

Thy father, by our art renew'd, shall liue,  
Without thy losse; if so the triple Powre  
Assist me with her presence in that howre.

Three nights yet wanted, ere the Moone could ioyne  
Her growing hornes. When with replenisht shine  
She fac't the earth; the Court she leaues; her haire  
Vntrest, her garments loose, her ankles bare:  
And wanders through the dead of drowfie Night  
With vnseene steps. Men, beasts, and birds of flight,  
Deepe Rest had bound in humid gyues; who crept  
So silently, as if her selfe had slept.

No Aspen wags, moyst ayre no sound receiues;  
Stars onely shine: to which her armes she heaues:  
Thrice turnes about; besprinkles thrice her crowne  
With gather'd deaw; thrice yawnes: and kneeling downe

O *Night*, thou friend to Secrets; you cleare fires,  
Thar, with the Moone, succeed when Day retires:  
Great *Hecate*, that know'st, and aid imparts  
To our designes; you Charms, and magick Arts:  
And thou, O Earth, that to Magicians yeelds  
Thy powerfull simples: aires, winds, mountaines, fields;  
Soft murmuring springs, still lakes, and riuers cleare:  
You Gods of woods; you Gods of night, appeare!  
By you, at will, I make swift streames retire  
To their first fountaynes, whilst their banks admire;  
Seas rosse, and smooth; cleere clouds, with clouds deforme;  
Stormes turne to calmes, and make a calme a Storme.

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With spels and charmes I breake the Vipers iaw,  
 Cleaue solid rocks, oke from their seasures draw,  
 Whole Woods remoue, the ayrie mountaines shake;  
 Earth grone, and ghosts from beds of death awake.  
 And thee, *Titania*, from thy sphere I hale:  
 Though ringing Cymballs thy extreames auale.  
 Our charmes thy charriot pale; our poys'nous weeds,  
 The frighted Morne; though drawne by rosie Steeds.  
 Flame-breathing buls you tam'd; you made them bow  
 Their stubborne necks vnto the seruill plow;  
 The Serpents brood by you selfe-slaughtered lyes;  
 Your slumbers clos'd the wakefull Dragons eyes.  
 At our command: and sent the Golden Fleece  
 (The guard deluded) to the towres of Greece.  
 Now need I drugs, that may old age indue  
 With vigour, and the flowre of youth reue.  
 Which you shall giue. Nor blaze these stars in vaines  
 Nor Dragous vainly through the ayrie maine  
 This Charriot draw. Hand by the charriot resta-  
 Mounting, she strokes the bridled dragons crests;  
 And shakes the raignes. Rapt vp, beneath her spies  
*Thessalian Tempe*; and her snakes applies  
 To parts retir'd. The hearbs that *Cissa* beare,  
 Steepe *Pelion*, *Othrys*, *Pindus*; euer cleare  
*Olympus*, who the lofty *Pindus* tops;  
 Vp-roots, or with her brazen Cycle crops.  
 Much gathers on the bank of *Apidan*;  
 By *Amphrysus* much; and where *Enipeus* rans  
 Nor *Sperchius*, nor *Peneus*, barren found:  
 Nor thee smoothe *Bæter* with sharpe rushes crown'd.  
 And raiht from *Enboan Anthedon*,  
 That herb, as yet by *Glaucus* change vnkowne.

By



By winged Dragons drawne, nine nights, nine dayes,  
 About the romes; and euery field suruayes:  
 Return'd: her Snakes, that did but onely smell  
 The Odors, cast their skins, and age expell.  
 Her feete to enter her owne roose refuse  
 Roofe by the sky: the touch of man eschues,  
 Two Altars builds of liuing turfe: the right  
 To *Herate*, the left to *Youth*. These dight  
 With *Vervin* and greene brought; hard by, two pits.  
 She forthwith digs: and sacrificing, flits  
 The throates of black-sleeft rams. With reaking blood;  
 The ditches fills; and powres thereon a flood  
 Of honey, and new milke, from turn'd vp bowles;  
 Repeating powerfull words. The King of Soules,  
 His rauisht Queene, inuokes; and Powers beneath,  
 Not to prevent her by old *Æson*s death.  
 With pray'rs, and long-breath'd murmurings appeas'd:  
 She bids them to produce the age-diseas'd.  
 Her sleepe-producing charme his spirits deads:  
 Who on the grasse his senselesse body spreads.  
 Charg'd *Asp*, and the rest, far-off with-drew:  
 Vnhallowed eyes might not such secrets view.  
 Furious *Medea*, with her haire vnbound,  
 About the flagrant Altar trots a Round.  
 The brands dips in the ditches, black with blood;  
 And on the Altars fires th'infected wood.  
 Thrice purges him with waters, thrice with flames,  
 And thrice with sulphur; muttering horrid names.  
 Meane while, in hollow brasie the medicine boyles:  
 And swelling high, in fomy bubbles toyles.  
 There seethes she what th' *Ænonian* vales produce;  
 Rootes, iuyces, flowres, and seeds of soueraigne vse.

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Addes precious stones, from farthest Orient rest :  
 And pibles, by the ebbing Ocean left.  
 The dew collected ere the Dawning Springs ;  
 A Screech-owles flesh, with her infamous wings.  
 The entrailes of ambiguous Wolves ; that can  
 Take, and forsake the figure of a man.  
 The liuer of a long-liu'd Hart: then takes  
 The scaly skins of small *Cinyphæan* snakes.  
 A Crowes black head, and poynted beake, was cast  
 Among the rest ; which had nine ages past.  
 These, and a thousand more ; without a name,  
 Were thus prepared by the barbarous Dame  
 For humane benefit. Th'ingredients now  
 She mingles with a wither'd olive bough.  
 Lo! from the caldron the dry stick receiues  
 First verdure ; and a little after, leaues ;  
 Forth-with, with ouer-burnding Olines deckt.  
 The skipping spume which vnder flames ciect,  
 Vpon the ground descended in a dew:  
 Whence vernall flowres, and springing pasture grew.  
 This scene, she cuts the old mans throte ; out-scrus'd:  
 His scarce-warme blood, and her receipt infus'd.  
 Suckt in at mouth or wound, his beard and head  
 Black haire forth-with adorne, the hoary shed.  
 Pale colour, morphue, meger looks remove:  
 And vnder-rising flesh his wrinkles smoothe.  
 His limmes wax strong and lustie. *Æson* much  
 Admires his change : himselfe remembers such  
 Twice twenty summers past. With all, indu'd.  
 A youthfull mind : and both at once renew'd.  
 This wonder from on high *Lyas* views:  
 By *Co'chis* gift his nurses dates renews.

Least fraud should faile; she, with her bed's Consort  
 Dissention faines, and flies to *Pelias* Court.  
 His daughters (for lad Age the King arrests)  
 Her entertaine. Who soone with fly protests  
 Of forged loue allures their quick beliefe.  
 Among her merits mentions the reprieve  
 Of *Æsons* yeares; insisting on that part:  
 This hope ingenders, that her able Art  
 Might so their father's vanisht youth restore:  
 Whom they, with infinite rewards implore.  
 She, musing, seemes to doubt: and, with pretence,  
 Of difficultie, holds them in suspence.  
 But when she had a tardy promise made;  
 To win your stedfast confidence (she said)  
 Take from your flocks the most age-shaken Ram;  
 And suddenly he shall become a Lamb.  
 Streight thither by the wreathed hornes they drew  
 A sunk-ey'd Ram; whose youth none liuing knew.  
 Now, at his riucl'd throte, out-lanching life  
 (Whose little blood could hardly staine her knife)  
 His carcasfe she into a caldron throwes:  
 With it, her drugs. Each limb more slender growes;  
 He casts his hornes, and with his hornes his yeares:  
 Anon a tender bleating strikes their eares.  
 While they admire, out skips a frisking lamb;  
 That sports, and seekes the vlder of his dam.  
 Fixt with amaze: they, strongly now possist,  
 Her promise more importunately prest.  
 Thrice *Phæbus* had vnyok't his panting Steeds,  
 Drencht in *Iberian* Seas; whilst Night succeeds,  
 Studded with stars: when false *Medea* tooke,  
 With vselesse herbs, meere water of the brooke.

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On *Pelias*, and his drowfie Guard, she hung  
A death-like sleepe with her enchanting tongue.  
Whom now the so-instructed sisters led  
Into his chamber ; and besiege his bed.

Why pause you thus, said she, ô slow to good !  
Vnsheath your swords, and shed his aged blood ;  
That I his veines with sprightly iuyce may fill :  
His life and youth depend vpon your will.  
If you haue any vertue, nor pursue  
Vnfruitfull hopes, performe this filiall due.  
With Steele your fathers age expulse, and purge  
His dregs through wounds. Their zeale her speeches urge.  
Who were most pious, in pious first became :  
And, by auoyding, perpetrate the same.  
Yet hearts they had not to behold the blow :  
But, with auerted lookes, blind wounds bestow.  
He, blond-imbrew'd, his heary head aduanc't :  
Halfe-mangled, stroue to rise. Who now intranc't  
Amidst so many swords, his armes vp-held ;  
And, Daughters, cry'd, what doe you ! what compeld  
Those cruell hands t' inuade your fathers life !  
Downe sunke their hands and hearts. *Medea's* knife,  
With following speech his throte asunder cuts :  
And his hackt limmes in seething liquor puts.

And had not Dragons rapt her through the skies,  
Reuenge had tortur'd her. Aloft she flies  
Ore shady *Pelion*, god-like *Chiron's* Den,  
Aspiring *Oebrys*, hills renown'd by men  
For old *Cerambus* safety : who, by aide  
Of fauouring Nymphs, reliefe full wings displaide ;  
While swallowing waues the waighty earth surrounde  
And swolne *Uenealions* surges scap't vndrown'd.

*Æolian*

*Æolian Pitane* on her left hand leaues;  
 That marblè which the Serpents shape receiues;  
*Idean* groues, where *Iber* turn'd a *Stoere*  
 (To cloke his sons flye theft.) into a *Deere*;  
 The sand-heape which *Corytus* *Sire* containes;  
 And where new-barking *Mene* frights the plaines:  
*Euryphylus* towne, where hornes the *Matrons* sham'd;  
 Of *Co*, when *Hercules* the *Coans* tam'd;  
*Phæbeian Rhode*; *Ialysian Telchines*,  
 Drencht by *Ioue's* vengeance in his brothers seas,  
 For all transforming with their vitious eyes:  
 By *Cea's* old *Cartibean* turrets flies,  
 Where fates *A'cidamas* with wonder moue,  
 To thinke his daughter could become a *Doue*.  
 Then *Hyries* lake, *Cyrcneian Tempe* view'd,  
 Grac't by a *Swan* with sudden plumes indu'd.  
 For *Phyllis* there, had, at a *Boyes* command,  
 Wild birds, and saluage *Lyons*, brought to hand:  
 Who bid to tame a *Bull*, his will perform'd;  
 Yet as so sterne a loue not seldome storm'd,  
 And his last purchase to the boy deny'd.  
 Pouting, You'l wish you had giuen it me, he cry'd;  
 And iumpt from downe-right cliffs. All held him bairn'd;  
 When spredding wings a siluer *Swan* sustain'd  
 His Mother (ignorant thereof) became  
 A Lake with weeping: which they *Hyrie* name.  
 Next *Pleuron* lies, where *Opbian Combe* shuns,  
 With trembling wings, her life pursuing sons.  
 Then neere *Latona* lou'd *Calceura* rang'd,  
 In which the King and Queene to birds were chang'd;  
*Cyllene* on the right hand (where the beast  
*Menephron* would his mother haue compr'est.)

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*Cephisus* spies ( who for his nephew mourn'd ;  
Into a Sea-calfc by *Apollo* turn'd ).  
*Eumelus* Court, whose daughter sads her Sire,  
With mounting wings. Her Snakes at length retire,  
To *Piren*, *Ephyr* : men, if Fame say true,  
Here at the first from shower-rayld mufhrumps grew.

But after *colebis* had the new-wed Dame,  
And *Creons* Pallace, wrapt in Magick flame ;  
When impious Steele her childrens bloud had shed,  
The ill-reueng'd from *Insons* fury fled.  
Whom now the swift *Titanian* Dragons draw  
To *Pallas* towres. Those thee, iust *Phineus*, saw;  
And thee, old *Periphar*, at once to flie :  
Where *Polyphemus* Neece new wings supply.  
*Ageus* entertaines her ( of his life  
The onely staine ) and took her for his wife.  
Here *Thescus* maskt vnknown : who, great in Deed  
Had two-sea'd *Isthmos* from oppression freed.  
Whose vndermined ruin *Phasias* sought  
By mortall *Aconite*, from *Scythia* brought.  
This from *Ecbidna's* hel-bound essence drawes.  
There is a blind steepe caue with foggy iawes,  
Through which the bold *Trynthian* Heros strain'd  
Drag'd *Cerberus*, with adamant inchain'd.  
Who backward hung, and scouling, lookt a-skew  
On glorious Day ; with anger rabid grew:  
Thrice howles, thrice barks at once, with his three heads ;  
And on the grasse his spumy poyson sheds.  
This sprung ; attracting from the fruitfull soyle  
Dire nourishment, and powre of deathfull spoyle.  
The rurall Swaines, because it takes delight  
In liuing rocks, surnam'd it *Aconite*.

*Ageus,*



*Ægeus*, by her sly perswasions wonne;  
 As to a foe, presents it to his sonne.  
 He took the cup: when by the iuory hilt  
 Of *Theseus* sword, *Ægeus* found her guilt;  
 And struck the potion from his lips. With charmes  
 Ingendring clouds, she scapes his lengthlesse armes.  
 Though glad of his sons safetic, a chill feare  
 Shooke all his powers, that danger was so neere.  
 With fire he feeds the Altars, richly feasts  
 The Gods with gifts. Whole Hecatombs of beasts  
 (Their hornes with ribands wreath'd) imbrew the ground.  
 No day, they say, was euer so renown'd.  
 Amongst th' *Athenians*. Noble, vulgar, all,  
 Together celebrate that Festiuall.  
 And sing, when flowing bowles their spirits raise:  
 Great *Theseus*, *Marathon* resounds thy praise  
 For slaughter of the *Cretan* Bull. Secure  
 They liue, who *Cremyon*s wasted fields manure,  
 By thy exploit and bounty. *Vulcan*s Seed  
 By thee glad *Epidaur*e beheld to bleed.  
 Immane *Procrustes* death *Cephæa* view'd:  
*Elusis*, *Cercyon*'s. *Scinis* ill indu'd.  
 With strength so much abus'd; who *Beeches* bent,  
 And tortur'd bodyes 'twixt their branches rent,  
 Thou slew'st. The way which to *Alcathoe* led  
 Is now secure, inhumane *Scyron* dead.  
 The Earth his scatter'd bones a graue deny'd;  
 Nor would the Sea his hated reliques hide:  
 Which rossed to and fro, in time became  
 A solid rock: the rock we *Scyron* name.  
 If we thy yeares should number with thy acts;  
 Thy yeares would proue a cypher to thy facts.

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Great soule ! for thee, as for our publique wealth,  
We pray ; and quaffe *Lyeus* to thy health.

The Pallace with the peoples praises rings :  
And sacred Ioy in eucry bosome springs.

*Egeus* yet ( no pleasure is compleat :  
Griefe twins with ioy.) for *Theseus* safe receit  
Reapes little comfort. *Minos* makes a war :

Though strong in men and ships, yet stronger far  
Through vengeance of a father : who, his harmes  
In slaine *Androgeus*, scourgeth with iust armes.

Yet wisely first endeouours forraine aid :  
And all the Ilands of that Sea suruai'd.

Who *Anaphe* and *Astipalea* gain'd ;

The one by gifts, the other war constrain'd :

Low *Mycone*, *Cimolus* chalkie fields,

High *Scyros*, *Siphnus*, which rich metals yeelds,

Champion *Seriphos*, *Paros* far display'd

With marble browes, and *Cythnos* il-betray'd

By impious *Arne* for yet-loved gold ;

Turn'd to a Chough, whom sable plumes infold.

*Oliaros*, *Didyme* the Sea-lou'd soyle

Of *Tenos*, *Peparethos* far with oyle,

*Andros*, and *Gyaros* ; these their aid deny'd.

The *Gnosian* fleet from thence their sailes apply'd

Vnto *Oenopia*, for her children fam'd.

*Oenopia* by the ancient dwellers nam'd :

But *Æacus*, there raining, call'd the same :

*Ægina*, of his honour'd mothers name.

All throng to see a Prince of so great worth.

Straight *Ielamon* and *Peleus*, issuing forth,

With *Phocus*, youngest of that royall race,

Make haste to meet him. With a tardie pace

Came aged *Æacus*, and askt the cause  
 Of his repaire. At those sad thoughts he drawes  
 His breath in sighs: some intermission made,  
 The Ruler of the hundred Cities said.  
 Assist our armes, borne for my murdred son;  
 And in this pious war our fortunes run:  
 Giue comfort to his graue. The King reply'd:  
 In vaine you aske what needs must be deny'd.  
 No Citie is in stricter league than ours  
 Conioyn'd to *Athens*: mutuall are our powres.  
 He, parting, said: Your league shall cost you deare.  
 And held it better far, to threat, than beare  
 An accidentall warre; whereby he might  
 Consume his force before he came to fight.

Yet might they see the *Cretans* vnder saile  
 From high built walls: when, with a leading gale,  
 The *Atuck* ship attain'd their friendly shore:  
 Which *Cephalus*, and his embassage, bore.  
 Th<sup>t</sup> *Æacides* him knew (though many a day  
 Vnscene) imbrace, and to the Court conuay.  
 The goodly Prince, who yet the pledges held  
 Of those perfections, which in youth exceld,  
 Enters the Pallace; bearing in his hand  
 A branch of Oliue. At his elbowes stand  
*Cytus*, and *Butes*; valorous and young:  
 Who from the loynes of high-borne *Pallas* sprung.  
 First *Cephalus* his full oration made;  
 Which shew'd his message, and demanded aid:  
 Their leagues, an ancient loues to mind recalls;  
 And how all *Greece* was threatned in their falls:  
 With eloquence inforc't his embassie.  
 When God-like *Æacus* made this replie.



( His royall scepter shining in his hand )  
*Athenians*, craue not succour, but command:  
 This Ilands forces yours vouchsafe to call;  
 For in your ayde I will aduenture all.  
 Souldiers I haue enow, at once t'oppose  
 My enemies, and to repell your foes.  
 The Gods be prais'd, and happy times, that will  
 Seeke no excuses. May your Citie still  
 Increase with people; *Cephalus* reply'd.  
 At my approach I not a little ioy'd  
 To meet so many youths of equall yeares,  
 So fresh and lustie. Yet not one appears  
 Of those who heretofore your towne possist;  
 When first you entertayn'd me for a Guest.

Then *Æacus*, (in sighs his words ascend )  
 A sad beginning had a better end.  
 Would I could vter all: Day would expire  
 Ere all were told, and t'would your patience tire.  
 Their bones, and ashes, silent graues inclose;  
 And what a treasure perished with those!  
 By *Juno's* wrath, a dreadfull pestilence  
 Deuour'd our liues: who tooke vniust offence,  
 In that this Ile her Riuals name profest.  
 While it seem'd humane, and the cause vnghest;  
 So long we death-repelling Physick try'd:  
 But those diseases vanquish't Art deride.  
 Heauen first, the earth with thickned vapors shrouds;  
 And lazic heat inuolues in sullen clouds.  
 Foure pallid moones their growing hornes vnite,  
 And had as oft with-drawne their feeble light;  
 Yet still the death-producing *Auster* blew.  
 Sunke springs, and standing lakes infected grew:

Serpents

Serpents in vntild fields by millions creepe;  
 And in the streames their tainting poysons steepe.  
 First, dogs, sheepe, oxen, fowle that flagging fly,  
 And saluage beasts, the swift infection try.  
 Sad Swaines, amazed, see their oxen shrink  
 Beneath the yoke, and in the furrowes sink.  
 The fleecie flocks with anguish faintly bleat;  
 Let fall their wooll, and pine away with heat,  
 The generous Horse that from th'*Olympicks* late  
 Return'd with honour, now degenerate,  
 Vnmindfull of the glory of his prize;  
 Grones at his manger, and there deedlesse dyes.  
 The Bore forgets his rage: swift feet now faile  
 The Hart: nor Beares the horned Herd assaile.  
 All languish. Woods, fields, paths (no longer bare)  
 Are fil'd with carkasses, that stench the aire.  
 Which neither dogs, nor greedy fowle (how much  
 To be admir'd!) nor hoary wolues would touch.  
 Falling, they rot: which deadly Odors brod,  
 That round about their dire contagion spread.  
 Now raues among the wretched country Swaines:  
 Now in our large and populous Citie raignes.  
 At first, their bowels broyle, with feruor stretcht:  
 The symptoms; rednesse, hot wind hardly fetcht.  
 Their furd tongs swell; their drie iawes gasp for breath;  
 And with the ayre inhale a swifter death.  
 None could indure or couerture, or bed:  
 But on the stones their panting bosoms spread.  
 Cold stones could no way mitigate that heat:  
 Euen they beneath those burning burdens sweat.  
 None cure attempt: the sterne Disease inuades  
 The heartlesse Leech; nor Art her author aids.

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The neere ally'd, whose care the sick attends,  
 Sicken themselves, and dye before their friends.  
 Of remedy they see no hope at all,  
 But onely in approaching funerall.  
 All cherish their desires : for helpe none care :  
 Help was there none. In shamelesse throngs repaire  
 To springs and wells : there cleaue, in bitter strife  
 Tinguish thirst ; but first tinguish life.  
 Nor could th'e-re-charg'd arise ; but dying, sink :  
 And of those tainted waters, others drink.  
 The wretches lothe their tedious beds : thence breake  
 With giddy steps. Or, if now growne too weake,  
 Roule on the floore : there quitted houses hate,  
 As guilty of their miserable fate ;  
 And, ignorant of the cause, the place accuse :  
 Halfe-ghosts, they walk, while they their legs could vse.  
 You might see others on the earth lye mourning ;  
 Their heauy eyes with dying motion turning :  
 Stretching their armes to heauen, where euer death  
 Surpris'd them, parting with their sigh't-out breath.  
 O what a heart had I ! or ought to haue !  
 I loth'd my life, and wisht with them a graue.  
 Which way soeuer I conuert my eye,  
 The breathlesse multitude disperd lye.  
 Like perisht apples, dropping with the strokes  
 Of rocking windes ; or acornes from broad okes.  
 See you yon Temple, mounted on high staires ?  
 'Tis *Iupiter*. Who hath not offer'd prayers,  
 And slighted incense there ! husbands for wiues ;  
 Fathers for sons : and while they pray, their liues  
 Before th'inexorable altars vent ;  
 With incense in their hands, halfe yet vnspent ?

How



How oft the ox, vnto the temple brought,  
 While yet the Priest the angry Powres besought,  
 And pour'd pure wine betwene his hornes; fell down  
 Before the axe had toucht his curled crowne!  
 To *Iupiter* about to sacrifice,  
 For me, my country, sons; with horrid noyse  
 Th'vnwounded Offering fell: the blood that life  
 Bore into exile, hardly staine the knife.  
 The Inwards lost their signes of heauens presage;  
 Out-raized by the sterne Diseases rage.  
 The dead before the sacred doores were laid:  
 Before the Altars too; the Gods t'vpbraid.  
 Some choke themselves with cords: by death eschue  
 The feare of death; and following Fates pursue.  
 Dead corps, without the Dues of funerall,  
 They weakly beare: the ports are now too small.  
 Or vn-inhum'd they lye: or else are throwne  
 On wealthlesse pyles. Respect is giuen to none.  
 For Pyles they strue: on those their kinsfolke burne,  
 That flame for others. None are left to mourne.  
 Ghosts wander vndeplor'd by sons or fires:  
 Nor is there roome for tombs, or wood for fires.

Astonisht with these tempests of extreames:  
 O *Ioue*, said I, if they be more than dreames  
 That wrapt thee in *Aegina's* armes; nor shame  
 That I, thy son, should thee my father name:  
 Render me mine, or render me a graue!  
 With prosperous thunder-claps a signe he gaue.  
 I take it, said I; let this Omen be  
 A happy pledge of thy intents to me;  
 Hard by, a goodly Oke, by fortune, stood,  
 Sacred to *Ioue*; of *Dadon*ean wood:

Graine.

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Graine-gathering Ants there, in long files I saw,  
 Whose little mouthes selfe-greater burthens draw;  
 Keeping their paths along the rugged rine.  
 While I admire their number: O diuine,  
 And cuer helpfull ! giue to me, said I,  
 As many men ; who may the dead supply.  
 The trembling oke his loftie top declin'd;  
 And murmured without a breath of wind.  
 I shooke with feare: my tresses stood an end:  
 Yet on the earth and oke I kisses spend.  
 I durst not seeme to hope ; yet hope I did:  
 And in my brest my cherisht wishes hid.  
 Night came ; and Sleepe care-wasted bodies chear'd;  
 Before my eyes the selfe-same Oke appear'd ;  
 So many branches, as before, there were ;  
 So many busie Ants those branches beare ;  
 So shooke the Oke, and with that motion threw  
 To vnder-earth the graine-supporting crew.  
 Greater and greater straight they seeme to fight  
 To raise themselues from earth, and stand vp-right.  
 Whom numerous feet, black colour, lanknesse leaues  
 And instantly a humane shape receiue.  
 Now Sleep with-drew. My dream I waking blame:  
 And on the small-performing Gods exclaime.  
 Yet heard a mightie noyse ; and seem'd to heare  
 Almost forgotten voyces : yet I feare  
 That this a dreame was also. Whereupon,  
 The doore thrust open, in rusht *Telamon* ;  
 Come forth, said he, O father ; and behold  
 What hope transcends ; nor can with faith be told!  
 Forth went I ; and beheld the men which late  
 My dreame presented: such in euery state

I saw ; and knew them. They salute their King.  
*Ioue* prais'd : a partie to the towne I bring ;  
 Among the rest I share the fields : and call  
 Them *Myrmidons* of their originall.  
 You see their persons : such their manners are  
 As formerly. A people giuen to spare,  
 Patient of labour ; what they get, preserue.  
 They, like in yeares and mindes, these wars shall serue,  
 And follow your conduct ; when first this wind  
 (The wind blew Easterly ) that was so kind  
 To bring you hither, will to your auaille  
 Conuert it selfe into a Southerne gale.

Discourfe thus entertain'd the day ; with feasts  
 They crowne the euening : Sleep the Night inuicta  
 The morning Sun proiects his golden rayes :  
 Still *Eurus* blew ; and their departure stayes.  
 Now *Pallas* sons to *Cephalus* resort,  
 And *Cephalus*, with *Pallas* sons, to Court,  
 With early visits : ( sleepe the King inchaines ).  
 Whom *Phocus* in the Presence entertaines.  
 For *Peleus*, with his brother *Telamon*,  
 To raise an army were already gone.  
 Meane-while th' *Athenians* *Phocus* leads into  
 The Priuy chamber, beautifull to view.  
 Talking ; his eyes vpon the iauelin seaze,  
 Which grac't the fingers of *Æolides*.  
 I haunt, said he, the woods ; delight in blood  
 Of saluage beasts ; yet know not of what wood  
 Your dart is made of. If of ash it were  
 'Tould look more brown ; if Cornel, 'twould appeare  
 More knotty : on what tree so'ere it grew,  
 My eyes did neuer such another view.

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One of th' *Athean* brethren made reply :

You would more wonder at the quality.

It hits the aim'd at, not by fortune led ;

And of it selfe returnes with slaughter red.

*Phocus* the cause desireth much to know :

From whence it came ; and who did it bestow.

He yeelds to his request ; yet things well knowne ;

Restrain'd by modesty, he lets alone.

Who toucht with sorrow for his wife, that bleeds

In his remembrance ; thus with teares proceeds.

This Dart, ô Goddesse-borne, prouokes these teares

And euer would, if endlesse were my yeares.

This me, in my vnhappy wife, destroy'd :

This gift I would I neuer had inioy'd !

*Procris* *Orithya's* sister was ; if Fame

Haue more inform'd you of *Orithya's* name.

Yet she ( should you their minds and formes confer )

More worth the rape. *Erechtheus*, mee to her,

And loue, vnite. Then happy I happy, I

Might yet haue beene. But ô, the Gods enuy !

Two months were now consum'd in chaste delight

When gray *Aurora*, hauing vanquish't Night,

Beheld me on the euer-fragrant hill

Of steepe *Hymettus* : and, against my will,

As I my toyles extended, bare me thence.

I may the truth declare without offence :

Though rosie be her cheeks ; although she sway

The dewy Confines of the Night and Day,

And Nectar drink ; my *Procris* all possest :

My heart was hers ; my tongue her prayse profess.

I told her of our holy nuptiall ties ;

Of wedlocks breach ; and yet scarce tasted ioyes.

Fire-red, she said; thy harsh complaints forbear:  
 Possesse thy *Procris*. Though so faire, so deare;  
 Thou'lt wish th'hadst neuer knowne her, if I know  
 Insewing fate: and angry, lets me goe.  
 Her words I ponder as I went along:  
 And 'gan to doubt she might my honour wrong.  
 Her youth and beauty tempt me to distrust:  
 Her vertue checks those feares, as most vniust.  
 But I was absent: but example fed  
 My ieaousie: but louers all things dread.  
 I seeke my sorrowes; and with gifts intend  
 To tempt the chaste. *Aurora* proues a friend  
 To this suspicion; and my forme translates.  
 Vnknowne, I enter the *Athenian* gates;  
 And then my owne. The house from blame was free:  
 In decent order, and perplex for me.  
 Scarce with a thousand sleights I gain'd a view:  
 View'd with astonishment, I scarce pursue  
 My first intent: scarce could I but reueale  
 The truth; and pardon with due kisses seale.  
 She was full sad: yet louelier none than she,  
 Euen in that sadnesse: sorrowfull for me.  
 How excellent, ô *Phocus*, was that face,  
 Which could in griefe retaine so sweet a grace?  
 What need I tell how often I assail'd  
 Her vexed chastitie! how often fail'd!  
 How often said she! One I onely serue:  
 For him, where euer, I my ioyes preferue.  
 What mad man would such faith haue farther prest,  
 But I? industrious in my owne vnrest.  
 With deepe protests, and gifts still multiply'd,  
 At length she wauers. False of faith, I cry'd,

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Thou art disclos'd : I, no adulterer;  
 But thy wrong'd spouse : nor can this tryall erre.  
 She made no answer, prest with silent shame.  
 Th'insidious house, and me, far more in blame,  
 Forsaking; man-kind for my sake eschues:  
 And *Dian*-like the mountaine chace pursues.  
 Abandon'd ; hotter flames my blood incense.  
 I beg'd her pardon, and confest m'offence:  
 And said, *Aurora* might haue me subdude  
 With such inticements, had but she so woo'd.  
 My fault confest, her wrong reuenged, wee  
 Grow reconcil'd ; and happily agree.  
 Besides her selfe, as though that gift were small,  
 A Dog she gaue: which *Cynthia* giuing; All,  
 Said she, surpassse in swiftnesse: and this Speare  
 You so commend, which in my hand I beare.  
 Doe you the fortune of the first inquire?  
 Receiue a wonder: and the fact admire.

Dark prophesies, not vnderstood of old,  
 The *Naiades* with searching wits vnfold.  
 When sacred *Themis*, in that so obscure,  
 Neglected grew. Nor could she this indure.  
 A cruell Beast infests th' *Adonian* plaines;  
 To many fatall: fear'd by country Swaines,  
 Both for their cattle, and themselues. We meet:  
 And with our toyles the ample fields beset.  
 He nimble skips about the vpper lines:  
 And mounting ouer, frustrates our designs.  
 Their dogs the'vncouple; whose pursuit he out-springe:  
 With no lesse speed, than if supply'd by wings,  
 All bid me let my *Lelaps* slip ( for so  
 My dog was call'd ) who struggling long agoe;



Fire-red, she said; thy harsh complaints forbear:  
 Possesse thy *Procris*. Though so faire, so deare;  
 Thou'lt wish th'hadst neuer knowne her, if I know  
 Insewing fate: and angry, lets me goe.  
 Her words I ponder as I went along:  
 And 'gan to doubt she might my honour wrong.  
 Her youth and beauty tempt me to distrust:  
 Her vertue checks those feares, as most vniust.  
 But I was absent: but example fed  
 My ieaiousie: but louers all things dread.  
 I seeke my sorrowes; and with gifts intend  
 To tempt the chaste. *Aurora* proues a friend  
 To this suspition; and my forme translates.  
 Vnknowne, I enter the *Athenian* gates;  
 And then my owne. The house from blame was free:  
 In decent order, and perplex for me.  
 Scarce with a thousand sleights I gain'd a view:  
 View'd with astonishment, I scarce pursue  
 My first intent; scarce could I but reueale  
 The truth; and pardon with due kisses seale.  
 She was full sad: yet louelier none than she,  
 Euen in that sadnesse: sorrowfull for me.  
 How excellent, ô *Phocus*, was that face,  
 Which could in griefe retaine so sweet a grace?  
 What need I tell how often I assail'd  
 Her vexed chastitie! how often fail'd!  
 How often said she! One I onely serue:  
 For him, where euer, I my ioyes preserue.  
 What mad man would such faith haue farther prest,  
 But I? industrious in my owne vnrest.  
 With deepe protests, and gifts still multiply'd,  
 At length she wauers. False of faith, I cry'd,

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Thou art disclos'd : I, no adulterer;  
 But thy wrong'd spouse : nor can this tryall erre.  
 She made no answer, prest with silent shame.  
 Th'insidious house, and me, far more in blame,  
 Forsaking; man-kind for my sake eschues:  
 And *Dian*-like the mountaine chace pursues.  
 Abandon'd ; hotter flames my blood incense.  
 I beg'd her pardon, and confest m'offence:  
 And said, *Aurora* might haue me subdude  
 With such inticements, had but she so woo'd.  
 My fault confest, her wrong reuenged, wee  
 Grow reconcil'd ; and happily agree.  
 Besides her selfe, as though that gift were small,  
 A Dog she gaue: which *Cynthia* giuing; All,  
 Said she, surpasse in swiftnesse: and this Speare  
 You so commend, which in my hand I beare.  
 Doe you the fortune of the first inquire?  
 Receiue a wonder : and the fact admire.

Dark prophesies, not vnderstood of old,  
 The *Naiades* with searching wits vnfold.  
 When sacred *Themis*, in that so obscure,  
 Neglected grew. Nor could she this indure.  
 A cruell Beast infests th' *Adonian* plaines;  
 To many fatall: fear'd by country Swaines,  
 Both for their cattle, and themselves. We met:  
 And with our toyles the ample fields beset.  
 He nimble, skips about the vpper lines:  
 And mounting ouer, frustrates our designes.  
 Their dogs the' vncouple; whose pursuit he out-springe:  
 With no lesse speed, than if supply'd by wings,  
 All bid me let my *Lelaps* slip (for so  
 My dog was call'd) who struggling long agoe;

Halfe-throtled, straind the leash. No sooner gone,  
 Than out of sight; his foot-steps left vpon  
 The burning sand: who vanish from our eyes  
 As swiftly as a well-driuen iauelin flies;  
 Or as a singing pellet from a sling;  
 Or as an arrow from a *Cretan* string.  
 I mount a hill which ouer-topt the place;  
 From thence beholding this admired chace.  
 The Beast now pincht appeares, now shuns by flight  
 His catching iawes. Nor (crafty) runs out-right;  
 Nor trusts his heeles: with nimble turnings shunning  
 His vrgent foe; cast back by ouer-running.  
 Who prest, what onely might in speed compare;  
 Appeares to catch th' vncaught; and moueth the aire.  
 My dart I take to aide: which, while I shooke,  
 And on the thong direct my hastie looke  
 To fit my fingers; looking vp againe,  
 I saw two marble statues on the plaine.  
 Had you these seene, you could not chuse but say  
 That this appear'd to run, and that to bay.  
 That neither should each other ouer-goe  
 The Gods decree'd: if Gods descend so low.

Thus he: here paus'd. Then *Phocus*; Pray vnfold  
 Your darts offence. Which *Cephalus* thus told.  
 Ioy grieve fore-runs: that ioy we first recite.  
 For o, those times I mention with delight,  
 When youth and *Hymen* crown'd our happy life:  
 She, in her husband blest; I in my wife.  
 In both one care, and one affection moues.  
 She would not haue exchange'd my bed for *Ioues*;  
 Nor *Venus* could haue tempted my desire:  
 Our bosoms flam'd with such an equall fire.

When



When *Sol* had rais'd his beames aboue the floods;  
 My custome was to trace the leauy woods;  
 Arm'd with this dart, I solitary went,  
 Without horse, huntsmen, toyles, or dogs of sent.  
 Much kild; I to the cooler shades repaire:  
 And where the yallic breathes a fresher aire.  
 Coole aire I seeke, while all with feruor gloses:  
 Coole aire expect, my trauels sweet repose.  
 Come aire, I wont to sing, relieue th'oppress;  
 Come, ô most welcome, glide into my brest:  
 Now quench, as erst, in me this scalding heat.  
 By chance I other blandishments repeat;  
 ( So Fates inforce ) as, ô my soules delight!  
 By thee I am fed and chear'd: thy sweets excite  
 My affections to these woods: ô life of death!  
 May euer I inhale thy quickning breath!

A busie eare these doubtfull speeches caught;  
 Who oft-nam'd aire some much-lou'd *Dryad* thought;  
 And told to *Procris*, with a leuder tongue,  
 His false surmises; with the song I sung.  
*Loue* is too credulous. With griefe she faints;  
 And scarce reuiuing, bursts into complaints:  
 My spotlesse faith with furie execrates.  
 Woe's me, she cries, produc't to cruell fates!  
 Transported with imaginarie blame,  
 What is not, feares: an vnsubstantiall name.  
 Yet grieues ( poore soule! ) as if in truth abus'd:  
 Yet often doubts; and her distrust accus'd.  
 Now holds the information for a lye:  
 Nor will trust other witnesse than her eye.  
*Aurora* re-inthron'd th'insuing Day:  
 I hunt, and speed. As on the grasse I lay,

Come aire, said I, my tyred spirits cheare.  
 At this an yknowne sighe inuades my eare.  
 Yet I ; O come, before all ioyes prefer'd.  
 Among the withered leaues a rustling heard,  
 I threw my dart ; supposing it some beast :  
 But ô, 'twas *Procris* I wounded on the brest,  
 Shee shrecks, ay me ! Her voycc too well I knew :  
 And thither, with my griefe distracted, flew.  
 Halfe dead, all blood-imbrew'd, my wife I found :  
 Her gife (alas ! ) exhaling from her wound.  
 I rais'd her body, than my owne more deare :  
 To bind her wounds my lighter garment teare ;  
 And strue to stench the blood. O pittie take,  
 Said I, nor thus a guilty soule forsake !  
 She, weake, and now a dying, thus applies  
 Her tongues forc't motion : By our nuptiall ties ;  
 By heauen-imbowed Gods ; by those below,  
 To whose infernall monarchy I goe :  
 By that, if euer I deserued well ;  
 By this ill-fated loue, for which I fell,  
 Yet now in death most constantly retaine ;  
 O, let not *Ayie* our chaster-bed prophane.  
 This said ; I show'd, and she perceiued how  
 That error grew : but what auail'd it now ?  
 She sinkes ; her blood along her spirits rooke :  
 Who looks on me as long as she could looke.  
 My lips her soule receiue, with her last breath :  
 Who, now resolved, sweetly smiles in death.  
 The weeping *Hero's* told this tragedy  
 To those that wept as fast. The King drew nye  
 And his two sons, with wel-arm'd Regiments,  
 New-rai'd ; which he to *Cephalus* presents.

# OVID'S

## METAMORPHOSIS.

### The Eighth Booke.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

**H**Armonious walls. Lend Scylla new despair;  
 With Nisus, chang'd: the Larke the Hobby dyes.  
 Ariadnes Crowne a Constellation made.  
 Th'immentine youth a Partridge; still affraid  
 Of mounting. Meleagers Sisters mourne  
 His tragédie: to Foule, so named, turne.  
 Fine water Nymphs the fine Echinades  
 Desfigure. Perimele, nere to these,  
 Becomes an land. Ione and Hermes take  
 The formes of men. A Citie turn'd a Lake.  
 A Cottage to a Temple. That good pare,  
 Old Baucis and Philemon, chang'd are.  
 At once to sacred Trees. In various shapes  
 Blew Proteus parts. Of selfe, chang'd Metra shapes.  
 Scorn'd servitude. The Streame of Calydon  
 Forsakes his crone, and other shapes puts on.

**N**OW Lucifer exalts the Day: to hell  
 Old Night descends. The Easterne winds now fell;  
 Moyst clouds arose: when gentle Southerne gales  
 Befriend returning Cephalus. Full sailes  
 Wing his successfull course: who, long before  
 All expectation, toucht the wished shore.



Meane-while iust *Minos* wastes *Lelegia's* coast,  
 And girts *Alcothoes* Citie with his Hoast.  
 This *Nisus* held; whose head a Purple haire,  
 'Mong those of honourable siluer, bare:  
 His Kingdomes strength. Sixe aged Moones grew young:  
 Yet warres successe in equall ballance hung.  
 Slow Victorie, not knowing what to doe,  
 With doubtfull wings, 'twixt either armie flew.  
 A regall Tower, with vocall walls, there stands;  
 Erected by *Apollo's* sacred hands:  
 Whereon, they say, his golden Lyre he lay'd;  
 Which then from thence a gratefull sound conuay'd.  
 This, *Nisus* daughter oft ascends alone;  
 And drops small pebbles on the warbling stone;  
 In time of peace. When warre had peace expeld,  
 From thence the conflicts of sterne *Mars* beheld.  
 By this delay, the Princes names she knowes;  
 Their armes, horse, habits, and *Cydonian* bowes:  
*Europa's* Son, the Generall, yet knew,  
 More than the rest, more than 'twas fit to doe.  
 For when he wore his fairely plumed eask;  
 She thought him louely in that warlike mask:  
 Or when his brasse-refulgent shield he rais'd;  
 His gracefull gesture infinitely prais'd.  
 Nor could his practis'd arme let flye a dart;  
 But straight sh' extols his strength, inform'd by art.  
 If he an arrow drew; sh' would sweare that so  
*Apollo* stood, when he discharg'd his bow.  
 But when he d'ost his helme, and shew'd his face;  
 When clad in purple, with a gallant grace,  
 He on his hot-high-bounding Courser sits:  
 O then she scarce was mistress of her wits!

Happy

Happy she calls the lance his hand sustaines:  
 Happy she calls his hand-sustained raignes.  
 Had Will the powre, she would haue madly past  
 Through all the hostile ranks; her selfe haue cast  
 Amid the *Cretan* tents, euen from that towre;  
 Or ope the brasse-rib'd gates to *Minos* powre:  
 Or what he would. Who, musing long, lury'd  
 The *Gnosian* Kings white Tent; and softly saide:

Whether I should for this so sad a warre  
 Or ioy, or grieve; within my selfe I iarre.  
 Alas, that he I loue should be my foe!  
 I had not knowne him had it not beene so.  
 Yet me in hostage might he take: of peace  
 A pledge; his spouse; and bloody broyles surcease.  
 No maruell though a God her beauty took:  
 If thence that bare thee had so sweet a looke.  
 Thrice happy I, could I with wings preuent  
 This dull delay; and flye to *Minos* tent.  
 My selfe I would disclose, confesse my flame;  
 And buy him, with what dowry he should name,  
 Saue to betray those towers: dye, dye desire,  
 E're I by treason to your ends aspire.  
 Yet, through the Victors clemency, it some,  
 Nay many, hath auail'd, t'haue beene o're-come.  
 Iust warre he wagheth for his Sons sad end:  
 His cause is strong: strong armes his cause defend.  
 Sure we must fall. If such our Cities fate;  
 Why should his powre inthroned him in this State,  
 And not my loue? better, without delay,  
 His souldiers blood, his owne, he conquer may.  
 For il-prefaging feares my rest confound,  
 Least some, not knowing him, should *Minos* wound:

For

For no heart is so hard, that did but know,  
 And would a lance against his bosom throw.  
 It takes : with me, my country I intend  
 To render vp; and giue these warres an end.  
 What is't to intend? Each passage hath a guard;  
 My father keepes the keyes, and sees them bard.  
 'Tis he defers my ioyes; 'tis he I dread:  
 Would I were not, or he were with the dead!  
 Tush, we are our owne Gods. They thriue, that dare :  
 And fortune is a foe to slothfull praise.  
 Long since, an other, scorcht with such a fire,  
 By death had fort't a way to her desire.  
 Yet why should any more aduenturous proue?  
 I dare through sword and fire make way to Loue.  
 And yet here is no vse of fire nor sword;  
 But of my fathers haire. This must afford  
 What I so much affect, and make me blest:  
 Richer than all the treasure of the East.

This said; Night, nurse of cares, her curtaines drew:  
 When in the dark she more audacious grew.  
 In prime of rest; when ty'd with day-bred cares  
 Sleepe all inuests; she silently repaires  
 Into her fathers bed-chamber; and there  
 Extracts (ô horrid act!) his fatall haire:  
 Ceas'd of her wicked prey; with her she bore  
 The guilty spoyle; vnlocks a Poster: doore:  
 Then past the foe (bold by her merite made)  
 Vnto the King; nor vn-astonisht, said  
 Inforc't by Loue, I *Scylla*, *Nisus* Seede,  
 Yeeld vp my Country, and my Gods: no meede,  
 But thee, I craue. This purple haire receiue,  
 My loves rich pledge; nor thinke a haire I giue,



But my old fathers head. With that, presents  
 The gift with wicked hand, and bad ostents.  
*Minos* reiects it: and much terrifide  
 With horror of so foule a deede, replide:  
 The Gods exile thee (O thou most abhord!)  
 Their world; to thee nor Land nor Sea afford.  
 How ere *Ioues Creete*, the world wherein I raigne,  
 Shall such a Monster neuer entertaine.  
 This said: the most iust Victor doth impose  
 Lawes, no lesse iust, vpon his vanquisht foes.  
 Then orders, that they forth with ores conuay  
 Abord the brasse-beakt ships, and anchors waye.  
 When *Scylla* saw the *Gnosian* nauy swim;  
 And that her treason was abhor'd by him:  
 To violent anger she conuerts her prayers,  
 And Furie-like, with stretcht armes and spread haire;  
 Cry'd; Whither fly'st thou? leauing me for-lore,  
 That conquest-crown'd thee? & preferd before  
 My Country! Father! 't was not thou didst win;  
 But I that gaue: my merrit, and my sin.  
 Not this; not such affection, could perswade:  
 Nor that on thee I all my hopes had layd.  
 For whither should I goe, thus left alone?  
 What? to my Country? that's by me o're-thrown:  
 Wer't not? my treason doomes me to exile.  
 Or to my father; giuen vnto thy spoyle?  
 Me worthily the Citizens will hate:  
 And neighbours feare th' example in their State.  
 I, out of all the world my selfe haue throwne,  
 To purchase an access to *Crete* alone.  
 Which if deny'd; and left to such despaire,  
*Europa* ne'r one so vngratefull bare:

But swallowing *Syr's*, *Charybdis* chafte with wind;  
 Or some fell Tygres of th' *Armenian* kind.  
*Ioue's* not thy father; nor with forged shape  
 Of Bull beguild, thy mother culd her rape.  
 That story of thy glorious race is faine:  
 For thee a wild and loueleſſe Bull ſuſtaind.  
 O father *Niſus*, thy reuenge behold!  
 Reioyce, O Citie, by my treason ſold!  
 Death, I confeſſe, I merit. Yet would I  
 Might, by their hands whom I haue iniur'd, dye.  
 For why ſhouldſt thou, who onely didſt ſubdue  
 By my offending, my offence purſue?  
 My Country and my father felt this ſinne:  
 Which vnto thee a courteſie hath beene.  
 Thou worthy art of ſuch a wife, as ſtood  
 A Bulls hot inceſt in a Cow of wood;  
 Whoſe ſhameleſſe womb a monſtrous burthen bare.  
 Ah! doe my ſorrowes to thy cares reſpaire?  
 Or are my fruitleſſe words borne by that wind  
 That braves thee hence, and leaues a wretch behind?  
 What though *Pafiſbae* a Bull preferd?  
 Thou far more brutiſh than the ſaluage Herd.  
 Woe's me! make haſt I muſt: the waues with ores  
 Reſound; his ſhip forſakes, with vs, our ſhores.  
 In vaine! I'll follow thee vngratefull King:  
 And while I to thy crooked veſſell cling  
 Be drag'd through drenching ſeas. This hauing ſaid,  
 Attempts the waues, by *Cupids* ſtrengthening aid,  
 And cleaues t'his ſhip. Her father, now high-flowne  
 Strikes ayrie rings (a red-mailed Hobbie growne)  
 And ſtoopes to cuff her with his golden ſeares.  
 She ſlips her hold, infeebled by her feares.

While

While yet a falling, that she might eschue  
The threatning sea, light wings t'her shoulders grew.  
Now changed to a bird in sight of all :  
This, of her tufted crowne we *Ciris* call.

No sooner *Minos* toucht the *Cretan* ground,  
But by an hundred Bulls, with garlands crown'd.  
His vowes to conquest-giuing *Ioue* he payd:  
And all his pallace with the spoyle arrayd.  
And now his families reproch increast.  
That vncouth prodigie, halfe man, halfe beast,  
His mothers dire adultery descryd.

*Minos* resolues his marriage shame to hide  
In multitude of roomes, perplext and blind  
The work t'excelling *Dadalus* assignd.  
Who sense distracts, and error leades a maze  
Through subtile ambages of sundry wayes.

As *Phrygian Meander* sports about  
The flowrie vales; now winding in, now out;  
Himselfe incounters, sees his following floods,  
His streames leades to their springs; and, doubling, scuds  
To long mockt seas; so *Dadalus* compil'd  
Innumerable by-wayes, which beguild  
The senses conduct; that himselfe with much  
Adoe returnes: the fallacies were such.

When in this fabrick *Minos* had inclos'd  
This double forme, of man and beast compos'd;  
The Monster, with *Athenian* bloud twice fed,  
His owne, the third Lot, in the ninth yeere, shed  
Then by a Clew reguided to the doore  
(A virgins counsell) neuer found before;  
*Egides*, with rapt *Ariadne*, makes  
For *Dia*: on the naked shore forsakes.



His confident and sleepe-oppressed Mate.  
 Now, pining in complaints, the desolate  
*Bacchus*, with marriage, comforts: and that she  
 Might glorious by a Constellation be;  
 Her head vnburthens of her crowne, and threw  
 It vp to heauen: through thinner ayre it flew.  
 Flying, the icwels that the verge inchace  
 Conuert to fires; fast-fixed in one place;  
 Th' old forme retaining. They their station take,  
 Twixt Him that Kneeles, and Him who holds the Snake.

The Sea-impris'ned *Dædalus*, meane-while,  
 Weary of *Crete*, and of his long exile;  
 Tought with his countries loue, and place of birth;  
 Thus said: Though *Minos* bar both sea and earth;  
 Yet heauen is free. That course attempt I dare:  
 Held be the world, he could not hold the ayre.  
 This said; to arts vnknowne he bends his wits  
 In natures change. The quilts in order knits,  
 Beginning with the least: the longer still  
 The short succeeds; much like a rising hill.  
 Their rurall pipes, the shepheards, long agoe,  
 (Fram'd of vnequall reeds) contriued so  
 With threds the midst, with wax he ioynes the ends;  
 And these, as naturall wings, a little bends.  
 Young *Icarus* stood by, who little thought  
 That with his death he playd; and smiling, caught  
 The feathers that lay hulling in the ayre:  
 Now chafes the yellow waxe with busie care,  
 And interrupts his Sire. When his last hand  
 He had impos'd; with new-made wings he fand  
 The ayre that bare them. Then instructs his son:  
 Be sure that in the middle course thou run.

Dank

Dank seas will clog the wings that lowly flye:  
 The Sun will burne them if thou for'st too high.  
 'Twixt either keepe. Nor on *Bootes* gaze,  
 Nor *Helice*, nor sterne *Orions* rayes:  
 But follow me. At once, he doth aduise;  
 And vnknowne pinions to his shoulders ties;  
 Amid his work and words a tyde of teares  
 Fret his old checks, who trembling fingers reares.  
 Then kist him, neuer to be kissed more:  
 And rais'd on lightsome feathers flies before;  
 His feare behind: as birds through boundlesse sky  
 From ayerie nests produce their yong to fly;  
 Exhorts to follow: taught his banefull skill;  
 Waues his owne wings, his sons obseruing still.  
 These, while some Angler, fishing with a cane;  
 Or Shepheard, leaning on his staffe; or Swaine;  
 With wonder viewes: he thinks them Gods that glide  
 Through ayrie regions. Now on the left side  
 Leaues *Iuno's Samos*, *Delos*, *Paros* white,  
*Lebynthos*, and *Calydna* on the right,  
 Flowing with hony. When the boy, much tooke  
 With pleasure of his wings, his Guide forsooke:  
 And rauisht with desire of heauen, aloft  
 Ascends. The odor-yeelding wax more soft  
 By the swift Suns vicinitie now grew:  
 Which late his feathers did together glew.  
 That thaw'd; he shakes his naked armes, that bare,  
 As then no saile, nor could containe the ayre.  
 When crying, Helpe, ô father! he exclaime  
 Blew Seas suppress, which tooke from him their name.  
 His father, now no father, left alone,  
 Cryde *Icarus*! where art thou? which way flowne?

What

What region, *Icarus*, doth thee containe.  
Then spies the feathers floating on the Maine.  
He curst his arts; interres the corpse, that gaue  
The land a name, which gaue his sonne a graue.

The Partridge from a thicket him suruayd;  
As in a tombe his wretched son he layd;  
Who clapt his fanning wings, and lowdly churd  
T' expresse his ioy: as then an onely bird.  
So made of late (vnknowne in former time)  
O *Dædalus*, by thy eternall crime.

To thee thy Sister gaue him to be taught;  
Who little of his destinie fore-thought:  
The boy then twelue yeare aged; of a mind  
Apt for instruction, and to Arts inclin'd.  
He Sawes inuented, by the bones that grow  
In fishes backs; the Steele indenting so.  
And two-shankt Compasses with riuet bound;  
Th' one to stand still, the other turning round  
In equall distance. *Dædalus* this stung:  
Who from *Minerua's* sacred turret flung  
The enui'd head-long; and his falling faines.  
Him *Pallas*, fautor of good wits, sustaines;  
Who straight the figure of a fowle assumes;  
Clad in the midst of ayre with freckled plumage.  
The vigor of his late swift wit now came  
Into his feet, and wings: he keepes his name.  
They neuer mount aloft, nor trust their birth  
To tops of trees; but flock as low as earth,  
And lay their eggs in tufts. In mind they beare  
Their ancient fall, and haughtie places feare.

Tyr'd *Dædalus* now in *Sicilia* lights:  
In whose defence hospitious *Cocalus* fights.

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Now *Athen* by *Ægeus* glorious Seed  
 Was from her lamentable tribute freed.  
 They crowne their Temples: warlike *Pallas*, lone,  
 Inuoke; with all the Deities aboue.  
 Whom now they honour with the large expence  
 Of bloud, free gifts, and heapes of frankincense.  
 Vast fame through all th' *Argolian* cities spread  
 His praise: and all that rich *Acbaia* fed  
 His aid in their extremities intreat,  
 His aid afflicted *Calydon* (though great  
 In *Meleager*) sought. The cause a Bore:  
*Dian's* reuenge, and horrid Seruatore.  
 For *Oeneus*, with a plenteous haruest blest;  
 To *Ceres* his first fruits of corne addrest,  
 To *Pallas* oyle, and to *Lyæus* wine.  
 Ambitious honours all the Powres diuine  
 Reape from the rurals; yet neglect to pay  
*Diana* dues; her Altars empty lay.  
 Anger affects the Gods. This will not we  
 Vnpunisht beare: nor vnreueng'd, said she,  
 Though vn-adored, shall they want we be.  
 With that she sent into *Oenian* fields  
 A vengefull Bore. Rank-graft *Epirus* yeelds  
 No big-bon'd bullock of a larger breed:  
 But those are lesse which in *Sicilia* feed.  
 His eyes blaze bloud and fire: his stiffe neck beares  
 Horrible bristles, like a groue of speares.  
 A boyling fume vpon his shoulders flows  
 From grinding iawes: his tusshes equall those  
 Of *Indian* Elephants: his fell mouth casts  
 Hot lightning; and his breath the virdure blasts.  
 He tramples vnder foot the growing corne;

And

And leaues the fighting husband-man forlorne;  
 Reaping the riper cares. Their vsuall graine  
 The barnes and threshing floores expect in vaine.  
 Broad-spreading vines he with their burden, ther es;  
 And boughs from euer-leauey oliues teares.  
 Then falls on beasts: the Herds-men, now vnscard;  
 Nor dogs, nor raging Bulls, defend their Herd.  
 The people flye; nor are secure of mind  
 In walled townes, till *Meleager*, ioynd  
 With youths of choycest worth, inflam'd with praise,  
 Attempts his death. The twin'd *Tyndarides*;  
 One for his horsemanship, the other fam'd  
 For hurle-bats; *Iason*, who the first ship fram'd;  
*Theseus* with his *Pirithous*, a paire  
 Of happy friends; and *Lynceus*, *Aphar's* heire;  
 The two *Thestiadae*, *Lercippus* crown'd  
 For strength; *Acastus* for his dart renown'd;  
 Swift *Idas*, *Ceneus*, not a maiden then;  
*Hippothous*, *Dryas*; *Phœnix* (best of men),  
*Amyntors* issue; both th' *Astorides*,  
 And *Phyleus* sent from *Elis*, came with these:  
*Pheretes* hope; aduenturous *Telamon*;  
 And he who call'd the great *Achilles* son;  
*Hyantian Iolaus*, the quick grac't  
*Eurytion*; and *Echion*, who surpass  
 In running; *Lelex* the *Narycian*,  
 With *Panopæus*, *Hylæus*, *Hippasus*,  
 Now youthfull *Nestors* sons to that intent  
*Hippocoon* from old *Amyclis* sent:  
*Penelopes* father in law, *Parraisia*-bred  
*Anceus*, wife *Ampycides* well read  
 In fates; *Oicliades*, not as yet betrayd

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B<sup>e</sup> his wife; *Tegean, Atalant*, a maide  
 Of passing beautie, sprung from *Schænus* race:  
 Of high *lycean* woods the onely grace.  
 A polisht Zone her vpper garment bound;  
 And in one knot her artelesse haire was wound:  
 Her arrowes iuory guardian clattering hung  
 On her left shoulder; and a bow well strung  
 Her left hand held. Her lookes a wench displayd  
 In a boyes face, a boyes face in a maide.  
 The *Calydonian* Heros her beheld  
 And witht at once: his wishes fate repeld.  
 Who lurking flames attracts; and said, O blest  
 Is he, whom thou shalt with thy ioyes inuest!  
 But time, and shame, with further speech dispence:  
 Vrg'd by a work of greater consequence.

A Wood o're-growne with trees, yet neuer feld,  
 Mounts from a Plaine; that all beneath beheld.  
 The glory-thirsting Gallants this ascend.  
 Forth-with a part their corded toyles extend;  
 Some hounds vn couple; some the tract of feet  
 Together trace: and danger long to meet.  
 A Dale there was, through which the raine-rai'd flood  
 Oft tumbled downe, and in the bottom flood:  
 Repleat with plyant willowes, marish weeds,  
 Sharpe rushes, osiers, and long slender reeds.  
 The Bore from thence dislodg'd, like lightning crusht  
 Through iustling clouds, among the hunters rusht:  
 Beares downe the obuious trees; the crashing woods  
 Report their fall. The youths each others bloods  
 With high-rai'd shoots inflame: who keepe their stands:  
 And shake their broad-tipt speares with threatning hands.  
 The dogs he scatters; those that durst oppose

His



His horrid furie, wounds with ganching blowes.  
*Echion* first his iauelin vainly cast,  
 Which struck a beech. The next his sides had past,  
 But that with too much strength it ouer-flew:  
 The weapon *Pagasaan* *Iason* threw.  
 O *Phæbus*, said *Ampycides*, If I  
 Haue honourd, and doe honour thee, apply  
 Thy succour in successe of my intents.  
 The God, as much as lay in him, assents:  
 But from the dart the head *Diana* took;  
 Which gaue no wound, although the Bore it strook.  
 The beast like lightning burns, thus chafte with ire:  
 His grim eyes shine, his brest breaths flames of fire.  
 And as a stone which some huge engine throwes  
 Against a wall, or bulwarke man'd with foes:  
 The deadly Bore with such sure violence  
 Assaults their forces. The right wings defence;  
*Eupalamon*, and *Pelagonus*, cast  
 On sounding earth: drawne off with timely haft.  
*Eneſimus*, great *Hippocobus* son,  
 Could not so well his slaughtring rushes shun:  
 Which cut the shrinking sinewes in his thigh,  
 Euen as he trembled, and prepar'd to flye.  
 And *Nestor* long had perished, per chance,  
 Before *Troyes* warre; but, vauing on a lance,  
 He tooke a tree, which there his branches spred;  
 And safely saw the foe from whom h'had fled.  
 Who, full of rage, his vengefull rushes whets  
 Vpon an Oke; and dire destruction threats.  
 When, trusting to his new-edg'd armes, the Bore  
 The manly thigh of great *Cruthys* tore.  
 The brother Twins, not yet coelestiall Starres;

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Conspicuous both, both terrible in warres;  
 Both mounted on white Steeds, a loft both bare  
 Their glittering speares, which trembled in the aire:  
 And both had sped; but that the Swine with-drew  
 Where neither horse nor iauelin could pursue.  
 In followes *Telamon*, hot of the chace;  
 And stumbling at a roote, fell on his face.  
 While *Peleus* lifts him vp, a winged flight  
*Tegea* drew, which flew as swift as light:  
 Below his eare the fixed arrow stood,  
 And staine his bristles with a little blood.  
 The Virgin lesse reioyced in the blow  
 Than *Meleager*: who first saw it flow,  
 First show'd his mates the blood: O most renown'd  
 Said he, thy vertue hath thy honour crown'd.  
 The men, they blush for shame; each other cheare;  
 And high-rai'd soules, with clamors higher reare:  
 Their speares in clusters sling; which make no breach  
 Through idle store: and throwes their throwes impeach.  
 Behold, *Anceus* with a polax sterne  
 To his owne fate; who said, By me O learne  
 You youths, how much a mans sharpe Steele exceeds  
 A womans weapons, and applaud my deeds.  
 Though *Dian* should take armes, and in this strife  
 Protect her beast, she should not saue his life.  
 Thus gloriously he boasts; in both his hands  
 Aduanc't his polax, and on tip-toes stands.  
 Whom, ere his armes descend, the furious Swine  
 Preuents, and sheathes his tusshes in his groyne.  
 Downe fell *Anceus*, out of his bowels gushr,  
 All gore; with blood the earth, as guilty, blusht  
*Ixions* son *Pirithous* forward prest:

And

And with an able arme his lance addrest.  
 To whom *Ægides*; O to me more deare  
 Than my owne life! my better halfe, forbear.  
 The wise in valour should aloofe contend;  
 Foole-hardy courage was *Ancus* end.  
 This said, his heauy cornell; with a head  
 Of brass, he hurles: which sure had struck him dead  
 (It was deliuered with so true an aime)  
 But that a Medlar interpos'd the same.  
*Æsonides* then threw his thrilling lance;  
 Which hit (diuerted from the mark by chance)  
 A dog betweene his baying iawes: the wound  
 Rusht through his guts, and naild him to the ground.  
*Oenides* varying hand dischargd two speares:  
 The earth the one, the beast the other beares.  
 While now he raucs, grunts, turnes his body round,  
 Casts bloud and some; the author of his wound  
 Rusht in; prouokes his greater wrath; and where  
 His shields disseuer, thrusts his deadly speare.  
 They all with chearfull shouts their ioyes vnfold;  
 Shake his victorious hands; the Beast behold  
 With wonder, whose huge bulk posselt so much;  
 And hardly thinke it safe the flaine to touch;  
 Yet with his bloud they die their iauclins red.  
 He sets his foot vpon his horrid head;  
 My right, said he, receiue rare *Nonacrine*,  
 And let my glory euer share with thine.  
 Then gaue the bristled spoyle, in terror charm'd;  
 And gastly head with monstrous tusshes arm'd.  
 She in the Gift and Giuer pleasure tooke.  
 All murmur, with prepostrous enuy, strooke.  
 On whom the violent *Thestiade* frowne;

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And cry aloud with stretcht-out armes ; Lay downe :  
 Nor, Woman, of our titles vs bereaue,  
 Left thee thy beauties confidence deceaue ;  
 His aid to weake whom loue hath rest of fight :  
 And snatcht from her, her gift ; from him, his right.  
*Oenides* swels ; his lookes with anger sterne :  
 You rauishers of others honours, learne  
 ( Said he ) the distance betweene words and deeds.  
 With wicked Steele secure *Plexippus* speeds.  
 While *Toxens*, whether to reuenge his blood,  
 Or shun his brothers fortune, wauering stood ;  
 He cleares the doubt : the weapon, hot before  
 By th'others wound, new heats in his hearts gore.

Gifts to the holy Gods *Alibea* brings  
 For her sons victorie ; and *Pearns* sings,  
 When back she saw her slaughtred brothers brought :  
 At that sad object screecht ; and grieve-distraught,  
 The Citie fills with out-cryes : off she teares  
 Her royall robes, and funerall garments weares.  
 But told by whom they fell ; no longer mournes :  
 Rage dries her eyes ; her teares to vengeance turnes.  
 The triple Sisters earst a brand conuaird  
 Into the fire ; her belly newly laid ;  
 Thus chanting, while they spun the fatall twine :  
 O lately borne, one period we assigne  
 To thee and to this brand. The charme they weaue  
 Into his fate ; and then the chamber leaue.  
 His mother snatcht it with an hastie hand  
 Out of the fire ; and quencht the flagrant brand.  
 This in an inward cloister closely layes :  
 And by preseruing it, preserues his dayes.  
 Which now produc't ; a pyle of wood she rais'd,

That by the hostile fire inuaded, blaz'd.  
 Foure times she proffers to the greedy flame  
 The fatall brand : as oft with-drew the same.  
 A Mother, and a Sister, now contend :  
 And two-diuided names, one bosome rend.  
 Oft feare of future crimes a palnesse bred :  
 Oft burning Furie gaue her eyes his red.  
 Now seemes to threaten with a cruell looke ;  
 And now appeares like one that pitie tooke.  
 Her teares the feruor of her anger dryes :  
 Yet found she teares againe to drowne her eyes.  
 Euen as a ship, when wind and tyde contends,  
 Feeles both their furies, and with either bends :  
 So *Thestias*, whom vnfledgie passion driues ;  
 By changes, calmes her rage, and rage reuiues.  
 A sisters loue at length subdues a mothers :  
 That bloud may appease the ghosts of bleeding brothers,  
 Impiously pious. Flames, to ashes turne  
 This brand, said she, and my loch'd bowels burne.  
 Then, holding in her hand the fatall wood ;  
 As she before the funerall altar stood :

You triple Powers, who guiltie Soules persue ;  
*Enmenides* ; these Rites of vengeance view.  
 I ast the crime I punish. Death must be  
 By death atton'd. On murder, murder we  
 Accumulate ; redoubling funerall.  
 Dire linsage, by congested sorrowes fall.  
 Shall *Oeneus* ioy in his victorious son ?  
 Sad *Thestius* rob'd of his? be both vndone.  
 Looke vp, o you my brothers ghosts ; you late  
 Dislodged soules ; see how I right your fate.  
 Accept of this infernall sacrifice,

Of high esteeme : my wombs accursed prize,  
 Ay me ! ô whither am I rapt ! excuse  
 A mother, brothers, Trembling hands refuse  
 Their fainting aid. He merits death : yet by  
 A mothers rage me thinks he should not dye,  
 Then shall hee scape ? aline, a victor, feast  
 In proud successe ; of *Colydon* possesse ?  
 You, little ashes, and chill Shades, forlorne ?  
 I'll not indure it. Perish Villaine, borne  
 To our immortall ruine. Ruinate  
 With thee, thy fathers hopes, his crowne and state,  
 Where is a mothers heart ? a parents praiser ?  
 Th'vnthought-of burden which I ten months bare ?  
 O would, while yet an infant, the first flame  
 Had thee deuour'd ; nor Loppo's'd the same !  
 Thy life, my gift ; by thine owne merit dye :  
 A iust reward for thy impiety.  
 Thy twice-giuen life restore ; first by my womb,  
 Last by this rauisht brand ; or me a tomb  
 With my poore brothers. Faine I would persue  
 Reuenge ; yet would not. O, what shall I doe !  
 Before my eyes my brothers wounds now bleed ;  
 And the sad image of so foule a deed.  
 Now pittie, and a mothers name controule  
 My sterne intencion. ô distracted soule !  
 You haue won, my brothers ; but, alas, ill won :  
 So that, while thus I comfort you, I run  
 Your fate. With eyes reuerst, her quaking hand  
 To trembling flames expos'd the funerall brand.  
 The Brand appeares to sigh, or sighes expires :  
 Wrapt in th'imbracements of vnwilling fires.  
 Vnknowing *Meleager*, absent broyles



Fuen in those flames: his blood, thick-panting, boyles  
 In vascene fire. Who such tormenting paines  
 With more then manly fortitude sustaines.  
 Yet grieues that by a slothfull death he fals  
 Without a wound: *Aeneas* happy calls.  
 His aged father, brothers, sisters, wife,  
 Now groning names, with his last words of life:  
 Perhaps his mother. Flaines and paines increase:  
 Againe they languish; and together cease.  
 To liquid aire his vanisht spirits turne.  
 And sable coles in shrouds of ashes mourne.

Low lies high *Calydon*: the yongue, the old,  
 Ignoble, noble, all, their griefes vnfold.  
 The *Calydonian* matrons cut their haire;  
 Deflowre their beauties: cry, woe and despaire!  
 His hoarie head with dust his father hides;  
 Lyes groueling on the ground; and old age chides.  
 For now his mother, by her guilt persude,  
 Reuenging Steele in her owne brest imbrude:  
 Though *Ioue* an hundred able tongues bestow,  
 A wit that should with full inuention flow,  
 All *Helicon* infuse into my brest;  
 His sisters sorrowes could not be exprest.  
 Themselves forgetting decency, deface:  
 As long as he a bodie, it imbrace;  
 Kisse his palolips: when turn'd to ashes, they  
 The ashes in their bruised bosoms lay:  
 Fall on his tomb; his name, that there appears,  
 Infold; and fill the characters with teares.  
 But when *Diana's* wrath was satisfide  
 With *Oenias* misery: they all (beside  
 Faire *Gorge* and the Iouely *Deianira*)

On

On plummy pinions, by her powre, aspire;  
 With long-extended wings, and beakes of horne:  
 Who through the ayre in varied shapes are borne.  
 Meane while to *Pallas* towres *Aegides* hies  
 (His part perform'd in that ioynt enterprife)  
 Whose hast raine-raised *Achelous* staid,  
 Renoun'd *Cecropian* Prince, the River said,  
 Vouchsafe my rooffe, nor to th'impetuous flood  
 Commit thy person. Oft huge logs of wood,  
 And broken rocks, downe-tumbling, lowdly rore.  
 Houses and Herds not seldome heretofore  
 Hurried away: nor was the Oxe of force  
 To keepe his stand; nor swiftnesse sau'd the Horse,  
 And when dissolued snow from mountaines pour'd,  
 The turning eddies many haue deuour'd.  
 More safe to stay vntill the current run  
 Within his bounds. To whom *Aegew* son:  
 Twere folly, if not madnesse, to refuse  
 Thy house and counsell: both I meane to vse.  
 Then enters his large caue, where Nature plaid  
 The Artisan; of hollow Pumice made,  
 And rugged *Tophas*; floord with humid mosse:  
 The rooffe pure white and purple shels imbosse.  
 Now had *Hyperion* past two parts of day:  
 When *Theseus*, with the partners of his way,  
*Pirithous*, and *Lelex* the renowne  
 Of *Træzen*, now appearing gray; sat downe:  
 And whom the River glad of such a guest,  
 Preferd vnto the honour of his feast.  
 Forth-with, bare-footed Nymphs bring in the meat:  
 That tane away, vpon the table set  
 Crown'd cups of wine. When *Theseus* turn'd his face

To vnder seas; and poynting, said; What place  
Is yon', and of what name, that stands alone?  
And yet me thinks it should be more then one.

It is not one, the courteous Flood replies,  
But five; their neighbourhood deceives your eyes.  
The lesse t' admire *Diana*, late despis'd,  
Five Nymphs they were: who hauing sacrific'd  
Ten beecves, invited to their festiuall  
The rurall Gods; my selfe forgot by all.  
At this my surges swell. I, then as great  
As euer, with intraged waters fret.  
The woods from woods, and fields from fields I reare  
With them, the Nymphs (now mindfull of me) beare  
In exile to the Deep: whose waues, with mine,  
That then vnited masse of earth dis-ioyne  
Into as many peeces as in seas  
Are of the flood imbrac't *Eximides*.

Yet see one Ile, far, ô far off remou'd!  
Call'd *Perimele*; once by me belou'd.  
I, from this Nymph, her virgin honour tooke  
*Hippodamas* his daughter could not brooke:  
But cast her from a rock into the Deepe.  
Whom, while my thickned streames from sinking keepe;  
I said: O *Neptune*, thou that dost command  
The wandering waues that beat vpon the land;  
To whom we Rivers run, in whom we end;  
Incline a gentle care. I did offend;  
In wronging whom I beare: if pious; he  
Would both haue pittied her, and pardon'd me.  
Her, whom his furie hath from earth exil'd,  
And in the strangling waters drencht his child;  
A place afford: or let her be a place

Which



Which I may euer with my streames embrace.  
His head the King of Surges forward shooke:  
And, in assenting, all the Ocean strooke.  
The Nymph yet swims; although with feare oppress.  
I laid my hand vpon her pattering breast:  
While thus I handled her, I might perceiue  
The earth about her stifning body cleaue.  
Now, with a masse infolded, as she swims,  
An Iland rose from her transformed lims.

He held his peace. This admiration won  
In all: derided by *Ixion's* son:  
By nature rough, and one who did despise  
All-able Gods: who said; Thou tel'st vs lyes,  
And thinkst the Gods too potent: as if they  
Could giue new shapes, or take our old away.  
His saying all amaz'd and none approu'd:  
Most *Lelex*, ripe in age and wisdom, mou'd.

Heauens power immense and endlesse, none can shun;  
Said he; and what the Gods would doe, is done.  
To check your doubt; on *Phrygian* hills there growes  
An Oke <sup>by</sup> a Line-tree, which old wals inclose.  
My selfe this saw, while I in *Phrygia* staid;  
By *Pittbens* sent: where erst his father swaid.  
Hard by, a lake, once habitable ground;  
Where Coots and fishing Cormorants abound.  
*Joue*, in a humane shape; with *Mercurie*;  
(His heeles vniwing'd) that way their steps apply.  
Who guest-rites at a thousand houses craue;  
A thousand shut their doores: One only gaue.  
A small chatch't Cottage: where, a pious wife  
Old *Baucis*, and *Philemon*, led their life.  
Both equall-ag'd. In this, their youth they spent;

In this, grew old : rich onely in content.  
 Who pouertie, by bearing it, declind :  
 And made it easie with a chearfull mind.  
 None Master, nor none Seruant, could you call :  
 They who command, obey ; for two were all.  
*Ioue* hither came, with his *Cyllenian* mate ;  
 And stooping, enters at the humble gate.  
 Sit downe, and take your ease, *Philemon* said.  
 While busie *Baucis* straw-stuff cushions layd :  
 Who stir'd abroad the glowing coles, that lay  
 In smothering ashes ; rak't vp yester-day.  
 Dry barke, and withered leaues, thereon she throwe :  
 Whose feeble breath to flame the cinders blowes.  
 Then slender clefts, and broken branches gets :  
 And ouer all a little kettle sets.  
 Her husband gathers cole-flowrs, with their leaues ;  
 Which from his gratefull garden he receiues :  
 Tooke downe a flitch of bacon with a prung,  
 That long had in the smokie chimney hung :  
 Whereof a little quantitie he cuts :  
 And it into the boyling liquor puts.  
 This seething ; they the time beguile with speech :  
 Vnsensible of stay. A bowle of beech,  
 There, by the handle hung vpon a pin :  
 This fil'd he with warme water ; and therein  
 Washes their feet. A mosse-stuff bed and pillow  
 Lay on a homely bed-steed made of willow :  
 A couerlet, onely vs'd at feasts, they spred :  
 Though coarse, and old ; yet fit for such a bed.  
 Downe lye the Gods. The palsie-shaken Dame  
 Sets forth a table with three legs ; one lame,  
 And shorter then the rest, a pot-shaue reares :

This

This, now made leuell, with greene mint the cleares,  
Whereon they party-colour'd oliues set,  
Autumnall Cornels, in tart pickle wet;  
Coole endisse, radish, new eggs roasted reare,  
And late-prest cheese; which earthen dishes beare.  
A goblet, of the selfe same siluer wrought;  
And bowles of beech, with wax well varnish't, brought.  
Hot victuals from the fire were forthwith sent:  
Then wine, not yet of perfect age, present.  
This tane away; the second Course now comes:  
Philberts, dry figs, with rugged dates, ripe plummets,  
Sweet-smelling apples, disht in osier twines;  
And purple grapes new gatherd from their vines:  
I'th' midst, a hony combe. Aboue all these;  
A chearefull looke, and ready will to please.  
Meane-while, the Maple cup it selfe doth fill:  
And oft exhausted, is replenisht still.  
Astonisht at the miracle; with feare  
*Philemon*, and the aged *Baucis*, reare  
Their trembling hands in prayre: and pardon craue,  
For that poore entertainment which they gaue.  
One Goose they had, their cottages chiefe guard;  
Which they to hospitable Gods award:  
Who long their slow pursuit deluding, flies  
To *Iupiter*; so sau'd from sacrifice.  
W'are Gods, said they; Reuenge shall all vndoe:  
Alone immunitie we grant to you.  
Together leaue your house; and to yon hill  
Follow our steps. They both obey their will;  
The Gods conducting: feebly both ascend;  
Their stanes, with theirs; they, with times burden bend.  
A sight-shot from the top, reuiew they take;



And see all swallowed by a mightie lake :  
 Their house excepted. While they this admire,  
 Lament their neighbours ruine, and exquire  
 Their holy cottage, which doth onely keepe  
 Its place ; while for the places fate they weepe ;  
 That little shed commanded late by two,  
 Became a Fane. To columns crotches grew ;  
 The rooffe now shines with burnisht gold ; the doores  
 Diuinely caru'd ; the pauement marble floores.  
 Thou iust old man, *Saturnius* said, and thou  
 Iust woman, worthy such a husband ; how  
 Stand your desires ? They talke a while alone ;  
 Then thus to *Ioue* their common wish make knowne.  
 We craue to be your Priests, this Fane to guard.  
 And since in all our liues we neuer iarr'd ;  
 Let one houre both dissolve : nor let me be  
 Intomb'd by her, nor she intomb'd by me.  
 Their sute is sign'd. The Temple they possesse,  
 As long as life. With time and age opprest ;  
 As now they stood before the sacred gate,  
 And call to memorie that places fate ;  
*Philemon* saw old *Baucis* freshly sprout :  
 And *Baucis* saw *Philemon* leaues thrust out.  
 Now on their heads aspiring Crownets grew.  
 While they could speake, they spake : at once, adieu  
 Wife, Husband, said : at once the creeping rine  
 Their trunks inclos'd ; at once their shapes resigne.  
 They of *Tyana* to this present shew  
 These neighbour trees, that from two bodies grow.  
 Old men, not like to lye, nor vaine of tongue,  
 This told. I saw their boughs with garlands hung :  
 And hanging fresher, said ; Who Gods before

Receiu'd,

Receiu'd, are such : adorers, we adore.

The tale, and teller ; wonder, and beliefe,  
Prouok't in all : but *Theseus* moues in chiefe.  
Who couerous to heare such deeds as these :  
The *Calydonian* Riuer, prest to please,  
In this sort, leaning on his elbow, spake.  
There be, who euer keepe the forme they take :  
Others haue power themselues, at will, to change ;  
As thou blew *Proetus*, that in seas do'st range.  
Who now a Man, a Lyon now appears ;  
Now, a fell Bore : a Serpents shape now beares.  
A Bull, with threatning hornes, now seem'ft to be :  
Now, like a Stone ; now, like a spredding Tree.  
And sometimes like a gentle Riuer flowes :  
Sometimes like Fire, opposing Water, shoves.

*Autolius* his wife, the daughter to  
Leud *Erisichon*, things as strange could doe.  
He was her father, who the Gods despis'd :  
Nor euer on their altars sacrific'd.  
Who *Ceres* groues with Steele profan'd : where stood  
An old huge Oke ; euen of it selfe a wood.  
Wreaths, ribands, mentall tables, deckt his boughs  
And sacred stem ; the Dues of powerfull Vowes.  
Full oft the *Dryades*, with Chaplets crown'd,  
Danc't in his shade, full oft they ripe a Round  
About his bole. Five cubits three times told  
His ample circuit hardly could infold.  
Whose stature other trees as farre exceeds ;  
As other trees surmount the humble weeds.  
Yet *Triopius* all could not prouoke :  
Who bids his seruants sell the sacred Oke.  
And snatches, while they paus'd, an axe from one :

Thus

Thus storming : Not the Goddesse-lou'd alone ;  
 But though this were the Goddesse, shee should downe :  
 And sweepe the earth with her aspiring crowne.  
 As he aduanc't his armes to strike ; the Oke  
 Both sigh'd and trembled at the threatning stroke.  
 His leaues and acornes pale together grew :  
 And colour-changing branches sweat cold dew.  
 Then wounded by his impious hand, the blood  
 Gush't from th'incision in a purple flood.  
 Much like a mighty ox, that falls before  
 The sacred altar ; spouting streames of gore.  
 On all amazement seiz'd : when One of all  
 The crime deterres ; nor would his axe let fall.  
 Contracting his sterne browes ; Receiue, said he,  
 Thy pieties reward ; and from the tree  
 The stroke conuerting, lops his head ; then strake  
 The Oke againe : from whence a voice thus spake ;  
 A Nymph am I, within this tree inshrind,  
 Belou'd of *Ceres*. O prophane of mind,  
 Vengeance is neere thee. With my parting breath  
 I prophesie : a comfort to my death.  
 He still his guilt persues : who ouerthrowes  
 With cabels, and innumerable blowes,  
 The sturdy Oke : which, nodding long, downe rusht ;  
 And in his lofty fall his fellowes crusht.  
 Their sister, and their groue, the Nymphs lament ;  
 Who hid in sable stoles, to *Ceres* went ;  
 On *Erisichthon* iust reuenge require.  
 Who readily consents to their desire.  
 The faire-brow'd Goddesse shakes her shining haire :  
 With that, the fields shooke all their golden cares.  
 Who to a pitteous punishment proceeds,

(Had



(Had he had any pittie in his deeds)  
 By starving. But since not by fatall doome,  
*Ceres* and *Famine* might together come:  
 A mountaine Faery of th'*Oreades*  
 Dispatcheth thither, with such words as these.  
 In frosty *Scythia* lies a land, forlorne  
 And barren; bearing neither fruit nor corne.  
 Numb Cold, pale Hew, chill Ague, there abide;  
 And fasting *Famine*. Bid the Fury glide  
 Into his cursed entrailles, and deuoure  
 All plenty: let her rage subdue my powre.  
 But lest long wayes thy iourney tedious make:  
 My chariot and my yoked dragons take.  
 Taking her chariot; through the empty skies  
 To *Scythia* and rough *Caucasus* she flies.  
 There, in a stony field, sad *Famine* found;  
 Tearing with teeth and nailes the foodlesse ground:  
 With snarled haire, sunk eyes, lookes pale and dead,  
 Lips white with slime, thin teeth with rust ore-spredd;  
 Hide-bound, through which her clinged guts appeare;  
 Dry bones, in spare and crooked hips, vp-bear;  
 Her belly bellylesse: low hung her brest;  
 So lank, as if her bosom had no chest:  
 The rising knuckles falling flesh augment;  
 Round knees and ankles leanely eminent,  
 Espide far off (she durst not be so bold  
 To come too neere) the Nymph her message told.  
 After a little stay, although she were  
 Farre off, although but now arriu'd there;  
 She famine felt. Who wheelles about her Snakes,  
 And her high passage to *Aemonia* takes.

*Famine* obeyes the Goddesses command;

Though

Though their endeuors still opposed stand.  
 Who, by a tempest hurried through the skies,  
 Enters the wretches rooffe : besides him lyes,  
 Then fast asleepe : ( for now Nights heauy charmes  
 All eyes had clos'd ) imbra't himin her armes ;  
 Her selfe infus'd ; breathes on his face and brest :  
 And emptie veines with hungers rage possesse.  
 This thus perform'd forsakes the fruitfull earth :  
 And back returns to her abodes of dearth.

Sound Sleepe as yet with pleasurable wings  
 On *Erisichthon* a gentle slumber flings.  
 Who dreames of feasts, extends his idle iawes ;  
 With labouring teeth fantastically chawes.  
 Deludes his throte by swallowing emptie fare :  
 And for affected food deuoures the aire.  
 Awak't ; hot famine raues through all his veines :  
 And in his guts, and greedie pallat raignes.  
 Forth-with ; what Sea, what Earth, what Ayre affords,  
 Acquires : complaines of staruing at full bords.  
 In banquets, banquets seekes. What might alone  
 Haue Townes and Nations fed ; suffice not one.  
 Hunger increaseth with increast repast.  
 And as all riuers to the Ocean hast ;  
 Who thirsty still, drinks vp the stranger floods :  
 As rauenous fires refuse no profferd foods ;  
 Huge pyles receiue ; the more they haue, the more  
 By much desire ; made hungry with their store.  
 So *Erisichthon*, of a mind prophane,  
 Full dishes empties, and demands againe.  
 Meat breeds in him an appetite to meat ;  
 Who euer emptie, still prepares to eat.  
 His bellies gulf, his patrimonie wasts :

Consuming

Consuming famine yet vnlesned lasts;  
 And his insatiable throtes extent  
 Now all his wealth, into his bowels sent :  
 A daughter left, vnworthy such a Sire,  
 The beggar sold to feed his hungers fire.  
 Her noble thoughts base seruitude disdain :  
 Who now her hands extending to the Maine ;  
 O thou that hadst my mayden-head, said she,  
 Thy ranisht spoyle from hated bondage free !  
 Neptune had this : who to her prayer consents.  
 And, though then by her master seene, prevents  
 His following search : transforming of his Rape  
 Into a man ; maskt in a fishers shape.  
 Angler, her master said, that with thy bait  
 Conceal'st thy hooke ; so prosper thy deceit,  
 So rest the sea compos'd ; so may the fish  
 Be credulous, and taken at thy wish ;  
 As thou reueal'st her, who in garments, poore,  
 And ruffled haire, late stood vpon this shore.  
 For here, but very now, I saw her stand :  
 Nor farther trace her foot-steps in the sand.  
 She, *Neptunes* bountie finding ; well apaid  
 To be inquir'd for of her selfe ; thus said.  
 Pardon me Sir, who e're you are ; my eyes  
 Haue beene attentiu on this exercise.  
 To winbeleefe ; so may the God of Seas  
 Assist my cunning in such arts as these :  
 As late nor man nor maid I saw before  
 Your selfe, my selfe excepted, on this shore.  
 He credits, and beguil'd, the shore forsooke :  
 When she againe her former figure tooke,  
 Her father, seeing she could change her shape



Oft sold her ; who as often made a scape.  
Now hart-like, now a cow, a bird, a mare :  
And fed his hunger with ill-purchast fare.  
But when his maladie all meanes had spent,  
He gaue the mischief a new nourishment.  
Now to deuoure his proper flesh proceeds :  
And by diminishing, his body feeds.

What need I dwell on forrein facts ? euen we  
Can vary shapes, though limited they be.  
Now seeme I as I am ; oft like a Snake :  
And many times a Bulls hornd figure take.  
But while I hornes assum'd, one thus was broke,  
As you behold. This, with a sigh, he spoke.

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# OVID'S

## METAMORPHOSIS.

### The ninth Booke.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

*A Serpent Achelous: now a Bull:  
His severed Horse with plenty ever full,  
Lichas a Rocke. Alcides sunk in flame,  
Ascends a God. The labour-helping Dams  
A Weefell: Lotis, flying lust, becomes  
A Tree: the like sad Dryope intombs  
Old Ioläus waxeth young agen.  
Callirhoes Infants suddenly grow Men.  
Byblis a weeping Fountaine. Iphis now  
A Boy, to Isis payes his maiden Vow.*

**H**Ee, who his high descent from Neptune drawes,  
Of his so sad a sigh demands the cause,  
And maimed brow. When thus the God proceeds;  
His dangling curls impald with quivering reeds.  
A heauie taske you impose: his owne disgrace  
Who would reuiue? yet was it not so base  
To be subdude, as noble to contend:  
And such a Victor doth my foile defend.  
Haue you not heard of faire-cheekt *Deianire*?  
The enui'd hope of many: the desire  
Of all that knew her. We, with others went  
To *Oeneus* Court, to purchase his consent.

*Partharus*

*Peribsons* son, be I thy Son in law ;  
 I, and *Alcides* said: the rest with-draw.  
 He, with his father *Ioue*, his Labours fame,  
 And step-dames vanquish't tasks, infor't his claime.  
 'Twere shame, said I, that deathlesse Gods, to men  
 Who dye, should stoope. ( A God he was not then.)  
 These euer-liuing waters I command,  
 That wind in endlesse currents through thy land.  
 Thy Son no stranger is, if I be He :  
 But of thy Countre and a friend to thee.  
 Yet be't no preiudice ; that *Inno's* hate,  
 Nor punishing imployments presse my fate.  
 If from *Alcmena* thou thy being drew :  
*Ioue's* thy false father, or the crime is true.  
 Thou seekst a Father in a Mothers shame :  
 Or be not *Ioue's*, or take a bastards name.

He, all this while, with eyes that sparkle fire;  
 Vpon me frownd : and weakly rules his ire.  
 Then onely said ; My hand my tongue exceeds :  
 Win thou with words, so I subdue with deeds.  
 With that, fell on. To speake so big, and shrink,  
 I shame : and let my wane-greene Mantle sink ;  
 My armes oppose, my hands for seasure prest ;  
 And euery fitted part for fight addrest.  
 He throwes dust on me with his hollow hand :  
 And I againe besprinkle him with sand.  
 Now catches at my neck, now at my thighs ;  
 Or proffer makes : and euery lim applies.  
 But me my waight defends ; in vaine he striues.  
 Much like as when a roling billow drives  
 Against a rock : the rock repels his pride ;  
 By his owne ponder firmly fortifi'd.

Both



Both for a while with-drew: againe we meet,  
 And strongly keepe our stands; feet ioyne to feet,  
 With that I rusht vpon him with my brest:  
 My fingers, his; my brow his fore-head prest.  
 So haue I seene two Bulls together close;  
 The fairest Cow in all the pasture chose  
 To wiue the Victor: while the Herds with feare  
 Expect who should so wisht a purchase beare.  
 Thrice *Hercules* endeouours to constrain  
 My powers to dis-ingagement: thrice in vaine.  
 The fourth assay my strong imbrace vnbound:  
 And from my grasping armes his body wound.  
 Then turning me about (truth guides my tongue)  
 Vpon my back with all his burden hung.  
 If I haue faith (a lie can find no way  
 To praise) me thought a mountaine on me lay.  
 Scarce could I free my armes, all frotht with sweat:  
 Scarce from his gripes my aking bosome set.  
 Still pressing on, he giues nor time to breathe  
 Nor gather strength: my powres my trust deceaue.  
 In fine, his yoking armes my neck command:  
 When, puld vpon my knees, I bit the land.  
 Inferior force my native flight supply'd:  
 Now from him like a lengthfull Serpent glide.  
 When in contracted folds I forward sprung:  
 Horridly hissing with my forked tongue.  
 He laughs; and flouts my terrors in this sort:  
 To strangle Serpents is my cradles sport.  
 Though other dragons to thy conquest bow:  
 To dire *Lernean Hydra* what art thou?  
 Her wounds were fruitfull: from each seuer'd head  
 Each of her hundred necks two fiercer bred:

More

More strong by twinning heirs. This death-borne crue  
 Growing in wounds ; I ram'd : and twice subdue.  
 What hope hast thou, a forged Snake, to scape ?  
 That fightst with others armes ; and begst thy shape.

This said ; my necke his grasping fingers clincht ;  
 And scruz'd my throat ; as if with pincers wrincht ;  
 While from his gripes I strooke my iawes to pull.  
 Twice ouer- come ; now, like a furious Bull,  
 Once more his terrible assaults oppose.  
 His armes about my swelling chest he throwes,  
 And following, backward hales : my foreheads birth  
 Fixt in the ground ; and threw me on the earth.

My brow (that not sufficing) disadornes :  
 By breaking one of my ingaged hornes.  
 The *Naiades* with fruits and flowres this fill :  
 Good Plenty, in my Horne aboundeth still.

Here *Achelous* ends. One lovely-faire,  
 Girt like *Diana's* Nymph, with flowing haire,  
 Came in ; and brought the wealthy Horne ; repleat  
 With Autumnes store, and apples after meate.

Day Springs, and mountaines shine with early beames.  
 His Guests depart : nor stay till peacefull streames  
 Glyde gently downe, and keepe theit bounded race.  
 When *Achelous*, his agrestick face  
 And maymed head within the current throwds.  
 This blemish much his former beauty clouds :  
 All else compleat. The rupture of his browes  
 He shades with flaggie wreathes, and fallow boughes.

So *Deianira*, *Nessus*, was thy wrack :  
 A deadly arrow piercing through thy back.  
*Iones* son, with his new wife ; to *Thebes* his course  
 Directing ; came t' *Emenius* rapid source.

The

The big-swolne Streames increast with winters raine,  
 And full of turning gulfes, his Passe restraine.  
 For her he feares : though he selfe-seare abhord.  
 When strong-lim'd *Nessus* came, who knew the Ford;  
 And said ; I safely will transport thy Bride :  
 Meane-while swim thou vnto the other side.  
 To him *Alcides* his pale wife betakes :  
 Who, fearing both the flood, and *Nessus*, quakes.  
 Charg'd with his quiver, and his Lyons skin  
 ( His club and bow before throwne ouer ) in  
 The Heros leapes, and said ; How euer vast,  
 These waues, since vnder taken, shall be past.  
 And confident, nor seekes the smoothest wayes :  
 Nor dy declining his transcant delayes.  
 Now ouer ; stooping for his bow, he heard  
 His wiues shrill shrieks ; and *Nessus* saw, prepar'd  
 To violate his trust. Thou rauiher,  
 What hope, said he, can thy vaine speed confer  
 Holla, thou halfe a beast ; with-hold thy flight,  
 I pray thee heare ; nor intercept my right.  
 If no respect of me can fix thy trust :  
 Yet, let thy Fathers wheele restraine thy lust.  
 Nor shalt thou scape reuenge ; how euer fleet,  
 Wounds shall ore-take thy speed, though not my feet.  
 The last, his deeds confirme ; for as he fled,  
 An arrow struck his back : the barbed head  
 Past through his brest. Tug'd out, both vents extrude  
 Hot spinning gore, with *Hydras* blood imbrude.  
 This *Nessus* strooke : and softly said : yet I, woe,  
*Alcides*, will not vntreuged dy.  
 And gaue his Rape a vesty dipt in that gore :  
 This will ( said he ) the heat of loue restore.

Long



Long after ( all the ample world possest  
 With his great acts, and *Iunor* hate increast )  
 From raz'd *Oechalia* hastning his remoue,  
 To sacrifice vnto *Cenean Ioue* :  
 Fames babblings *Deianira*'s eares surprise  
 ( Who falshood ads to truth, and growes by lies )  
 How *Id's*, *Amphitryoniades*  
 With loue inthrall'd. Stung with this strong disease.  
 The troubled louer credits what she f :ares.  
 At first she nourisheth her grieve with teares :  
 Which weeping eyes diffuse. Then sayd ; But why  
 Weepe we ? the Strumpet in these teares will ioy.  
 Since come she will, some change attempt I must ;  
 Before my bed be stained with her lust.  
 Shall I complaine ? be mute ? shift houses ? stay ?  
 Returne to *Calydon*, and giue her way ?  
 Or call to mind that I am sister to  
 Great *Meleager*, and some mischief doe ?  
 What iniur'd woman ; what the spleenefull woe  
 Of ielousie ; or harlots death, can shew ?  
 Her thoughts, long toyld with change, now fixed stood  
 To send the garment dipt in *Nessus* blood ;  
 To quicken fainting loue. The Present she  
 To *Lycas* gaue ( as ignorant as he )  
 And her owne sorrow. Who, with kind commends,  
 The robe to her suspicteless husband sends.  
 Which now the sacrificing Heros wore :  
 Wrapt in the poyson of *Echidna*'s gore.  
 Who praying, new-borne flames with incense fed :  
 And bowles of wine on marble altars shed.  
 The spreading mischief works : with heat *Lissola* d,  
 The manly limmes of *Hercules* inuok'd,

Who,

Who, whilst he could, with vsuall fortitude  
His grones suppress. All patience now subdew'd  
With such extremes; the altar downe he flings:  
And shady *Oete* with his clamour rings.  
Forth-with to teare the torture off, he strives.  
The riuen robe, his skin that lines it, riuers;  
Or to his limmes vnseparable cleaues;  
Or his huge bones and sinewes naked leanes.  
As fire-red steele in water drencht; so toyles  
His hissing blood, and with hot poyson boyles.  
No meane! the greedy flames his bowels fret;  
And all his body flowes with purple sweat:  
His scorched sinewes crack, his marrow fries.  
Then, to the stars his hands aduancing, cries.

Feast, *Iuno*, on our harmes. O from on high  
Behold this plague! thy cruell stomach cloy.  
If foes may pittie purchase (such are we)  
This life, with torments cras'd; long sought by thee;  
And borne to toyle, deprive. For death would proue  
To me a blessing: and a Step-dames loue  
May such a blessing giue. Haue I this gain'd  
For slaine *Bufris*; who *Ioues* temple stain'd  
With strangers blood? That from *Ateus* tooke  
His mothers aid? Whom *Geryons* triple looke,  
Nor thine, ô *Cerberus*, could once dismay?  
These hands, these made the *Cretan* Bull obey.  
Your labors, *Elis*; smooth *Symphasian* floods,  
Confesse with praises; and *Paribonian* woods.  
You got the golden belt of *Thermodon*:  
And apples from the sleepleffe Dragon won.  
Nor Cloud-borne *Centaures*, nor th' *Arcadian* Bore,  
Could us resist: nor *Hydra* with her store

Of frightfull heads; which by their losse increast.  
 I, when I saw the *Thracian* Horses feast  
 With humane flesh, their mangersouer-threw :  
 And with his steeds, their wicked Master flew.  
 These hands the *Nemian* Lyon choakt: these queld  
 Huge *Cacus* : and these shoulders heauen vpheld.  
*Iones* cruell wife grew weary to impose;  
 I neuer to performe. But ô these woes,  
 This new found plague, no vertue can repell;  
 Nor armes, nor weapons! Hungry flames of hell  
 Shoot through my veines, and on my liuer prey.  
 And yet *Eurystheus* thrives: and some will say  
 That there be Gods! Here his complaints he ends,  
 And high-raisd steps ore lofty *Oeta* bends,  
 Hurried with anguish: lik a Bull that beares  
 A wounding iauelin; whom the wounder feares.  
 Oft should you see him quake, oft grone, oft struiuing  
 To teare his garments; solid trees vp-riuing,  
 Intraged with the mountaines, and to reare  
 His scorched armes vnto his fathers sphere.  
 Hid in a hollow rocke, he *Lycas* spies:  
 When torture had possesst his faculties  
 With all her furies. *Lycas* didst thou giue  
 This horrid gift, said he? Thinkst thou to liue;  
 And I die by thy treason? While he quakes,  
 Lookes gastly pale, vnheard excuses makes;  
 While yet he spake, while to his knees he clung  
 Caught by the heeles, about his head thrice swong,  
 Him into deepe *Euboea* surges threw  
 (As engines stones) who hardned as he flew.  
 As falling shoures congeald with freezing winds  
 Conuert to snow; as snow together binds,

And



And reuling round in solid haile descends :  
 So while the aire his forced body rends,  
 Bloodlesse with terror, all his moisture gone;  
 Those times his change produc't to rigid stone.  
 And still within *Euboea* gulphs he lies  
 A short rock lies, which mans proportion keepet.  
 Whereon the mariners forbear to fall  
 As sensitive. And this they *Lycium* call

But thou, *Iones* God-like son (a Pyle with store  
 Of trees aduanc't, which lasty *Quene* bore  
 Thy bow and ample *Quiver* (whence thy  
 Those arrowes that against *Troy* did vie)  
 Bequeath'st to *Pandolus*: who catching fire  
 Puts to the Pyle. While greedy flames asphre;  
 Thou on the top thy *Lycium* speale didst spread:  
 And lay thereon (thy club beneath thy head)  
 With such a looke; as if a mortal God

Amidst full goblets, as a god did sit.  
 Now all imbracing flames are crackling made;  
 And their Contemners patient flames invade.  
 The Gods much thought for *Iones* Defender to the:  
 When thus *Saturnus*, with a cheerefull looke:

This grieffe, you Gods, is all delight with all  
 Our soule we ioy, that such a people call  
 Vs King and Father, who so great are,  
 And of our progeny have such a care.  
 For though his noble selfe deserves as much,  
 You vs oblige. But let vaine seruice cease  
 Your loyal hearts, let our whole flames dispense:  
 Who conquer'd all, shall also conquer these.  
*Vuk* on his mother part shall be funder:  
 For that's immortal which from vs he drew;

And can nor taste of death, nor stoop to fire :  
 Which, purg'd from earth, shall to our ioyes aspire,  
 This all your Deities I thinke will please.  
 If any grudge such grace to *Hercules*,  
 Nor would his God-head; let them enuy still :  
 They shall our set approue against their will.

The Gods assent. And *Iuno's* selfe accords;  
 At least in shew: yet *Iupiter's* last words  
 Vnsmooth her forehead with obseru'd distaste.  
 What flame could vanquish, *Malciber* doth waste.  
 Yet *Hercules*, not knowne by face, remains;  
 Who nothing of his Mother's forme rethines:  
 Now onely Ioniall. As a snake his yeares  
 Casts with his skin, and sprightly young appears  
 With glittering scales: so, the *Thyrsian*,  
 Flaving put off mortality with man,  
 Shines in his better part, and seemes more great:  
 With awe-insufing maiestie compleat.  
 Rapt in a chariot by almighty *Ioue*,  
 Through hollow clouds, vnto the starres aboue.

Perck *Atlas* feeles his waight. *Euryfheus* ire  
 Ends not in death his hatred to the Sire  
 Perfues his race. *Alceus*, worne with care;  
 Had *Hier* to whom she might declare  
 Her old-wiues plaints, her Sore hard labours (knowne  
 Through broad-spread Earth) his fortunes, and her owne.  
 Her, *Hylas*, by *Alcides* testament,  
 Tooke to his bed, with loues vnforc't consent;  
 And filld her womb with generous seed: when thus  
*Alceus*: Be the Gods propitious,  
 And quick in working, when thy time draws neare  
 To call *Hier*, whom sad mothers feare;

To

To me made difficult by *Luna's* sight.  
 For ten accomplish'd figures did now crie  
 My trauell to *Alcmena's* birth; whose waight  
 My belly stretcht; which bare so great a freight.  
 That you might sweare it was begot by *Ioue*:  
 When with intolerable paines I throne.  
 Now also, speaking, horror chills my heart:  
 And grieues remembrance heares in grieue a part.  
 Seuen nights, seuen dryes, thus rapt; with anguish tir'd.  
 My hands vpheld, with our cries, I desir'd  
*Lacina's* aid, my burden to vnty.  
 She came indeed, but pre corrupted by  
 Vnfriently *Iuno*, life to ruinate.  
 Hearing my grones, she fate before the gate  
 On yonder Altar: her right knee vpholds  
 Her crosse left ham; whose fingers knit in foulds  
 Delai'd deliuey: and with mutter'd spee  
 Of secret powre, the pressing birth repeale.  
 I strue; and rauing, task vnguarded *Ioue*:  
 Desire to die; and breath complains to more  
 Relentlesse fumes. The *Cad* most Dames were there;  
 Who pray for me, and comfort my despair.  
 Red-hair'd *Galanthis*, one of meane descent;  
 In all employments stoutly diligent,  
 Beloued for her dnetic; doth mistrouly  
 Malicious *Iuno*: Passing in and out,  
 She saw the Goddesse on the altar sit  
 Her armes about her knees, her fingers knit.  
 What ere you be, reioyce with vs, she sayd;  
 Ioyfull *Alcmena* hath her belly layd.  
 The Goddesse, great in child-birth, starting, rose:  
 And parting her linkt fingers, call'd my *thronce*.



They say *Galathea* laugh at this deceit:  
 Whom straight the floored Goddess, in a fere,  
 Drags by the haire; nor suffers her to rise:  
 Forth with her armes convert to legs and thighs;  
 Agility and colour still shade:  
 Her forme transform'd. In that her mouth supplide  
 Defectiue child-birth, at her mouth she beares:  
 Nor now our still-frequented houses feares.  
 This said, she lights for her old seruants sake:  
 To whom her daughter, likewise sighing, spake.

You, Mother, sorrow for no kinreds fate.  
 But what if I the wonderous change relate  
 Of my poore Sister? Teares, and sorrow seaze  
 My troubled speech. Of all th' *Oncelides*  
 For forme few night with *Dryope* compare;  
 The onely child her dying mother bare:  
 I borne by a second wife. Her virgin flowre  
 Being gathered by that ouer-mastering Powre,  
 Who in *Delos*, and in *Delphos* doth reside;  
*Demetrius* weds her: happy in his Bride.  
 A lake there is, which sheluing margents bound,  
 Much like a shore; with fragrant myrtles crown'd.  
 Hither came simple *Dryope* (what more  
 Afflicts me) to those Nymphs she garlands bore.  
 Her armes her child, a pleasing burden, hold;  
 Who suckt her breasts: not yet a twelue-month old:  
 Hand by the lake a flowry *Lotus* grew,  
 Expecting berries, of a crimson hew.  
 Thence pulling flowres, she gaue them to her son  
 To play withall; so was I like t haue don:  
 For I wasthere. I saw the blood descend  
 From dropping twigs: the bought with horror bend.

Since

Since told, too late; how that a Nymph, who fled  
 From lustfull Priapus; as quene her drede,  
 Assum'd this shape; the name of Leda bore;  
 Vnknowne; my frighted Sister backward flew;  
 And would depart, as faine as she had power;  
 But roots her feet, for all her struggling, sayd,  
 Who onely moues about. The bark is rent;  
 And creepeth from the bottom to her breast.  
 This seene; she thought; haunting her heart; her hand  
 She fills with leaues; through out her linnen stand.  
 The child *Amphylus* (for his grand Father  
*Eurytus*, did that name on him confer)  
 Now finds his mothers breasts both stiffe and dry.  
 I, a spectator of thy tragedy  
 Deare sister, had in me no powre of aid;  
 Yet as I could, thy growing trunk I stayd;  
 Clung to thy spreading boughs; and wish't that I  
 Might with thee in the same inclosure lie.  
 Behold, *Andreas* comes; with him, her Sire,  
 (Both wretched!) and for *Dryas* inquire:  
 When I for *Dryas* the *Leda* flew'd.  
 They kisses on the heatfull wood bestow'd;  
 And, groueling on the ground, her teares embrace.  
 Now all of thee, deare Sister, but thy face  
 Th'incroching habie of a tree receives:  
 Now teares, like pearles of dew, hang on thy leaves.  
 Who, while she might, while yet a way remain'd  
 For speaking passion, in this sort complain'd.  
 If Credir to the wretched may be giuen;  
 I sweare by all the Powers inbow'd in Heauen,  
 I neuer this deseru'd. Without a sin  
 I suffer; innocent my life hath been.

Or if I lie, may my Greene branches fade:  
 And, feld withraxes, on the fire be layd,  
 This Infant from his dying mother beare  
 To some kinde Nurse: and often let him here  
 Be fed wih milke; oft in my shadow play.  
 Let him salute my tree; and softly say,  
 (When he can speake) This Tree doth containe  
 My dearest mother; Yet let him refrain  
 Allakes; nor euer dare to touch a flowre:  
 But think that every tree infirmes a Powre.  
 Deare Husband, Sister, Father, all farewell.  
 Since you I know in pietie excell,  
 Suffer no rote to wound my tender boughes;  
 Nor on my leaves let hungry cattaile brouse.  
 And since I cannot vnto you decline,  
 Ascend to me; and ioyn your lips to mine.  
 My little son, while I can kisse, aduance.  
 But fate cuts off my failing vnterance.  
 For now the softer rine my neck ascends:  
 And round about my leaues top extends.  
 Remove your hands: without the helpe of those,  
 The wrapping barks my dying eyes will close.  
 So left to speake, and be. Yet humane heart  
 In her chang'd body long retain'd a fear.  
 While *He* this story told; her eyes,  
 O'z'd with her teares, the kinde *Almon* dryes;  
 And weeps her selfe. Behold, a better change  
 With ioy defers their sorrow: not lesse strange.  
 For *Isaus*, twice a youth, came in:  
 The doubtfull downe now budding on his chin.  
 Faire *Hels*, at her husbands sute, on thee  
 This gift bestow'd. About to sweare that she

Would



Would neuer giue the like ; wise *Themis* said,  
 Forboare ; Warre raues in *Thebes* by Discord swayd :  
 And *Eapaneus* but by *Tear* alone  
 Can be subdude. The brothers then shall grone  
 With mutuall wounds. The sacred Prophet, lost  
 In swallowing earth, aliue shall see his Ghost.  
 His Sons red hands his Mothers life extract  
 T' appease his Sire : a iust and wicked fact.  
 Rapt from his home and senses, with th' affright  
 Of staring Furies, and his mothers Sprite,  
 Vntill his wife the fatall gold demands :  
 The kinsman murder'd by *Phegides* hands.  
 Then *Asbeloian Callirrhoea*  
 Shall *Ioue* importune, that her infants may  
 Be turn'd to men : and due reuenge require  
 ( As he, for his ) of those who slew their fire ;  
 Her prayers shall win consent from *Ioue* : who then  
 Will bid thee make *Callirrhoe's* children men.  
 This, *Themis* with prophetick rapture song,  
 Among the Gods a grudging murmur sprung,  
 Why she this gift should not to others giue.  
*Iouera* for her husbande age each grieue ;  
*Ceres* complaines of *Ioues* bury heue ;  
*Vulcan* would *Erethobotus* youth repue ;  
 And cares of time to come in *Vulcan* reue,  
 That her *Archifis* might warre young reue,  
 All sue for some : seditions fauour giue  
 In light of tumult ; thus oppress by *Ioue*.  
 What mutter you ? Or where is your respect ?  
 Think you, you can the powre of fate subiect ?  
 Old *Iolan* was by fate renew'd :  
 By fate *Callirrhoe's* babes shall be indew'd

With youth : nor by ambition, nor warre.  
 Even we, that you may better brook it, are  
 Prescrib'd by Fate. Which could we change ; not thus  
 Should time suppress our God-like *Eacus* :  
 Eternall youth should *Rhadamanthus* crowne :  
 Nor should our *Minos* lose his old renowne :  
 Def. ised now through age : who heretofore,  
 With such a braue command his scepter bore.

These words of *Jupiter* the yielding Gods allwaie ;  
 Sith *Rhadamanthus* and *Eacus*, with age  
 Decline : and *Minos* whole youths a fine flame  
 Made mighty nations tremble at his name.  
 But now in mind and body impotent,

*Democritus* *Miletus* fear'd silent  
 This throne suspects ; adorn'd with youth and stile  
*Democritus* *Miletus* : nor durst his seat exalt.

But then, *Miletus*, of thy owne accord  
 Forsookst thy native home : and now abroad,  
 Through deepe *Byzantium* life came :  
 Erecting there a City of thy name.

He, as the Nymph *Corymbus* (excelling  
 For beauty) daughter to *Minos*, went  
 Along his winding haire, and with her there :  
 Who *Byzantium* one birth with *Democritus* bore.

By this example let us be instructed :  
 How a sister should a brother love :  
 How at the first her owne affection knew.  
 How thought it faine so eagerly to live :  
 How by embracing to have done amiss.  
 Whom shadow of false picture beguiles ;  
 How by degrees corrupts her dresse, and smiles,

Shee

Shee frames t' attract; to seeme too faire desire,  
And enuies whom fouler he admires,  
Yet knowes not her disease; no wilkes rife  
In smoking sighes as yet; yet in lye lye  
Now calls him Lord; the due of blood disclaim'd;  
Who would he By his, and not father shew'd,  
Nor waking durst she harbour in his bed  
A wanton hope: but in disliking rest  
Her louer oft enioyes; her father keeps  
A festiuall; yet blushes in her sleepe  
Sleepe fled; long wake; her dreames againe returns  
By repetition, which luse thus perishes.

Woe's me! what bode these fantasies of Night!  
If true, how wretched! why should I such delight  
His heavenly forme by dreames be approv'd:  
Who might, if not a brother, be behov'd;  
And meritt my affection (how well!)  
If I were not his sister, there's my hell!  
While waking, I endeavour no such ill,  
May these bewitching dreames continue still!  
No Spie could blab that married lye.  
O Venus, and with thee, thou winged Boy!  
What pleasure, what content, had that night!  
How lay I all dissolved in delight!  
With how much ioy remembered I those silent ioyes;  
And hastie Night our happinesse destroyes.  
Would I could change this wretched name of mine!  
Or he the heart in his blood resigne!  
How well, & how, might our father be  
A father in law, or to thy Sells, or me!  
O would to Ioue we all in common held,  
Except our birth! though mine his birth could!



Who then (ô fairest!) wilt thou make a mother?  
 How ill hath Nature linkt vs to each other!  
 Still must thou be my brother: what I hate  
 I only haue. What then prognosticate  
 These flattering visions? What in these extremes,  
 Can dreames auail? or is there waight in dreames?  
 The Gods forbid! The Gods their Sisters wed.  
*Saturne* and *Ops* had both one truth and bed.  
 So *Tethys* with *Oceanus*; so *Ioue*  
 Combines with *Ioue* in eternall loue.  
 Gods haue peculiar lawes: how dare I draw  
 From them examples, bound to another law?  
 Die, die forbidden flames; or let me die.  
 Then may my brother kisse me when I lie  
 On sable herse. Besides, the ioynt consent  
 This craves of two. Say it should me content:  
 He may abhor it. Yet th' *Æolides*  
 Embraced theirs. Whence spring such proofes as these?  
 O whether rapt! you wicked flames, remoue:  
 A brother, as befits a sister, loue.  
 Yet should he first affect, perhaps I then  
 His loue might cherish, and affect againe.  
 Then shall I, who would not his sure reiect,  
 She first? What, canst thou speake? thy thoughts direct?  
 I can: Loue prompts. If shame my speech suppress;  
 Yet speechlesse letters may my flames confesse.  
 This pleas'd her; and a little satisfide  
 Her doubtfull minde. When rain'd on her left side,  
 And leaning on her elbow; Hap what may,  
 We will (said she) our frantike loue display.  
 O whether slide I! ô what flames excite  
 These thoughts! then sit her trembling hands to write:

One holds the wax, the stile the other guides;  
Begins, doubts, writes, and at the tables chides;  
Notes, razes, changes oft, dislikes, approues,  
Throwes all a side, resumes what she remoues;  
Her will she knowes not, no composure breakes:  
Soft shame and impudence sit in her cheekes.  
She had writ Sister: but as soon as she  
Defacing; took the stile, and thus writ.

Health to her only Love that Love sends:  
Who health hath none, but what your love extends.  
To tell you who I am; alas, I shame.  
If you would know my fate; without a name  
O let me plead, nor be for I yet knowe,  
Vntill my hopes be to assurance growe.  
Pale colour, leanness, rashfull looks, wet eyes,  
Long sighs which from concealed passion rise,  
Frequent embracements, and (if you so much  
Observed) kisses of too hot a touch  
To sute a sisters coldnesse: these expresse  
The deepe distemper of my wounded breast  
And yet, although my soule the wound sustain'd,  
Although a fiery fury in me reign'd,  
Heauens witnesse, that I might at length be well,  
I try'd the utmost, striving to repell  
The violent darts of Cupid: and thus I wrote  
Then you would thinke a woman could I bore!  
Against my will, I now become your slave:  
And with afflicted language pray you.  
You may peruse; you only can vnderstand:  
Chooſe which you will. Nor fies a foe to you;  
But who, too neerely'd, would neuer be yne:  
And in a stricter league of love combine.

Let old men know what's lawfull, good, or ill :  
 And to their frosty rules submit their will.  
 Rash Youth fits our yeares. Yet know not wee  
 Intangling lawes : let vs thinke all things free,  
 And imitate the Gods. Paternall awe,  
 Respect of fame, nor feare can vs with-draw :  
 Alone all diffidencie by side.  
 Our ease steals us a brothers name will hide.  
 We may in private talk ; converse, and kisse,  
 Who euer by. What wants to growne our blisse ?  
 O pittie mee, who haue my loue confest ;  
 Nor would, had not my vnsift ardent prest :  
 Left thy remorselesse crueltie be rest  
 Vpon my monument, when I am dead.

This on the way she drew with voice successe :  
 Tossing verse th' extreamest that good pittie  
 Then scales her shame : her parched tongue deni'd  
 To wet her gemme ; which weeping eyes suppli'd.  
 She, blushing, calls a servant of knowne truth,  
 And flattering him awhile ; My friend, thou must  
 See these with care, and secretie, conuaid  
 To my (there purs'd, and after) brother, said.  
 In their delivery the tables fell  
 She, at that Omen, starts ; yet bids farewell.  
 The wary messenger regards his crime ;  
 And goes to come, his infolded crime.  
 Amos'd, steambur high in choller grew ;  
 And on the ground the haire read tables threw.  
 About to strike ; Thou wicked instrument  
 Of horrid lust, said he, by sight prevent  
 My sword's reuenge ; but that our infamie  
 Thy death would publish ; villaine, thou shouldst die.

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He, frighted, flies; and to his mistress beares  
The wrath of *Cerberus*. *Pytho* creaking beates  
Her sad repulse, a death resembling cold  
Beseg'd her hart, and vitall heat controld.  
Yet, with her soule, her firerick love returns,  
Who, with scarce smouldring eyes, thus softly mournes.

And worthily. Why, O too rash I have I  
Disclos'd this wound, and thus my secret  
Who would so soone go headly into combat?  
First, with ambiguous words it had bene fit  
T' have felt his thoughts, and train'd him to persue.  
I should have noted how the weather grew;  
And chosen a safe Sea: but now my Siles  
Stretch desperately with the boisterous waves.  
Now borne on swelling seas, my heart like-beare  
My sinking hark; nor can I back turne here,  
Could not that Ocean check the cherisht scope  
Of my desires; when, with our blasted hope,  
The tables fell? should I not have assign'd  
Another day; or wistly hang'd my mind?  
O no, that day. That day was fate-flaw'd by sad  
And sure portences; that day was mad.  
My selfe, before my leavest, should have said;  
And lively love expect: he should have view'd  
My mooving teares; a lovers pleading eye.  
More could I have spoke then words: but now have spoken  
About his necke my struts I might have wound;  
And, had he cast me off, my selfe should wound;  
Clung to his feet, and graving life in tears.  
This passion might have a end, and much more;  
Whereof, though each particular should fail;  
Yet altogether loyalty might prevail.

Perhaps the blame-deferring messenger  
 Did in behaviour, or occasion, erre:  
 Nor chose a season when his thoughts were free.  
 This bair'd my hopes. For of no Tyrrhic he,  
 Nor Lyonicke, was borne: his gentle breast  
 Rough flint, hard Steele, nor adamant inust.  
 He must be won: no sowre repulse shall make  
 My powers retire, till life my breast forsake.

The best, if what is done were to begin,  
 Is not attempt: next, what w<sup>th</sup> attempt, to win.  
 For neuer would he, though I should ore-sway  
 My strong desires, forget this kind away.  
 Desisting, would condeemne me for flight;  
 Or that I used to meane, I should be slight;  
 Or may conceane this crime, and thus alone  
 These extasies; and not the God of love.  
 And to conclude; I must be wicked still:  
 My hand hath sign'd it; tainted in my will.  
 No going backe can make me innocent:  
 Nought can I adde to sin, Much to content.

This said; one thought another doth controule:  
 So great a discord racks his wandering soule:  
 Dullness, yet afe: who never satisf'd;  
 Account himselfe, to be oft deni'd.  
 This scene, he sees his country for her crime:  
 And builds a City in a foraine clime.  
 When we will speake, falling in despair,  
 Her garments, tearing, from her bosome tare;  
 Sinking her smock through fury, and proclames  
 In high distraction, her incestuous flames.  
 Hopelesse, her hated mansion she elchues:  
 And frantically, her brothers sight persues,

And

And as *Iſmarian Bacchanus* (great ſon  
Of *Semele*) ſtruck with thy *Thyrus*, run  
In thy *Triennials*! ſo *Antuſtus Dames*  
Saw howling *Byble* hurrying o're their plaines.  
From theſe ſhe wanders through the *Carian* boundes,  
The warlike *Legates*, and *Lycian* groundes:  
*Cragus*, *Lymira's* ſtreames; the ſilver waues  
Of *Xanthus* paſt; and where *Chimæra* rances  
On high rocks; with a *Lions* face and mane,  
A *Gotes* rough body, and a *Serpents* traine.  
The woods were paſt: when thou, O *Byble*, ſaind  
With long perſuit, and paſſions ſtrong conſtraind,  
Sunk'ſt downe; thy haire on earth diſperſ'dly ſpread:  
And hid'ſt with withered leaues thy low-ſad head.  
The kinde *Lalagian* Nymphs oft in their armes  
Attempt to caſe her: and with ſoft ſpeeches  
Of counſell, ſtrive to take her ſore ſick mind,  
But, to the deafe they ſing, and loſe their wind.  
She, grasping the greene raiſes, ſhakes her:  
And barbes them in the riues of her eyes.  
The *Naiads* thruſt vnder theſe a ſhower:  
Their bounty coulde not plea a greater ſhower.  
As pitch diſtilleth from the ſilke beehive,  
As ſtiſſe *Bitumen* iſſues from the ground:  
As flouds, which ſmelt ſo icie ſtewes beate,  
Thaw with th'approching *Sun*, and ſcatter the wind:  
Euen ſo *Phœbian Byble*, ſpent in weare,  
Becomes a living foaſſome, which yet beares  
Her name: and vnder a blacke *Helm* ſhe grows  
In thoſe ranke vallies, plentifully flowers.  
The fate of this ſo wonderful a fate  
Had fill'd great hundred *Caines*, if of *Iun*.



The change of *Iphis*, generally knowne,  
 Had not produc'd a wonder of their owne.  
 For *Phedra*, neere to *Gassus*, fostered  
 One, *Lydia*, of vn-noted parents bred:  
 How'euer, free. Nor did his wealth exceed  
 His parentage: yet both in word and deed  
 Sincerely iust, and of a blamelesse life.  
 Who thus bespake his now downe-lying wife.  
 Two things I wish: that you your belly lay  
 With little paine; and that it proue a boy.  
 A daughter is too chargeable, and we  
 Too poore to match her. If a girl it be,  
 I charge, what I aske (A Ferry  
 Forgious me!) that, as soon as home, it die.  
 This hauing you'd yet commanded wepe  
 And the Commander, makes no more use kept.  
 Yet *Telubus* still with freneticke praire,  
 Desires he would not in the Gods despaire.  
 Bee he too constant. Now her time was come,  
 And the ripe burden with her heavy womb:  
 When *Imahis*, with other feared hand;  
 In dead of night, or fild, or fould to stand  
 Beside her bed. Her heapes a crowne adorne,  
 With eares of shining corn, and cyathus branes,  
 Baking *Ambrosia*, and *Isidore* brane,  
 Blacke eyes sparkled variouly with white,  
 His whole mouth smiling finger flames caught,  
 Tymbrich *Of* *Imahis* enough for light,  
 And farrowe suppers, whole daye much constraime  
 A deadly slumber, consumeth her waine.  
 Then (as awake, and seeing) the Diuine  
 Thus said: O *Telubus*, One of mine;

Reied

Reiect these cares, thy husband dischay:  
 And when *Larins* shall shy belly lay,  
 Foster what ere it be. A Deity  
 Auxiliary to Distresse am I;  
 Ready to helpe, and easily implored;  
 Nor shall it grieue thee that thou hast adored  
 Vngratefull *Ist*. This solemn vow  
 She leaues the roome. When, rising in her bed,  
 Her hands to Heauen she giues, and thus she prayes:  
 And humbly prays her vifin may prosper,  
 Increasing throwes at length a male child forth,  
 Both by the father and the world suppos'd  
 To be a boy; so closely hid: and knowing  
 But to the Mother, and the nurse alone.  
 He payes his vowes, and of his *Fisher* brings  
 It *Iphis* call; which much respects the day  
 To both sex common; nor doth shee know  
 Who still with pleasure would her selfe behold  
 A boy in show, whose looks should yet be hid  
 To boy or girl, her would in either stand  
 At thirteene years her *Fisher* her selfe  
 To yellow-vest *Isis*; the daughter  
 Of *Phoebe* virgin; for *Phoebe* her  
*Ysis* daughter, and *Isis* her  
 Like young, like beautiful, like modest  
 Inform'd alike, alike accomplished  
 Like darts at once their force before shee  
 Alike their wounds; their hopes, & fear vnder  
 The day they expect. *Isis* thought time  
 Too slow; and takes her *Iphis* for a man.  
 Poore *Iphis* loues, despaires; despairs cecilia  
 Far fiercer flames: a maid, a maid affects.

What

What will become of me (the weeping said)  
 Whom new, vnknowne, prodigious loues invade!  
 If pittifull, the Gods should haue destroy'd:  
 Or else haue giuen what might haue bene inioy'd.  
 No Cow a Cow, no Mare a Mare pursues:  
 But Harts their gentle Hindes, and Rammers their Ewes.  
 So Birds together paire. Of all that mone,  
 No Female suffers for a Female loue.  
 O would I had no being! Yet, that all  
 Abhord by Nature should in Cret befall;  
 Yet'st lust-incens'd daughter lou'd a Bull:  
 They male and female. Mine, ô farre more full  
 Of vncouth fury! for she pleas'd her blood;  
 And stood his errour in a Cow of wood:  
 She, to deceine, had an adulterer.  
 Should all the world they daring wits confer:  
 Should Dada his wits wits reuerence,  
 And hither flye; what could his cunning doe!  
 Can art conuert a virgin to a boy?  
 Or fix *Itebe* for a maidens ioy?  
 No, fix thy mind; compose thy vast desires:  
 O quench the se ill-adu'd and foolish fires!  
 Or know thy fellowe Selfe-deceit accuse:  
 What may be, looke, and loue as virgins vse.  
 Hope wings Desire; hope captiue light inflames:  
 In thee thy Sex this death. No watch restraines  
 Outdeare embrace, nor husbands malouies,  
 Nor rigorous Struts; nor she her selfe denies:  
 Yet not to be inioy'd. Nor canst thou be  
 Happy in her, though men and Gods agree!  
 Now also all to my desires accord:  
 What they can giue, the easie Gods afford;

What



What me, my Father, here, her selfe would please,  
Displeaseth Nature; stronger than all these.  
She, she forbids. That day begins to shine;  
Long wisht! wherein I must be mine;  
And yet not mine. Of mortall most accurst!  
I starue at feasts, and in the river thirst.  
*Iuno*, & *Hymen*, where are you come?  
We both are Brides: but where is the Bride-grooms?  
Here ended. Nor kisse burnes the other Maid;  
Who, *Hymen*, for thy swift appearance praid.  
Yet *Teletusa* feares what thou affe'st;  
Protracting time: of want of health obie'st;  
Ill-boading dreames, and auguries oft taloes:  
But now no colour for excuse remaines.  
Their nuptiall rites, put off with such delay;  
Were to be solemniz'd the following day.  
When she vnbinds, here, and her daughters haire;  
And holding by the Altar faine'd this prayer.  
*Isis*; who *Paraclete* *Pharos* *Ili*;  
*Smooth Marston*, and *Green-channell Nile*,  
Chear'ft with thy presence: thy poore suppliants heare:  
O helpe in these extremes, and cure our feare!  
Thee Goddesse, thee of old; these ensignes, I  
Haue seene, and knowe thy temple, incandantie,  
And sounding *Timbrels*: and haue thee obaid,  
To me, impunity; life, to this maid,  
Thy sauing counsell gave: to both grace  
Thy timely pittie. Teares her words perswad.  
The Goddesse shakes her Altar; when the gate  
Shooke on the hinges: hornes that invite  
The waxing Moone, through all the Temple shing  
A sacred splendor: noyse-full *Timbrels* rung.

The Mother, glad of this successful scene,  
 Though not secure, returns from life serene.  
 Whom *Iphis* follows with a larger pace  
 Then usual; nor had so white a face.  
 Her strength augments; her looks more bold appears;  
 Her shortning curls scarce hang beneath her ears;  
 More courage hath, then, when a wench, she had:  
 For thou, of late a Wench, art now a Lad.  
 Gifts to the temple bear, and so sing!  
 Sing joy! Their gifts unto the Temple bring;  
 And add a tide in one verse display  
 What *Iphis* vow'd a Wench, a Boy he paid.  
 The Morning Night adorns with welcome flame:  
 When *Isis*, *Venus*, and free *Myra* came  
 To grace their marriage, who, with gifts divine,  
 Tell the Boy, to his *Isis* layne.

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# OVID'S

## METAMORPHOSIS.

### The tenth Booke.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

**F**LEARS turns a man to Fish. Lechire's House  
 Olenus begets; new shapes; their shapes the same.  
 Vexes Cybele to Phebe her Argo's carves.  
 Sweet Cyparissus in a Cypress turns;  
 Enamored Iove on Eagle wings displays;  
 And lastly Ganymed to Heavens comes to.  
 Slaies Hyacinthus by his in his new Flowers.  
 The cruel Sacrificer by the power  
 Of Venus turn'd to Bull. The Prostitute  
 To Stone. Pygmalion wins the living fruit  
 Of his own Art. Bragant dark skin  
 In Heavens; converted to the Virgin Signs.  
 Myrrha, a weeping Tree. Hippocentaur  
 And Aralanta Lions. Cypriotes  
 (transform'd by Menela's change) by Perseus  
 Turned to a fish, his quickly fading flame.

**H**ENCE to the Clouds, through boundlesse skies,  
 In saffron mantle, Hyacinthus flies:  
 By Orpheus call'd. But neither vnsall words,  
 Nor chearfull looks, nor happy signes affords.  
 The torch his hand sustains, still sputtering, rais'd  
 A tearefull smoke: nor yet, though shaken, blaz'd.

The end



Th' event worse then the Cause. As his Bride  
 Troopes with the Nymphs by Helens side;  
 A Serpent bit her by the heele: which forc't  
 Life from her hold; and nuptiall eyes diuorc't.  
 Whom when the *Tiracian* Poet had about  
 Enough bewail'd; that his complaints might moue  
 The vnder Shades, at *Tenerus* descends  
 To *Syrian* foulds; and his bold steps extends  
 By ayrie Shapes, and fleeting Soules, that boast  
 Of sepulture, through that vnpleasant coast  
 To *Plutus* Court. When, hauing tun'd his strings,  
 Thus to his harpe the God-like Poet sings.

You Powres that sway the world beneath the Earth,  
 The last abode of all our humane birth;  
 If we the truth without offence say self;  
 I come not hither to discouer Hell;  
 Nor binde that scolding Curie, who barking shakes  
 About his triple browes *Medusa's* snakes.  
 My wife this iourney vrg'd: who, by the tooth  
 Of trod-on Viper, perisht in her youth.  
 I would, and stroue to haue borne her loss: but Loue  
 Won in that strife. A God well knowne above;  
 Not here, perhaps, vnknowne. If truly Fame  
 Report old rapes, you also felt his flame.  
 By these obscure abodes, so full of dread;  
 By this huge charr, and deepe Silexon spread  
 Through your vast Empire: by these propers of mine;  
*Empire* use hardly face to mine.  
 We all are yours: and after a short stay;  
 Early, or late, we all must runne one way.  
 Hither we throng; for our last home assign'd:  
 Th' vniuersall habitation of man-kind.

She,

She, when her time by nature shall expire,  
Again is yours : I but the use desire.  
If Fate denie me this, my second choice  
Is here t' abide : in both our deaths reioyce.

While thus he sung, and struck the quauering strings,  
The bloudlesse Shadowes wept : nor flattering Springs  
Temp't *Tantalus* ; *Ixion's* Wheele stood still ;  
Their Vrne the *Erinydes* no longer fill :  
The Vultures feed nor ; *Tityus* left to grone :  
And *Sisyphus* fate listning on his Stone.  
The Furies, vanquish't by his verse, were seene  
To weepe, that neuer wept before. Hel's Queene,  
The King of darknesse yeeld't his powrefull plea.  
Among the late-come Soules, *Eurydice*  
They call : she came ; yet halting of her wound.  
Giuen *Orpheus*, with this law : Till thou the bound  
Of pale *Auerne* passe, if back thou cast  
Thy carefull eyes, thou loosest what thou hast.  
A steepe ascent, darke, thicke with fogges, they clime  
Through euerlasting Silence. By this time  
Approach the confines of illustrious Light.  
Doubting her losse, and longing for a sight,  
His eyes th' impatient lower backward threw :  
When she, back sliding, presently with-drew.  
He catches at her, in his wits distraught ;  
And yeelding aie for her (vnhappy !) caught.  
Nor did she, dying twice, her spouse reprocue :  
For what could she complaine of, but his loss ?  
Who takes her last farewell : her parting breath  
Scarce reacht his eares ; and so reuolues to death.  
Her double losse sad *Orpheus* stupid  
With equal terror vnto his, who spide

Three-headed *Cerberus* : whose feare, alone  
 Out-lasting nature, turn'd him to a stone.  
 Or like *Olenus*, who t' excuse his wife  
 Accus'd himselfe, and taxt his guilelesse life:  
 With thee *Lethæa* (happy bodie late)  
 Whose daring beautie drew a cursed fate  
 On both : both turn'd to marble for thy pride ;  
 Now extant on the hills of fountfull *Idæ*.  
 He presseth to returne, and faire intreats  
 The Ferry-man : who puts him off with threats.  
 Vpon the banks seuen dayes he sate ; forlorne  
 And comfortlesse ; all sorts of food forborne :  
 Care, grieve of mind, and teares, his only cheare,  
 Calling the Gods of *Erebus* seere,  
 At length to snowie *Rhædope* he hasts ;  
 And *Hæmus* ; beaten with the northerne blasts.

Now *Titan* thrice had finished his yeares  
 In waterie *Pisces*. *Orpheus* still forbears  
 The loue of women. Or through bad successe :  
 Or former vowes. Yet many ne're the lesse  
 Th' affected Poet seeke ; but none enioyes :  
 Who beautie first admir'd in hopefull boyes.  
 A hill there was ; a plaine vpon that hill ;  
 Which in a flowrie mantle flourish'd still :  
 Yet wanted shade. Where, when the Gods Descent  
 Sawe downe, and toucht his tunefull instrument,  
 A shadow came. Nor trees of *Cherry*,  
 The *Poplar*, *Medlar*, *Oaks* that fronts the skie,  
 Soft *Linden*, smooth-rinde *Beech*, vnmarried *Bayes*,  
 The beards *Aspel*, *Ash*, whose speares we praise,  
 Valiant *Fare*, the solace-shading *Planes*,  
 Rough *Chestnut*, *Maple* best with different granes,

Stream



In me-bordering Willow, Lotus louing Lakes,  
 The Box whom neuer sappy spring forsakes,  
 Branch-slender Tamarisk, with trees that beare  
 Purple figge, nor Myrtles absent were.

The wanton Iuie wreath'd in amorous twines,  
 Vines bearing Grapes, and Elmes supporting Vines,  
 Night Service trees, trees dropping Pitch, fruit-rod  
 These the rest accompanied.

With limber Palmes, of Victory the meede:  
 And vp-right Pine, whose leaues aloft proceed;  
 Præ'd by the Mother of the Gods: for Shee  
 Her lust-stain'd *Atys* turn'd into that tree.

The spyre-like Cypresse in this throng appeares.

Of late a Boy: lou'd by that God who beares  
 The silver Bow, and strikes the vocall strings.  
 Sacred to Nymphs that haunt *Carthæan* Springs  
 A Stag there was; whose hornes, on high disside  
 With spreading palmes, afford his head a shade.

His handlers shone with gold; a carquenet  
 His necke imbract, with sparkling Diamonds set.  
 A silver bell vpon his forehead hung

By silken strings, which euery motion rung.  
 Round pearle, of equall size, from either eare  
 Hung on his cheekes: who void of native feare,  
 Frequented houses: and well pleas'd, would stand  
 The gentle strokings of a strangers hand,

This, *Cyparissus*, was thy onely ioy,  
 Of all that *Cæus* bred, the fairest boy)

By thee full oft to change of pasture led:

To purling streames that part the ranker mead.

With various flowres now would'st thou tricke his hornes:

Now on his backe (who no such burden scornes)

About the pleasant fields in pleasure ride;  
 And with a purple raigne the willing guide.  
 'Twas Summer, and high Noone: Dayes burning eye  
 Made smoking *Cancers* crooked claws to fry.  
 Vpon the ground the panting Hart was laide:  
 Coole aire receiuing from the sylvan shade.  
 Whom filly *Cyperissus* wounds by chance:  
 And seeing life pursue his tug'd out lance,  
 Resolues to die: What did not *Phœbus* say,  
 That might a griefe, so slightly caus'd, allay?  
 He answers him in sighs: this last good-turne  
 Implores; That he might neuer cease to mourne.  
 His blood now shed in teares, a greenish hiew  
 His body dimmes: the locks that dangling grew  
 Vpon his inery fore-head bristling rise;  
 And pointing vpward, seeme to threat the skies.  
 When *Phœbus* sighing: I for thee will mourne:  
 Mourne thou for others: *Hercules* still adorne.

Such trees attracting; and intiron'd round  
 With birds and beasts, vpon the rising ground  
 The Poet sits: who, hauing tun'd his strings,  
 Indissonancie musicall, thus sings.

From *Ioue*, ô Mother Muse, deriue my verse;  
 All bow to *Ioue*: *Ioues* power we oft rehearse.  
 And laie of Giants sung, in lofty straines,  
 Fost'd by his thunder on *Phegean* plaines.  
 Now, in a lower key, to louely boyes  
 Belou'd of Gods, turne we our softer layes.  
 And sing of womens furies, who pursue  
 Forbidden lusts: persude by Vengeance due.  
 Heauens King, young *Ganymed* inflames with loue:  
 There was what *Ioue* would rather be than *Ioue*.

Yet daines no other shape than hers, that beares  
 His awfull lightning in her golden seares.  
 Who forthwith stooping with deceitfull wings,  
 Trust vp *Iliades* by *Iddis* Springs.  
 Who now, for *Ioue* (though jealous *Ioue* scoules)  
 Delicious Nectar fills in flowing bowles.

And thee *Amyclides*, in azure skies  
 Had *Phabus* fixt; if cruell Destinies  
 Had not prevented: yet in some sort made  
 Erernall. For, as oft as Springs invade  
 Sharpe winters; and to *Aries* *Pisces* yeelds:  
 So oft renu'd, thy Flowre adorne the fields.  
 Thee lou'd my Father, best of humane births.  
 Her Guardian quits his *Delpbos*, in wide Earths  
 Round nauill seated: while the God of Beames  
 Haunts wall-lesse *Sparta*, and *Eurotas* streames.  
 Now neither for his Harpe, nor Quiver, cares:  
 Himselfe debasing, beares the corded snares;  
 Or leads the dogs; or clambers mountaines; led  
 By Lordly *Lone*, and flames by custome fed.  
 Now *Titan* bore his equall-distant Light,  
 Betweene fore-running and ensuing Night:  
 When lightned of their garments, either shone  
 With suppling Oile, in strife to throw the stone.  
 This swinging through the aire first *Phabus* threw:  
 The obuius clouds dispersing as it flew;  
 On solid earth, though flying long, at length  
 Descends; inforc't by art-inabling strength.  
 Th'imprudent Boy attempts with fatall hast  
 To take it vp; when Earth, by boundings, cast  
 The Globe, ô *Hyacinthus*, at thy head.  
 The Boy lockt pale; and so the God, who bled



Euen in his bleeding. Raised from the ground;  
 He sought t' assuage and dry the bitter wound.  
 And would with herbes his flying soule haue staid:  
 That wound was curelesse; art affords no aid.  
 As Violets, or Lillies louing streames,  
 Or Poppie, forced in their yellow stemmes,  
 Wither forthwith, and hang their heavy heads;  
 Nor raise themselves, but bow to their first beds:  
 So hung his dying lookes; so ouer-swaide,  
 His limber necke vpon his shoulder laid.  
 Thou fall'st *Oebalides*, in thy youths faire prime,  
 Said *Phabus*: with thy wound, I see my crime.  
 My sorrow, and my sinne. This hand thy breath  
 Hath crusht to aire: I, author of thy death.  
 Yet, what my fault, vnlesse t' haue plaid with thee,  
 Or lou'd thee (ô too well!) offences bee.  
 I would, sweet Boy, that I for thee might die!  
 Or die with thee! but since the fates denie  
 So deare a wish; thou shalt with me abide:  
 And euer in my memory reside.  
 Our Harpe, and verse thy praises shall resound:  
 And in thy Flowre my sorrow shall be found.  
 The Great in Valour shall in time, to it  
 Another adde; and in the same be writ.  
 While thus *Apollo* truly prophecide:  
 Behold! the bloud which late the grasse had dide;  
 Was now no bloud: from whence a flowre full-blowne,  
 Farre brighter than the *Tyrian* scarlet shone:  
 Which seem'd the same, or did resemble right  
 A Lillie; changing but the red to white.  
 Nor so contented; (for the youth receiu'd  
 That grace from *Pladus*) in the leanes he weau'd

The sad impressien of his sighes: *All All*  
 They now in funerall Characters display.  
 Nor shame to *Sparta*, *Hyacinth* procures;  
 Whose adoration to this day indures:  
 For now, as erst, they yeerely celebrate  
 The *Hyacinthian* Feast in solemn State.

Perhaps if *Anatbus* you aske (whose earth  
 Abounds with mettals) if she would the birth  
 Of her *Prospatides*; she would say, I:  
 As well as theirs, for their impiety,  
 In former time, with monstrous hornes defam'd:  
 Whereof they fitly were *ceraste* nam'd.  
 Before their doores the tragicke Altar stood  
 Of *Ioue* the Hospitable; stain'd with blood  
 Of stranger guests. Who had this shambles scene,  
 Would thinke that bloud the bloud of calves had bene.  
 A Guest new sacrific'd: faire *Cyprides*  
 Offended with such cruell Rites as these;  
 Prepares to quither Cities and the Groves  
 Of *Opbiosa*. Yet, what guilt reprooves  
 (Said she) my Groves and Cities? what offence?  
 Rather with death their bloody lives compence;  
 Or exile: if from these extremes they scape,  
 What middle course, but to transforme their shape?  
 When musing to what forme, she cast her looke  
 Vpon the horned Heard; and from them tooke  
 A resolution so to arme their skulls:  
 Who turnes their mighty limbs to monstrous Bulls.

Yet durst th'obscene *Prospatides* deny,  
 O *Venus*, thy all-ruling Deiry.  
 The first, that euer gaue themselves for hire  
 To prostitution; viced by thy ire.

Their looks imboldned, modesty now gone,  
Convert at length to little-differing Stone.

*Pygmalion* seeing these to spend their times  
So beast-like; frighted with the many crimes  
That rule in women; chose a single life:  
And long forbore the pleasure of a wife.  
Meane while, in iuory with happy art  
A Statue carues; so shapefull in each part,  
As woman neuer equall'd it: who stands  
Affected to the fabrick of his hands.  
It seem'd a Virgin, full of liuing flame;  
That would haue mou'd, if not withheld by shame,  
So Art it selfe conceal'd. His art admires;  
From th'Image drawes imaginary fires:  
And often feesles it with his hands, to try  
If 'twere a body, or cold iuory.  
Nor could resolute. Who kissing, thought it kist:  
Oft courts, imbraces, wrings it by the wrist;  
The flesh impressing (his conceit was such)  
And feares to hurt it with too rude a touch.  
Now flatters her; now sparkling stones presents,  
And orient pearle (loues witching instruments)  
Soft-singing birds, each severall colour'd flowre,  
First Lillies, painted balls, and teares that powre  
From weeping trees. Rich Robes her person decke;  
Her fingers, rings; reflecting chaines her necke;  
Pendants her eares; a glittering zone her brest.  
In all, shew'd well; but shew'd, when naked, best.  
Now laies he her vpon a gorgeous bed:  
With carpets of *Sidonian* purple spred.  
Now calls her wife. Her head a pillow prest  
Of plummy downe, as if with sense possist.

Now,



Now came the day of *Venus* Festival:  
 Through wealthy *Cyprius* solemniz'd by all.  
 White heifers, deckt with golden hornes, by strokes  
 Of axes fall: ascending incense smokes.  
 He, with his gift, before the Altar stands:  
 You Gods, if all we craue be in your hands,  
 Giue me the wife I wish: one like, he said,  
 But durst not say, giue me my iuory Maid.  
 The golden *Venus*, present at her Feast,  
 Conceiues his wish; and friendly signes exprest:  
 The fire thrice blasing, sparkling thrice on high.  
 He hastes to his admired Imag'rie:  
 Couches besides her, rais'd her with his arme;  
 Then kist her tempting lips, and found them warme.  
 That lesson oft repeates; her bosome oft  
 With amorous touches feelles, and felt it soft.  
 The iuory dimpled with his fingers, lacks  
 Accustom'd hardnesse: as *Hymettian* wax  
 Relents with heat, which chafing thumbs reduce  
 To pliant formes, by handling fram'd for vse.  
 Amaz'd with doubtfull ioy, and hope that reeles;  
 Againe the Louer, what he wishes, feelles.  
 The veines beneath his thumbs impression bear:  
 A perfect Virgin full of iuyce and heat.  
 The *Cyprian* Prince with ioy-enlightned words,  
 To pleasure-gining *Venus* thanks affords.  
 His lips to hers he ioynes, which seeme to mekt:  
 The blushing Virgin now his kisses telt;  
 And fearefully erecting her faire eies,  
 Together with the light, her Louer spies.  
*Venus* was present at the match she made.  
 And when nine Crescents had at full displaid

Their ioyning hornes, repleat with borrowed flame,  
 She *Paphus* bore: who gaue that Ile a name.  
 He, *Cinyras* begor: who might be stil'd  
 Of men most happy, had he had no child.

I sing of Horror! Daughters, farre, & farre  
 From hence remoue! and You, who fathers are!  
 Or if my winning verse your minds allure:  
 Let them no credit in this part procure.  
 Or if you will beleue the same for true:  
 Beleue with all the iudgements that ensue.  
 If nature could permit so foule a Crime:  
 I am glad for you *Ismerius*; for this Clime;  
 This world of ours; so distant from that earth,  
 That gaue to such a cursed Monster birth.  
 In *Costas*, *Cinnamon*; and *Amonum*,  
 Rich let *Panchaja* be: let pretious Gum  
 Sweat from her trees; affected flowers bring forth;  
 So't *Myrrha* beare. No tree is of that worth.  
*Cupid* denies t'haue vs'd his darts therein:  
 And vindicates his flames from such a Sinne.  
*Alesto*, with swolne snakes, and *Stygian* fire  
 That fury rais'd. 'Tis sinne to hate thy Sire:  
 This Love, a greater. Princes their abodes  
 Leauie in all parts; and for thee fall at oddes:  
 Of all, ô *Myrrha*, make thy choice of one:  
 So one of all be in that number none.  
 She knew't: and struiuing; to her selfe thus spake:  
 O whither rapt! what is't I vndertake!  
 Good Gods! good Pietie! diuine Respect  
 Of Parents guard me! and this sinne ciect!  
 If so a sinne it be. No pietie  
 Condemnes such *Venus*; Natures common tie.

Horses their fillies backe, fires Heifers beare;  
 Gotes kids beget on those whose kids they were:  
 Birds of that seed conceiue, whereof but late  
 Conceiue'd themselves; nor they degenerate.  
 Happy in this are those! But humane care  
 Hath fram'd malignant lawes: and we who are  
 By Nature free; malicious customes bind.  
 There is a Nation, to their bloud more kind;  
 Where sons their mothers, fathers daughters wive:  
 And piety with doubled loue reuine.  
 O woe is me, that there I was not borne!  
 Curs'd by this place. What thoughts are these! forlorne  
 False hopes, auant. Though he all-worthy bee:  
 Yet, as a father, must be lou'd by thee.  
 Were I not daughter to great *Cinyras*;  
 All I conceiue in my desires might passe.  
 Now, in that mine, not mine: proximie  
 Dis ioynes vs; neerer, were we not so nigh.  
 Hence would I flye by vn-returning wayes  
 To shun this sinne: dire Loue my iourney staies;  
 To feast my hungry eyes with his deare sight,  
 Talke, touch, and kisse; or more, if more I might.  
 O wicked virgin, canst thou more propound!  
 Knowst thou what lawes and names thy lusts confound!  
 Thy fathers whore! a riual to thy mother!  
 Thy owne sons sister! mother to thy bother!  
 Nor fear'st the *Furies* with their hissing haire,  
 Who on the faces of the guilty stare,  
 With dreadfull torches! From thy soule exile  
 This mischiefe, ere it actually defile.  
 Nor with thy horrid lust infringe the law  
 Of suffering Nature: but in time wilt draw



Would I ? it will not : he too well inclin'd.

O that like fury would inflame his mind !

Thus she. But *Cinyras*, prest with the store  
Of worthy suiters who his voice implore ;  
In his owne choice irresolute, demands  
(Their names rehearsing) how her fancy stands.

She, thoughtfull silent ; gazing on his face,  
Flusht with imbosom'd flames, and wept apace.

He, taking this for mayden feare ; Desist  
From weeping, said : then dride her cheeks, and kist  
Too much she ioyes. Again demanded, who  
She best could like : replyde, One, like to you.

Be still, said he, so pious. At that name  
She hung the head, as conscious of her blame.

'Twas now the mid of night : when Sleepe bestowes  
On men ; and on their cares, a sweet repose.

But *Myrrha* watches, rapt with tumelesse fires ;  
Retracting her implacable desires.

Despaires, hopes ; will not, will ; now shames, againe  
Desires ; nor knowes what course to take. As when  
A mighty Oke (one blow behind) his fall

On each side threatens ; and is fear'd on all :

Euen so her mind, impair'd with various wounds,

Waues to and fro ; and changes still propounds.

No meane, no cure, was left for loue but death :

Death pleas'd. Resolu'd to choke her hated breath ;

Vp-starting, to a beame her girdle ties.

Deare *Cinyras* farewell (she softly cries)

And of my ruine vnderstand the cause.

That said, the noose about her necke she drawes.

Her wakefull Nurses faithfull cares, they say,

A whispering heard : who in the Lobby lay.

Straight

Straight rose; vnlocks the doores; the instrument  
Of death beholding, screecht: together rent  
Her haire and bosome: and, with trembling haste,  
The girdle from her pallid necke displac't.  
Now had she time to weepe; t'imbrace her Care:  
And aske the cause of such accurst despaire.  
She silent, fixes on the earth her eyes:  
And grieues at deaths preuented enterprise.  
Baring her horie haire and empty brest,  
The Nurse, by her first food, and cradle, prest  
Her griefes disclosure. Myrre turnes aside,  
And sighes. The Nurse would not be so denide:  
Nor onely promist secrecy; but said:  
Tell me, my child, and entertaine my aid.  
My old age is not fruitlesse: charmes haue we,  
And powerfull medicines, if it furie be:  
If witchcraft; magicke shall thy torments ease:  
If wrath of Gods, the Gods we will appease  
With sacrifice. What can be else surmiz'd?  
Thy fortunes by incursions vsurpriz'd;  
Thy mother, and thy father, well? That Name  
Drew from her soule a sigh, that scorcht like flame.  
Nor in the Nurse did this suspicion moue  
Of such a crime: and yet she saw 'twas Loue.  
Importunate to know what least she feares,  
Laid in her lap surrounded with her teares,  
Sh'infolds her in her feeble armes, and said;  
I know thou lou'st; wherein (nor be afraid)  
Thou maist on my sedulity rely:  
Nor shall thy father euer this descry.  
At that, in fury from her lap she sprung;  
Then on the bed her prostrate body hung;

Muffling

Muffling her guilty looks. Be gone, she said,  
 And spare the blushes of a wretched maid.  
 Still urg'd: Be gone, replyd; or else forbear  
 T'inquire of that which is a sinne to heare.  
 The Nurse lost in amaze; her hands, with yeeres  
 And terror trembling (kneeling to her) reares:  
 Now speakes her faire, now threatens to disclose  
 (Vnlesse she made her priuy to her woes)  
 Her purpos'd violence: and vowes to proue  
 Both secret and assistant to her loue.  
 At that, her head she rais'd; her Nurses brest  
 With weeping baths: oft stroue to haue confest;  
 As oft with-held: at length she hid her head;  
 And said, ô Mother, happy in thy bed!  
 There ends; then grones. The Nurse cold horror shooke;  
 Now too much knowing: with a gasty looke,  
 Her hory haire star'd on her browes: Who said,  
 What not? that might so foule a lust disswade.  
 The Virgin could not such a truth denie:  
 But stands resolu'd, or to possesse, or die.  
 Liue, said she, and possesse (there stopt, as loth  
 To say; thy Sire) and bound it with an oath.

Now Matrons celebrate the yeerely Feast  
 Of *Ceres*; whom long linnen stoles inuest:  
 And offer garlands of their first-ripe corne;  
 Forbidden *Venus* for nine nights forborne,  
 And touch of man. In spotlesse ornaments,  
 With these, the Queene her secret Rites frequents.  
 Lying alone, the leaudly diligent  
 Doth *Cimras*, o're-chang'd with wine, present  
 With proffer of true loue, though falsely maskt:  
 And prais'd her beauty. Of what age being askt?



Of equall age with *Myrrha*, she replies.  
When bid to bring her : home in haste she highes ;  
Reioyce, said she, I bring thee victory.  
Th'vnhappy Virgin felt but little ioy ;  
Such ill successe her troubled Soule diuin'd :  
And yet she ioy'd : such discord rackt her mind.

Now Silence ouer all the world did raigne :  
And slow *Babtes* had declin'd his Waine.  
To sinne addrest ; from heauen bright *Cynthia* flies ;  
Starres shroud their heads in clouds : Night lost her eyes.  
*Erigone*, *Icarus*, first remove :  
Shee stelli'd for her paternall loue.  
By stumbling thrice reuok'd ; the funerall Owle  
Thrice sadly shriekt ; yet she proceeds : the scoule  
Of Night, and Darknesse, modesty bereft.  
Her Nurses right hand holding with her left,  
And groping with the other hand, explores  
Her blinde access. Now came she to the doores  
Of that dire chamber ; now the way to sinne.  
She boldly opens ; and now enters in.  
Yet bloud and courage her at once forsooke ;  
Her knees, vnknitting, one another strooke :  
The neerenesse to her crime remoues desire :  
Who now repents, and would vnknowne retire.  
Protracting, by the hand the Nurse her led ;  
And, hauing rendred her vnto his bed,  
Here *Cyrras*, said she, receiue thy owne.  
And ioynes their cursed bosomes. He, vnknowne,  
His bowels to his bed assumes : and cheares  
With comfortable words, her maiden feares.  
By chance he call'd her daughter, in that, old ;  
And she him father : that their names might hold,

Now full of father, bed and chamber leaues.  
 With wicked seed her cursed wombe conceives :  
 Who beares about the burden of her shame :  
 Next night, and next, and next, re-acts the same,  
 When *Cinyras*, who longs to see his Lover,  
 So oft imbrac't; did with a light discover  
 His sinne, and daughter. Sorrow not a word  
 Could utter : he vntheaths his shining sword.  
 She swiftly flies : whom nights blacke shelter shields  
 From threatned death ; and strays through spacious fields,  
 Palme-clad *Arabia*, and *Panchaea* past ;  
 Now hauing wandred by nine Moones, at last  
 Rest to her weary limbes *Sabea* gaue.  
 Charg'd with her wombe, not knowing what to craue ;  
 Betweene the hate of life, and feare of death,  
 She this conception quickens with her breath.

You Powers ! If Penitencie pierce your eare ;  
 I haue deserued, nor refuse to beare,  
 Your iust inflictions : yet lest I prophane  
 Or those who liue, or who in death remaine,  
 O banish me from either Monarchie ;  
 That, chang'd by you, I may nor liue, nor die !

Confession some coelestiall pittie found.  
 Those wishes had their Gods. Even then the ground  
 Couerd her legs : a downe-ward-spreading root  
 Burst from her toes ; whose euer-fixed foot  
 Sustain'd the lengthfull bale. Bones turne to wood,  
 To pith her marrow, into sap her blood :  
 Her armes great branches grow, her fingers spine  
 To little twigs ; her skin conuerts to rinde.  
 Now her big wombe the rising tree possesse,  
 Her bosome folds, and now her necke oppresse :

When

When she, delay ill-brooking, downward shrunke  
And vales her visage in the closing trunk.  
Though sense, with shape, she lost; still weeping, shee  
Sheds bitter teares, which trickle from her tree:  
Teares of high honour; these their Mistresse name  
As yet preserve, and still shall beare the same.

Th'incestuous infant, now at perfect growth  
Within the tree; endeavors to get forth.  
The barke, amid the bole, her belly wrung,  
With torment stretcht: nor had that griefe a tongue:  
Nor could she call *Lucina* to her throwes:  
And yet the tree like one in labour shewes;  
Bowes downe with paine, and groines, and weepes a flood  
*Lucina* by her trembling branches stood;  
Her hand impos'd, and utterd powerfull words.  
The yawning tree the crying Babe affords  
A passage; whom those Nymphs receiue with ioy:  
And in his mothers teares anoint the Boy.  
His beauty *Enuie* would commend. Such be  
The naked *Capids* which we painted see.  
But, lest their habit some distinction make;  
A quiver giue, or his from *Capid* take.

Time glides away with undiscoverd hast;  
And mockes our hopes: no wings can fly so fast.  
He, whom his sister bore, his grandfires son;  
Late tree-inclos'd, who lately life begun,  
But now an infant lovely past compare,  
Now boy, now man, now then himselfe more faire,  
And now on *Venus* for his mothers fires  
Reuenge assumes; who dotingly admires.  
For kist by quiver-bearing *Loue*, his darts  
By fortune raz'd her lilly hand; with spurs



Incenst, she thrust him from her: nor then found  
 The wounds deceitfull depth, yet deepe the wound.  
 Not now *Cythera* could the Louer please;  
 Nor *Paphos*, grasped with resulting Seas:  
 High *Gnidos*, *Amathus*, renown'd for brasce,  
 Nor heauen frequents: her heauen *Adonis* was.  
 Him woo's, accompanies, besides him lyes  
 In gratefull shades; and striues to please his eyes.  
 Now like *Diana* she her selfe attires;  
 And trips o're hills and rockes, through brakes and briers:  
 Hollowes the bound; persuing beasts of chace,  
 Buckes, high-horn'd Harts, and Hares, who fly apace:  
 But rapessfull Wolues, rough Beares, fell Bores eschues;  
 And Lions, whom the bloud of Beecies imbrues:  
 And thee *Adonis*, her misdoubts dissuade  
 From such encounters; had they beene obey'd.  
 Those boldly-chace, said She, who flight propose:  
 Valour vnsafely copes with valiant foes.  
 Sweet Boy! be not too hardy in my harmes;  
 Nor tempt those cruell beasts whom nature armes:  
 For seare such glory but too costly prouer  
 Thy youth and beaurty, though they *Venus* moue;  
 The bristled Swine, nor shaggie Lion touch:  
 Pitie ne're pierc't the eyes nor hearts of such.  
 Bores, in their crooked rushes lightning haue:  
 And Lions with impetuous fury raue.  
 I hate them. Asked why? We will relate  
 Old crimes, said she, and wonder-striking fate.  
 But now vn-vsuall toile my strength inuades:  
 And loe, yon Poplar courts vs with her shades;  
 The grasse affords a bed: there let vs rest.  
 When, lying downe, the grasse and him she prest

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Her head now in her Louers bosome laid:  
Thus (word: with kisses intermixing) said.

Perhaps you of a Maid haue heard, who was  
The Prize in running from the swiftest man.

'Tis true; She, won indeed: nor could you tell  
Whether her speed or beauty most excell.

Enquiring of a husband; this reply

*Apollo* gaue. The vse of husband fly

O *Atalant*! nor shalt thou fly; nor thrive

In that estate, but lose thy selfe aliue.

Frighted herewith in shady woods she liues:

And troopes of pressing Sutors from her driues

With this reply: Except out-runne I be,

I am a wife for no man, Run with me.

My bed, and I, are both the winners meed:

The Tardie dies. Vpon this law proceed.

She, cruell: yet so powerfull was her looke,

That many a youth the perill vnderooke.

*Hippomenes* beheld this tragicke strife.

Will any through such danger seek a wife?

(Said He) and taxt their follies that persude.

But when her face and naked forme he view'd;

Such as is Mine; or Thine, wert thou a Maid:

Amaz'd! with hands vp heau'd, Forgiue (he said)

O you whom late I blam'd! not then I knew

The Prizes worth. Loue still by praising grew:

Who wishes now that none might runne so fast;

And enuy fear'd. Why make not I more hast

(Said he) to trie my fortune? Godt doe aid.

Th'aduenturous. While this in thought he said;

The Virgin with a winged pace past by.

Though seeming to th'*Asian* Youth to fly

As swift as *Scythian* shafts ; her forme he more  
 Admires ; by motion *louelier* than before.  
 The wind reuerberates her ankles wings,  
 And whiskes her ham-bound buskins purple fringes,  
 Tossing her haire, on iuory shoulders spread.  
 Her pure white body so assumes the red ;  
 As when carnation curtaines are displayd  
 On pure white walls, and dye them with their shade,  
 While this the stranger view'd, the race was run :  
 And *Atalanta's* browes the garland won.  
 The vanquish'd sigh, and pay their forfeiture.  
 Nor could so sad successe his feare procure :  
 Who rose ; and fixing on the Maid his eyes ;

Why seeke you praise by easie victories ?  
 Contend with vs ; if we obtaine the Bayes,  
 Our victory will not eclipse your praise,  
*Megara* me begot, *Orestes* blood ;  
 He *Neptunes*, Ruler of the sacred Floud :  
 Nor we degenerate. My soyle, your name  
 Will honour ; and immortalize your fame.

This while, a well-pleas'd eye She on him threw:  
 Nor knowes her wish ; to lose, or to subdue.  
 What God, a Foe to beauty, would destroy  
 This Youth, said she, who seekes my bed & inioy  
 With his lifes forfeiture ? If I may be  
 The iudge, there is not so much worth in me.  
 Nor is't his beauty moues, though it might moue ;  
 But that a Boy. We pitie, and not loue.  
 Besides ; his courage, and contempt of death !  
 But once rebou'd from *Neptunes* sacred birth !  
 And then, his Loue ; content to part with life,  
 If harder fate deny me for his wife !

Begone



Begone, O Stranger; shun my bloody bed,  
 While yet thou maist: this Match will cost thy head.  
 No Virgin is there who would not be thine:  
 And such would seeke, whose lusts darken mine.  
 Yet why regard I him, so many slaine?  
 Look to thy selfe, or perish: since in vaine  
 Admonisht by such numbers, whom this strife  
 Hath sent to death. Thou'rt weary of thy life.  
 And must he die, because hee'd live with me?  
 Must death, aduenturous Loue, thy wages be?  
 This murder will our victory defame;  
 And purchase hate: yet am not I in blame.  
 O would thou wouldst desist, and danger shun!  
 Or since so mad, would thou couldst faster run!  
 How Boy and Virgin reuell in his face!  
 Ah poore Hippomenes! O would this place,  
 Th' hadst neuer seene I thou well deseru'st to live.  
 Were I more happy, and hard fate would gine  
 Me leave to marry; thou art He alone,  
 To whom my bed and beauties should be knowne.  
 Thus she: Who raw, and pierc't with Loves first touch,  
 Erres in her thoughts; and loyes; nor knew so much.  
 Now King and People call vpon the Rsee:  
 When *Neptunes* Issue thus implor'd my grace.  
 O *Venus*, fauour my attempts, he said:  
 And those affections, which you gaue me, aid!  
 This friendly winds conuey'd vnto my care:  
 I pitie, and no longer helpe forbear.  
 A field there is, so fertill none, through all  
 Rich *Cyprus*; which they *Damascenus* call.  
 Antiquity this to my honour vow'd:  
 And therewith all my Temples had indow'd.

A tree there flourish on that pregnant mould,  
 Whose glittering leaues, and branches, shone with gold.  
 Three golden apples, gathered from that tree,  
 By chance I brought: and, so as none could see,  
 Himselfe excepted, to *Hippomenes*,  
 Together with their vse, deliuer'd these.  
 The trumpets sound. Both from the Barrier start:  
 Whose nimble steps scarce touch earths upper part.  
 Their feet, vnwet, the sea might well haue borne:  
 Or vnsuppressed stalkes of standing corne.  
 Favour and Clamour, ioyning in remorse,  
 The Youth thus hearten: Now thy speed inforce,  
 Make haste *Hippomenes*; delay decline;  
 Collect thy powers: the victory is thine.  
 'Tis doubtfull whether that which Favour said,  
 More ioy'd the Heros or *Schæveian* Maid.  
 How often lag'd she, when she might o're-goe!  
 And gazing on him, sigh't 't'out-strip him so!  
 Short breath from panting bosomes scorching flew;  
 The Gole farre off: when *Neptunes* Nephew threw  
 One apple of the three. The Maid admires:  
 And greedy of the shining fruit, retires  
 To catch the rowling gold: the Youth past by;  
 And all the field resounded shouts of ioy.  
 This hindrance she repaires with winged hast:  
 Againe *Hippomenes* behind her cast.  
 The second fruit, throwne farther than before,  
 Declin'd her steps; yet him out-strips once more.  
 The Race now neere an end, he said, ô saue!  
 Great Goddesse, giue successe to what you gaue!  
 And threw the shining gold another way  
 With all his vigor; to prolong her stay.

When

When I compell'd her, doubtfull what to doe,  
To take it vp; and added waight thereto:  
With-held, both by diuerting her persuit;  
And with the burden of the ponderous fruit.  
But lest my words the Race in length exceed;  
She was out-run, and he receiu'd his Meed.

Deseru'd not I both thanks and frankincense,  
Thinke you *Adonis*, for his lifes defence?  
He neither gaue. Prouok't with sudden rage  
At this contempt; and lest the future age  
By such examples should my God-head slight;  
Against them both I due reuenge excite.  
The fane, erected by *Echion*s vow  
Vnto the Mother of the Gods, they now  
Had past; obscur'd by darke and secret shades;  
When their long iourney them to rest perswades.  
*Hippomenes*, incensed by my fires;  
Here lusteth with vnseas'nable desires.

A gloomie grot, much like vnto a caue,  
Stood neere this Fane; to which light pumice gaue  
A native couer; by deuotion grac't  
With old religion: where the Priest had plac't  
The wooden Images of ancient Gods:  
This entring; he pollutes their chaste abodes.  
The Statues wry their lookes. The Mother, crown'd  
With towres, had stricke them to the *Stygian* Sound:  
But that she thought that punishment too small.  
When yellow maines on their left shoulders fall;  
Their armes, to legs; their fingers turne to nailes;  
Their brests of wondrous strength: their tufted tails  
Whiske vp the dust; their lookes are full of dread;  
For speech, they rore: the woods become their bed.

These



These Lions, fear'd by others, Cybelcheekes  
 With curbing bits; and yokes their stubborne neckes.  
 These, ô my Deare, and all such kinds of beasts  
 As will not turne their backs; but bend their breasts  
 T' encounter with the rash Assailant, Shun:  
 Lest by thy courage We be both vndone.

This said: thence flew she, rais'd by yoked Swans.  
 But Valour such admonishments with-stands.  
 By chance the dogs, persuing long before  
 His sented footings, had dislodg'd a Bore.  
 Whom, rushing from his couert, the bold Youth  
 Obliquely wounds. The Bore with crooked tooth  
 Writhes out the iavelin, with his bloud imbrude.  
 Who now his safety-seeking Foe persude;  
 Sheathing his rushes in his groine: and threw  
 To earth the dying Boy. The Swans that drew  
*Idalia's* waightlesse chariot through the aire,  
 Yet reacht not *Cyprus*: when the heauenly Faire  
 Thence heard his dying grones; and wheeling round,  
 Her siluer birds directs to that sad sound.  
 But when she saw him weltring in his gore;  
 Downe iumping from the skies, at once she tore  
 Her haire and bosome: then her breast inuades  
 With bitter blowes; and Destiny vpbraides.  
 Not all, said she, is subiect to your wast:  
 Our sorrowes monument shall ever last.  
 Sweet Boy! thy deaths sad image, every yeare  
 Shall in our solemniz'd Complaints appeare.  
 But be thy bloud a Flowre. Had *Proserpine*  
 The power to change a *Nymph* to *Mint*? is mine  
 Inferiour? or will any enuy mee  
 For this exchange? Thus hauing vtter'd, shee

Powr'd Nectar on it, of a fragrant smell.  
Sprinkled there-with; the bloud began to swell:  
Like shining bubbles, which from drops ascend.  
And e're an houre was fully at an end,  
From thence a Flowre, alike in colour, rose.  
Such as those trees produce, whose fruits inclose  
Within the limber rine their purple graines.  
And yet their beauty but a while remains;  
For those light-hanging leaues, infirmely plac't,  
The winds, that blow on all things, quickly blast.

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OVIDS

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# OVID'S

## METAMORPHOSIS.

### The Eleventh Book.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

**A** Serpent chang'd to Stone. Rough Barken infold  
 The cruel Bacchanals. To flaming Gold  
 All turnes as Midas touch : His bodie laus  
 In cleere Pactolus, whose intiched waves  
 Wash off his gold and gill : an Affaire  
 His folly shames : the whisperd Secres heares  
 Like-sounding Reeds. Apollo, and the Guide  
 Of sacred Song, in humane shapes reside.  
 For't Thetis varies formes. Dedalion  
 To a Falcetura'd. A Wolfe conuinc'd the Steer.  
 Morpheus so mortall, Phubetor to Brutus,  
 And Phantastes so shapes innumerable  
 Transform'd Halcyon and Ceyx flye.  
 To Elacus, who vainly strives to dye.

**T**Hus while the Thracian Poet with his songs  
 Beasts, trees, and stones, attracts in following throngs.  
 Behold, Ciconian dames (their furious breasts  
 Clad with the spotted skins of salvage beasts)  
 The Sacred Singer from a hill espy'd,  
 As he his dittie to his Harpe apply'd.  
 Of these, One scream'd, and tost her flaring haire;  
 See, see the Woman-hater ! then her speare

Threw at his vocall mouth; which iuic-bound,  
 Kist his affected lips without a wound.  
 An Other hurles a stone; this, as it flew,  
 His voice and Harpes according tunes subdue:  
 Which selfe-accus'd for such a rude assay,  
 Before his feet, as in submission, lay:  
 Rash violence, the meane exil'd, increast:  
 And mad *Erinyes* raign'd in euery breast.  
 His songs had all their weapons charm'd, if noyse  
 Of *Berecynthian* Shalmes, clapt hands, loud cryes,  
 Drummes, howling *Bacchanals*, with franticke sound  
 Had not his all-appeasing musique drown'd.  
 The stones then blush with silent *Orpheus* blood.  
 But first on rauisht beasts that listning stood,  
 On fowle, and Serpents, they their spight infer;  
 And raze the glory of his Theater.  
 Then all with cruell hands about him fly:  
 And focke, like birds, when they by day espy  
 The bird of Night. And as a Stag at bay,  
 In early Spectacle giuen to the pray  
 Of eager hounds; assaile, together flung  
 Their leauie speares, not fram'd for such a wrong,  
 Some clods, some armes of trees, some stones aduance:  
 And lest wilde Rage should weapons want, by chance  
 Not far off Oxen drew the furrowing ploughes;  
 And Swaines, prouiding food with sweating browes,  
 Their brawny armes imploy'd: who feare-inclinde,  
 Before them fled, and left their tooles behinde.  
 Their mattockes, rakes, and spades, disperfed lay  
 About the empty fields: these snatcht away,  
 (The oxens hornes torne from their skuls) their hate  
 Hurry them backe vnto the Poets fate.

Thee,

Thee, holding vp thy hands, who n'et before  
 Besought' st in vaine, now to preuaile no more,  
 That Rout of sacrilegious Furies flew!  
 Euen through that mouth (*o Iupiter!*) which drew  
 From stones attention, which affection bred  
 In saluage beasts, his forced spirits fled!  
 Sad birds, wilde Heard, hard flints, and woods which oft  
 Remou'd to heare thee, wept: trees weeping dost  
 Their pallid leaues; streames with their teares increast:  
 The *Naiades* and *Dryades* innest  
 Their loynes in sullen sable, and display  
 Their scattered haire: Thy limbes disperfed lay.  
*Hebrus* had head and Harpe: as borne along  
 The Harpe sounds something, sully; the dead tongue  
 Sighes out sad ditties: the banckes sympathic;  
 That bound the river in their sad replic.  
 Now borne to Sea, from native streames they drine;  
 And at *Metymnian* Leiber shore arine.  
 A Dragon on the forten sand prepares  
 To seaze his head, and lick his dropping haire.  
 When gaping to deuoure the *Hymnists* face,  
*Phabus* descends; and in that very space  
 Into a Stone conuers him by his powre,  
 With iawes extended readie to deuoure.  
 His Ghost retires to vnder-shades: once more  
 He sees, and knowes, what he had scene before.  
 Then through the *Elysian* fields among the blest  
 Seekes his *Eurydice*. Now repossess  
 With strict imbraces, guided by one minde,  
 They walke together: oft he comes behinde,  
 Oft goes before: now *Orpheus* safely may  
 His following *Eurydice* suruay.



Yet would not *Satan* so remit their hate:  
 Who vexed for his Prophets cruell fate,  
 First all th' *Edonian* Dames that then were by  
 With spreading roots; and who more eagerly  
 Perfuse his death, their roots he deeper drew  
 Within the solid earth, which downward grew,  
 And even as fowle whose feet intangled are  
 Within the subtile Fowlers secret snare  
 Become by fearfull fluttering faster bound:  
 So, each of these, now cleaving to the ground,  
 With terror struggle to escape in vaine;  
 For faster-binding roots their flight restrain.  
 One, looking for her noiles, her toes, her feet:  
 Behold, her twinning legs in timber meet;  
 In passion, thinking to have struck her thimble,  
 She strikes hard oak; hard oak her breast supplies;  
 Her shoulders such: her armes appeare to grow  
 In naturall branches; and indeed did so.

Nor thus content, their fields *Spartan* leaves  
 Whom *Trojan*, with a better crew, deteines,  
 And swift *Pallas*, who did then unfold  
 No precious sands, nor graines of cruell gold.  
*Satyres* and *Bacchanals* make their repairs,  
 His vsuall traine: *Silvanus* then not there.  
 Him erst the *Phrygian* rurals reeling found  
 With age and wine; and now, with iuic crown'd,  
 To *Midas* brings: whom *Orpheus* Orgies taught;  
 And sage *Eumelus* from *Carpis* brought.  
 When knowne to be his partner in those Rites;  
 Full twice five dayes, with their succeeding nights,  
 He entertain'd him with a sumptuous feast:  
 Eleuen times *Lucifer* the starres suppress:

When

When, with wilde mirth, he treads the *Lycian* fields;  
 And to the God his Foster-father yelds.  
 He in his safe receipt doth much reioyce:  
 Whose bounty *Midus* frustrates by his choyce.  
 For, will'd to wish; Let all, said he, touch  
 Convert to gold. His ignorance was such,  
 Forth-with his hurtfull wish *Lycus* gives;  
 And at his folly not a little grieues.  
 But in his curle the *Acacynthian* ioyes:  
 And home-ward bound, the truth by touching tryes.  
 Scarce trusts himselfe. Who from a tree bereaves  
 A slender branch; this shone with golden leaues.  
 Takes vp a stone; that stone pale gold became:  
 Takes vp a clod; the clod presents the same:  
 Crops stalkes of corne; they yeeld a sheafe of gold.  
 An apple pulls; therein you might behold  
 Th'*Hesperian* purchase: toucht by him alone,  
 The marble pillars with rich metall shone.  
 And when he washt his hands; that, show'd in raine;  
 Might simple *Danae* haue deccin'd againe.  
 His brest scarce holds his hopes; whose fancie wrought  
 On golden wonders: when his seruants brought  
 Meat to the table. Sooner had not he  
 Toucht *Ceres* bounty, but that grou'd to be  
 A shining masse: assumed viands straight  
 Betweene his greedy teeth convert to plate.  
 About to drinke mixt wine; you might behold  
 His thirsty iawes o're-flow with liquid gold.  
 Strucke with so strange a plague; both rich and poore;  
 He hates, and shuns the wealth he wish'd before.  
 No plenty hunger feeds; he burnes with thirst:  
 In loathed gold deseruedly accurst.

Then, lifting vp his shining armes, thus praid:  
 Father *Lenus*, &, afford thy aid:  
 I haue offended; pitie thou: and mee  
 From this so beautifull & mischiefe free  
 The gentle *Poure* accept his penitence:  
 And for his faith, doth with his gift dispence,  
 Left ill-wisht gold about him still abide.  
 Goe, said he, to those *Cristall* streames that glide  
 By potent *Sardis*: keepe the bankes that lead  
 Along th'incounting Current to his head.  
 There, where the gushing fountaine fomes, diue in:  
 And, with thy body, wash away thy sinne,  
 The King obeyes: who in the fountaine leues  
 That golden vertue, which the Spring rectifies.  
 And still those ancient seeds these waters hold:  
 Who gild their shores with glittering graines of gold.  
 He, hating wealch, in woods and helds bestowes  
 His time with *Pan*; whom mountaine *Canes* inclose  
 Yet his g' offe wit remaines: his shallow braine  
 And sottish senses punish him againe.  
 High *Tmolus* with a steep ascent vnfolds  
 His rigid browes, and vnder seas beholds  
 Whole stretcht-out bates here to *Sardis* ioine;  
 There to *Hypēis*, girt in small confine,  
 Where boasting *Pan*, while he his verse doth praise  
 To tender Nymphs, and pipes th'his rurall layes;  
 Before *Apollō*'s durst his songs prefer:  
 They meet (ill-matcht) great *Tmolus* arbitrer.  
 Th'old Iudge on his owne Mountaine sits; and cleares  
 His eares from trees: alone a garland weares  
 Of Oke, with acornes dangling on his brow.  
 Who thus bespake the God of Shepherds: Now

Your



Your Iudge attends. He blowes his wax-bound reeds:  
 And *Midas* fancie with rude numbers feeds.  
 Then sacred *Tmolus* to diuine *Apollo*  
 Conuerts his lookes: his woods his motion follow.  
 He, his long yellow haire with laurell bound,  
 Clad in a *Tyrian* robe that swept the ground,  
 A Violl holds, with sparkling gemmes in chace  
 And *Indian* teeth; the bow his right hand graces.  
 A perfect Artift shew'd. The strings then stricke  
 With cunning hand: With his sweet musick tooke;  
*Tmolus* bids *Pan* his vanquisht reeds resign:  
 All in the holy Mountaines sentence ioyne,  
 But *Midas* only; whose exclames tradure  
 The Censure. *Phæbus* for this grosse abuse  
 Transformes his eares, his folly to declare:  
 Stretcht out in length, and couer'd with gray haire:  
 Instable, and now apt to moue. The rest  
 The former figure of a man possesse.  
 Punisht in that offending part: who beares  
 Vpon his skull a slow-pac't *Asses* eares  
 He strives to couer such a foule defame:  
 And with a red *Tiara* hides his shame.  
 But this his seruant saw that cut his haire:  
 Who bigge with secrets, neither durst declare  
 His Soueraignes scene deformity, nor yet  
 Could hold his peace. Who digs a shallow pit,  
 And therein softly whispers his disgrace:  
 Then turning in the earth, forsooke the place.  
 A tuft of whispering Reeds from thence there growes;  
 Which coming to maturity, disclose  
 The husbandman: and by soft South-winds blowne  
 Restore his words, and his Lords eares make knowne.

Reueng'd *Apollo*, leauing *Troilus*, flies  
 Through liquid aire; and on the land which lies  
 On that side *Helles* freightned surges stands;  
 Where far-obey'd *Laomedon* commands.  
 Below *Rhœtæum*, high above the flood,  
 And on the right hand of *Sigæum*, stood  
 An Altar vow'd to *Panophaean Ioue*:  
 From whence He saw *Laomedon* improue  
 New *Troy's* scarce founded walls; with what adoe,  
 And with how great a charge they slowly grew.  
 Who, with the Father of the tumid Maine,  
 Indues a mortall shape: and entertaine  
 Themselues for vnrégarded gold to build  
 The *Phrygian* Tyrants walls. That worke fulfill'd;  
 The King their promised reward denies:  
 And periury by swearing multiplies.  
 Reuengefull *Neptune* his wilde waves vnbound;  
 Which all the shores of greedy *Troy* surround,  
 And made the Land a Lake: the country Swaine  
 His labour lost beneath that liquid Plaine.  
 Besides the daughter of the King demands:  
 Who chained to a Rocke expos'd starids  
 To feed a Monster of the Sea; for free,  
 By strenuous *Hercules*. Yet could not Hec  
 The horses of *Laomedon* enioy;  
 His valours hire; who sacked twice periur'd *Troy*;  
 And giues his fellow Souldier *Telamon*  
*Hesione*: for *Peleus* now had won  
 A Deity; nor in his Grandfather  
 Tooke greater pride, than in his Sire by her.  
 For *Iupiter* had Nephewes more than one:  
 But he a Goddess had espous'd alone.

For

For aged *Proteus* thus foretold the truth  
To wane-wet *Thetis*: Thou shalt beare a Youth,  
Who shall in glorious armes transcend his birth  
And Fathers fame. Lest any thing on earth  
Should be more great than *Ioue*, *Ioue* thuns the bed  
Of Sea-thron'd *Thetis*, though her beauty led  
His strong desires: who bids *Aeides*  
Succeed his loue, and wed the Queene of Seas

A Bay within *Emania* lies, that bends  
Much like an arch, and far-stretcht armes extends:  
Which were, if deepe, a harbor lockt by land;  
Where shallow seas o're spred the yellow sand.  
The solid shore (where-on no sea-weed grows)  
Nor clogs the way, nor print of footing shows.  
Hard by, a mirtle groue affords a shade:  
In this, a caue; though doubtfull, rather made  
By art than nature: hither *Thetis* swimmes  
On Dolphins backs, here ceacht her naked limber.  
In this the sleeping Goddesse *Peleus* caught:  
Who, when she could not by his words be wrought,  
Attempts to force, and claspe her in his armes.  
And had she not assum'd her vsuall charmes  
In varying shapes, he had his will obtain'd.  
Now, turning to a fowle, her flight restrain'd:  
Now seemes a massie tree adorn'd with leaues;  
Close to the bole th'immortall *Peleus* cleaues.  
A spotted Tygresse she presents at last:  
When he, with terrour strucke, his armes vnclaspes.  
Who powring wine on seas, those Gods implores;  
And with pertumes and sacrifice adores:  
Till the *Carpathian* Prophet rais'd his head,  
And said; *Aeides*, inky her bed.



Doe thou but binde her in her next surprise,  
 When in her gelid caue she sleeping lies:  
 And though she take a thousand shapes, let none  
 Dismay; but hold, till she resume her owne:  
 This *Proteus* said, and diu'd to the Profound:  
 His latter word in his owne waters drown'd.  
 Now hasty *Titan* to *Hesperian* seas  
 Descends; when beauteous *Thetis*, bent to ease  
 Forsooke the flood, and to her caue repair'd,  
 No sooner she by *Peleus* was insnar'd,  
 But forth-with varies formes; vntill she found  
 Her Virgin limbes within his fetters bound.  
 Then, spreading forth her armes, She sighing said,  
 Thou hast subdu'd by some immortall aid;  
 And *Thetis* shew'd; nor his embrace repell'd:  
 Whose pregnant wombe with great *Achilles* swell'd.  
 Happie was *Peleus* in his sonne and wife:  
 And had not *Phoebus* murder sold his life,  
 All-fortunate. With brothers blood desir'd,  
 Thee *Trachin* harbours, from thy home exil'd.  
 Where courteous *Ceyx*, free from rigour, reign'd;  
 The sonne of *Lucifer*; whose looks retain'd  
 His fathers luster: then disconsolate,  
 Nor like himselfe, for his lost brothers fate.  
 Hither, with trauell tir'd, and clog'd with cares,  
 The banisht with a slender traine repaires:  
 His Flockes and Heard, with men for their defence,  
 Left in a shadie vale not farre from thence.  
 Conducted to his Royall presence, Hee  
 With olue brancht, downe bending to his knee,  
 His name and birth declares: the murder masks  
 With forged cause of flight: a dwelling asks

In field, or citie. *Ceyx* thus replies:  
 Our hospitable bounty open lyes  
 To men of vulgar ranke: what owes it them  
 To your high spirit, so renoun'd by men?  
 Of monume. tall praise? Whose blond extracts  
 His sourse from *Ioue*, improved by your Acts?  
 To sue, is times abuse: your worth assures  
 Your full desires; of all, the choice is yours:  
 I wish it better. And then wept. The cause  
*Ioues* Nephew as'es: when, after a short pause;

Perhaps you thinke this Bird which lyes by rapos  
 To all a terror, euer had that shape.  
 He was a man; as constant in his minde  
 As fierce in warre, to great attempts inclinde:  
*Dedalion* nam'd; sprung from that Star which wakes  
 The deawie Morne; the last that heaven forsakes:  
 Affected peace I fostered, with the rites  
 Of nuptiall ioyes: He ioy'd in bloody fights:  
 His valour Kingdomes with their Kings subdude;  
 By whom the *Thubian* Doves are now persude:  
 His daughter *Chione*, whose beauty drew  
 A thousand suitors, ripe for marriage grew.  
 By fortune *Phaebus*, and the sonne of *Ma*,  
 From *Delphos*, and *Cyllenus*, came this way:  
 Here meeting, looke, and like. The God of Light  
 Deferr'es his ioy-imbracing hopes till night:  
*Hermes* ill-brookes delay: who on her laid  
 His drowfie rod, and forc't the sleepe Maid  
 Night spangs the skie with starres. An old wifes shape  
*Apoll'o* tooke, and seconds *Hermes* rape.  
 Now when the fulnesse of her time drew nigh,  
*Autolichus* was borne to *Mercurie*.

Nor from the Sire the Sonne degenerates,  
 Cunning in theft, and wily in all sleights :  
 Who could with subtiltie deceive the sight ;  
 Converting white to blacke, and blacke to white:  
 To *Phæbus* (for she bare two sonnes) belongs  
*Philammon*, famous for his Harpe and songs.  
 What is't t'haue had two sonnes ? two Gods t'inflame ?  
 A valiant father ? *Jupiter* the same ?  
 Is glory fatall ? sure t'was so to Her :  
 Who to *Diana* durst her face confer,  
 And blame her beauty. With a cruell looke,  
 She said ; Our deeds shall right vs. Forthwith tooke  
 Her bow, and bent it : when the bow-string flung  
 Th'eiected arrow through her guiltie tongue.  
 It bleeds ; of speech and sound as once bereft ;  
 And life, with blood, her falling bodie left.  
 What griefe (ô *Piercy* ! ) oppress my heart !  
 What said I not, t'allwage my brothers smart !  
 Who heares me so as rockes the roling waves  
 That beat their browes ; and for his Daughter raves.  
 But when he saw her burne, foure times assail'd  
 To sacke the flamie Pile : as often fail'd.  
 Then turnes his heeles to flight (much like a Bull  
 By Hornets stung) whom scratching brambles pull :  
 Yet seem'd to run farre faster than a man,  
 As if his feet had wings ; and all out-ran.  
 Who swift in chace of withed death, ascends  
*Parnassus* top. As he his bodie bends  
 To iumpe from downe-right chiftes, compassionate  
*Apollo*, with light wings, prevents his fate :  
 With beake and talons arm'd ; with strength repleat  
 About his size : his courage still as great.

This



This Falcon, friend to none, all soule pers'u'th :  
And grieuing, is the cause of common ruth.

Sad *Ceyx* thus his brothers change relates :  
When *Phocæus* *Aetæon* prest the gates ;  
Who kept the Heard : and cry'd (halfe out of breath)  
*Peleus*, I bring thee newes of losse and death.  
Report, said *Peleus*, we are bent to beare  
The worst of fortunes. While the King with feare  
Hangs on his tongue. He panting still asfeard :

To winding shores we draue the weary Heard,  
When *Phæbus* from the heighth of all the skie  
The East and West beheld with equall eie.  
A part on yellow sands their limbs display ;  
And from their ease the wavy fields surmay :  
While other slowly wander here and there :  
Some swim in seas, and lofty fore-heads reare.  
A Fane, vnd' ckt with gold or marble stone  
Adioynes ; high blockt ; within a groue o're-growne.  
This the *Nerides* and *Nereus* hold :  
By sea-men, who there dry'd their nets, so told.  
Neere it, a Marish, thicke with fallowes, flood ;  
Made plashie by the interchanging flood.  
A Wolfe, a monstroust east ; with hideous noise  
That frights the confines, from those thickets flies.  
His lightning iawes with blood and soame besmeard :  
In whose red eyes two darting flames appear'd.  
Though fell with rage and famine ; yet his rage  
More greedy farre : nor hunger seekes easuage  
With blood of beeues, and so surcease ; but all  
He meets with, wounds ; insaking in their fall.  
Nor few of vs, while we his force with-stood,  
Fell by his raskling phangs. The shore with blood,

With

With bloud the sea-brimme blusht, and bellowing lakes.  
Delay is losse; and Doubt it selfe forsakes.

Arme, arme, while something yet is left to lose:  
And ioyning force, this mortall Bane oppose.

The Heardsmen ends. Nor did this losse incense  
*Æacides*; remembering his offence:

Borne, as the iustice of sad *Psamathe*,  
To celebrate her *Phœbus* Obsequie.

The King commands his men to arme: provides  
To goe in person. Busie rumour guides

This to *Alyone*: her passion bare

Her swiftly thither; running with her haire

Halfe vncompos'd: and that disordering, clung

About his necke: then weepes; and with a tongue

That scarce could speake, intreats, that they alone

Might goe; nor hazard both their liues in-one.

To whom *Æacides*; Faire Queene forgoe

Your vertuous feare; too much your bounties flow.

No force auails in such ostents as these:

'Tis prayer that must the sea-thron'd Power appease.

A lofty towre within a fortresse stood;

A friend to wandring ships that plough the flood.

They this ascend; and fighting, see the shore

With cattell strew'd; the Spoyler drencht in gore.

Here *Pelexus* fixt on seas, with knees that bend,

Blew *Psamathe* implores at length to end

The iustice of her wrath. She from his speech

Diuersts her eares: till *Theseus* did beseech,

And got her husbands pardon: nor yet could

The saluage Wolfe from thirst of bloud with-hold;

Till she the beast, as he a Heifer slew,

Transform'd to marble; differing but in hew:

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All else intire. The colour of the stone  
Shew him no Wolfe; now terrible to none:  
Yet Fate would not permit *Æacides*  
To harbour here; nor found in exile ease;  
Till at *Magnesia*, in a happy time  
*Acæstus* purg'd him from his bloody crime.

Meane-while perplext with former prodigies  
Both of his neece and brother; to aduize  
With sacred Oracles, the ioyes of men,  
*Cryx* prepares for *Clarus*. *Phorbas* then,  
With his *Pblegyas* hoast, alike prophane,  
The passage stopt to *Dolphian Phæbus* Fane.  
Yet first to thee his secret purpose told,  
Faith crown'd *Alyone*. An inward cold  
Shot through her bones: her changing face appears  
As pale as Box, surrounded with her teares.  
Thrice stroue to speake, thrice weeps through deare con-  
Sobs interrupting her diuine complaint. (strains)

What fault of mine, my Life, hath chang'd thy mind?  
Where is that loue that late so cleerely shin'd?  
Canst thou thy selfe enjoy, from me remou'd?  
Doe long wayes please? is now my absence lou'd?  
Yet didst thou goe by land, I should alone  
Griue without feare: now both combine in one,  
Seas fright me with their tragicall aspect.  
Of late I saw them on the shore ciect:  
Their scattered wracks; and often haue I read  
Sad names on sepulchers that want their dead.  
Nor let false hopes thy confidencie please;  
In that my father, great *Hippotades*,  
The struggling winds in rockie caernes keeps.  
And at his pleasure calmes the raging Deepes.

They



They once broke loose submit to no command;  
 But rave o're all the sea, and all the land;  
 High clouds perplex, with sterne contursions rore,  
 Emitting flames; I feare, by knowledge, more.  
 These knew I, and oft saw their rude comport;  
 While yet a Girle, within my Fathers Court.  
 But if my prayers can no recess procure;  
 And that, alas, thy going be too sure;  
 Take me along: let both our fortune beare;  
 Then shall I only what I suffer feare.  
 Together saile we on the toyling Maine:  
 And equally what'euer hap sustaine.

Thus spake *Alyone*: whose sorrowes melt  
 Her star-like spouse; nor he lesse passion felt.  
 Yet neither would his first intent forsake  
 Nor her a Partner in his danger make.  
 Much said he to assuage her troubled brest:  
 As much, in vaine. This adds vnto the rest,  
 Which only could her pensive cares reclaine:  
 All stay is irkesome; by my fathers Flame,  
 I sweare, if Fate permit, returne I will  
 E're twice the Moone her shining Crescents fill.  
 Reui'd with promise of so short a stay;  
 He bids them lanch the ship without delay,  
 And fit her tacklings. This rennes her feares;  
 Presaging ill successe: abortive teares  
 Flow from their springs; then kist: a sad farewell,  
 Long first, at length she takes; and swooning, fell  
 The Sea-men call aboard: in double ranks  
 Reduce their oares, vp-rising from their Banks  
 With equall stroke. She reares her humid eies,  
 And sit her husband on the Poope espies

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Shaking his hand : that, answers. Now from shore  
The vessell drives, and thence her Obiect bore.  
Her following eyes the flying ship persue :  
That lost, the sailes her eager gates drew.  
When all had left her, to her chamber goes ;  
And on the empty bed her body throwes :  
The bed and place, with teares, to minde recall  
That absent part, which gaue esteeme to all.

Now farre from Port ; the winds began to blow  
On quiuering Shrowds ; their ores the Sailers flow :  
Then hoise their Yards a trip, and all their sailes  
At once let fall to catch th'approching gales.  
The Ship scarce halfe her Course, or fure no more,  
By this had runne ; farre off from either shore :  
When, deepe in night, fierce *Eurus* fully blew ;  
And high-wrought Seas with chafing foamie grew.  
Strike, strike the Top-saile, let the Main-sheet fly,  
And furl your sailes, the Master cry'd ; his cry  
The blustering winds and roring seas suppress.  
Yet of their owne accord in this distresse  
They ply their tasker : some feeling yards bestir'd  
And take-in sailes ; some stop on either side  
The yawning leakes ; some leas on seas reiect.  
While thus Disorder toiles to small effect,  
The bitter storme augments ; the wilde Winds wage  
Warre from all parts, and ioyne with *Neptunus* rage.  
The Master lost, in terrour, neither knew  
The state of things, what to command, or doe ;  
Confessing ignorance ; so huge a masse  
Of ill's oppresse ! which slighted Art surpasse.  
Lowd cries of men resound ; with rattling throwds,  
Flouds iustling flouds, and thunder-crashing clouds.

Now

Now tossing Seas appeare to front the sky,  
 And wrap their curls in clouds, froth with their spry:  
 The sand now from the bottome laue, and take  
 Their swarter die; now blacke, as *Stygian* lake;  
 Sometimes deprest, with hissing foame all white.  
 The *Trachin* ship such horrid changes fright  
 Which now, as from a mountaine rock with flaws,  
 Viewes vnder vales, and *Acheyan* darke iawes:  
 Now head-long with the tumbling billowes fell;  
 And heauen suruaies from that internall Hell.  
 Her waue-beat sides a hideous noise report:  
 As when a battering Ram affronts a Fort.  
 As chafed Lions, senselesse of remorse,  
 Rush on extended Steele with horrid force:  
 So Seas inuade with Storme-imbatled powre  
 The Ships defence; and o're her hatches towre.  
 Her yeelding planks now spring: sterne *Neptune* raues;  
 Charging her breaches with his deadly waues.  
 The prodigall clouds in shewres their substance spend:  
 Ambitious seas to gloomy Heauen ascend;  
 All heauen descending to the lofty Maine:  
 At least so seeme. Sailes sucke the falling raine;  
 Showres ioyne with flouds. No friendly star now shone:  
 Blind Night in darknesse, tempests, and her owne  
 Dread terrors lost: these horrid lightning turnes  
 To sight more fear'd; the Sea with lightning burnes.  
 Now vaulting flouds her vpper decke opprest.  
 And as a Souldier, brauer than the rest,  
 Tempting to scale the walls with lost assaies,  
 At length inioyes his hopes; and spur'd with praise,  
 Among a thousand onely stands the shocke:  
 So while assailing waues the vessell rocke,

The



The tenth bold Billow rusheth in, nor shrinkes  
Vntill the Ship beneath his furie sinkes.  
Those seas, without the labouring Barke affaile:  
These sacke her Hold. All tremble and looke pale;  
As at a siege, when foes inforce a wall;  
While some within to execution fall.  
Art failes, hearts quaike: on every rising waue  
Death sits in triumph, and presents a graue.  
He weepes; He stands amazed; He calls them blest  
Whom funerals grace: He vowes to Heauen address,  
Looking on what he sees not, and besought  
The Gods in vaine: He on his parents thought,  
His children, house, and what he left behind.  
*Alcime* alone had *Ceyx* mind;  
Her onely names: now in her absence loy'd  
Whose presence was his heauen: and had employ'd  
His eyes last duty to descry the way  
To her abode; but knew not where it lay.  
The giddy seas so whirle, such pitchie clouds  
Obscure the skie: Night two-fold darkenesse shrouds.  
Loud howling whirle-winds ouer-board now blowe  
The shiuere'd mast; and now the rudder tore.  
A Billow with these spoiles incourag'd, raues;  
Who victor-like contemnes the vnder waues:  
Nor lighter falls, then if some God had torne  
*Pindus* and *Atlas* from their roots, vp-borne  
As high as heauen, and tumbled on the Maines  
Nor could the ship such forte and waight sustaine;  
But to the bottome sinkes. Most of her men  
The seas ingage; who neuer seeke againe  
Accomplished their fates: while other swim  
On scattered planks; a planke vpholding Him

Who

Who late a scepter held. His father in law,  
 And father, now invokes: but could not draw  
 (Alasse!) from either succour. Still his wife  
 Runnes in his thoughts in that short span of life.  
 He wisht the waues would cast him on the sands  
 Of Trachin, to be buried by her hands.  
 Who swimming, fights *Alcyon*; her name  
 His last of speech: in Seas conceives the same,  
 Behold; an arch of waters, blacke as bell,  
 Brake o're the flood: the breaking surges quell  
 Their sinking Burthen. *Lucifer* that night  
 Became obscure; nor could you see his light.  
 And since he might not render vp his place,  
 With pitchie clouds immur'd his darkned face.  
 Meane-while *Alcyon*, not knowing ought  
 Computes the tedious night; the daies out-wrought  
 Vpon a robe for him; another makes  
 To weare her selfe; whose flattering hope mislikes  
 In his returne. Who holy fumes presents  
 To all the Gods; but most of all frequents  
 The Fane of *Iuno*: at her altars prai'd  
 For him that was not. Grant successe! (she said)  
 A quicke returne! Giue he our right to none!  
 Of all her prayers the last succeeds alone.  
 The meking Goddesse could no longer brooke  
 Her death-croft prayers; but from her altar shooke  
 Her faint hand; and thus to Iris spake:  
 Hastie faithfull Messenger, thy iourney take  
 To drowie *Skepes* dimme palace: bid him send  
 A dreame that may present the wofull end  
 Of *Ceyx* to *Alcyon*. This said;  
 She, in a thousand-coloured robe araid,

Her

Her ample Bow from Heaven to Earth extends:  
And in a cloud to his abode descends.

Neere the Cimmerian sculks a Cane, in sleepe  
And hollow hills; the Mansion of dull Sleepe:  
Not scene by Phabus when he mounts the skies,  
At height, nor stooping: gloomy mists arise  
From humid earth, which still a ew-light make.  
No crested fowles swift crowing, here awake  
The cheerefull Morne: no barking Sentinell  
Here watch; nor geese, who wakefull dogs excell  
Beasts tame, nor salvage, no wind-shaken boughes,  
Nor strife of iarring tongues, with noyles rouse  
Secured Ease. Yet from the rocke a spring,  
With streames of Labe softly murmuring,  
Purles on the pibbles, and makes Repose.  
Before the Entry pregnant Pepple grows,  
With numerous Simples, from whose iulcie birth  
Night gathers sleepe, and sheds it on the Earth.  
No doores here on their crocking hinges turn'd:  
Through-out this court there was nor doore, nor guard.  
Amid the Hebon Canes a downie bed  
High mounted stands, with sable coverings spread.  
Here lay the lazie God, dispos'd in rest.  
Fantasticke Dreames, who various formes express,  
About him couch: then Aunton's eares far more;  
Or leaues of trees, or fables on Neptune's shore.  
The Virgin entering, parts the obdurate Dreames:  
And fills the sacred Concha with the beames  
Of her bright robe. The God with strife dissolves  
His seeled lids; againe his head declines,  
And knocke his chin against his breast. Anon  
Himselfe Himselfe circles; and, humming on

His



His elbow, asketh (for he knew her) why  
 She thither came? when *Iris* made reply:  
 Thou Rest of things, most mecke of all the Gods;  
 O *Sleepe*, the Peace of minds, from whose abodes  
 Care euer flies, restoring the decay  
 Of toile-tyr'd limbs to labour-but doing Day:  
 Send thou a *Dreamer*, resembling truth, in post  
 T' *Herculean* *Trachin*, that, like *Ceyx* ghost,  
 May to *Alcyon* his wracke vnfold.  
*Saturnia* this commands. Her message told,  
*Iris* with-drew; who could the power of *Sleepe*  
 Resist no longer. When she found it creepe  
 Vpon her yeclding senses, thence she flies  
 And by her painted Bow remounts the skies.

The Sire, among a thousand sons, excels  
 Shape-faining *Morpheus*: of those brother Sprites  
 None (bid't assume) with subtler cunning can  
 Vsurpe the gesture, visage, voice of man,  
 His habit, and knowne phrase. He onely takes  
 A humane forme: an Other shewes a snake,  
 A birds, a beasts. This *Icel* they call,  
 Whom heauen imboure; though *Phobus* by all  
 Of mortall birth. Next *Phantasia*; but he,  
 Of different facultrie, indues a tree,  
 Earth, water, stone, the senerall shapes of things  
 That life enioy not. These appeare to Kings  
 And Princes in deepe night; the rest among  
 The vulgar stray. Of all the germane thing  
 Their aged father onely *Morpheus* chose  
 To aft *Thaumatia*'s charge, His ries then close  
 Their drowfie lids, and hanging downe his head,  
 Resolu'd to slumber, shrinkes into his bed.

His

His noiselesse wings through night by *Morpheus* straines;  
And with the swiftnesse of a thought attaines  
Th' *Aemonian* towers: then laid them by, and tooke  
The forme of *Ceyx*. With a pallid looke  
He naked stood, like one depriv'd of life,  
Before the Couch of his vnhappy wife:  
His beard all wet, the haire vpon his head  
With water dropt; who, leaning on her bed,  
Thus spake; while teares from seeming passion flow.

Dost thou, O wretched Wife, thy *Ceyx* know?  
Or am I chang'd in death? looke on the Lost:  
And for thy husband thou shalt see his Ghost.  
No fauour could thy pious prayers obtaine:  
For I am drown'd; no longer hope in vaine.  
Cloud-crushing South-winds in *Egeum* caught  
Our rauisht ship, and wrackt her with her fraught.  
My voice the floods oppress, while on thy name  
I vainely call'd. This, neither wandring Fame,  
Nor doubtfull Author tels: this I relate;  
I, that there perisht by vntimely fate.  
Arise, weepe, put on blacke: nor vndeplor'd  
For pity send me to the Stygian Ford.

To this he addes a voice, such as she knew  
Exprest her Lords: with teares appearing true,  
And gesture of his hand. She sigh't and wept;  
Stretch out her armes to embrace him as she slept,  
But claspt the empty aire. Then cry'd, O stay!  
Ah, whither wilt thou! goe we both one way.  
Wak't with her voice, and husbands shade; with feare  
She looks about for that which was not there.  
For now the maids, rais'd with her shriekes, had brought  
A Taper in. Not finding what she sought,

She

She strikes her cheekes, her nighly linnen rare,  
 Innades her brest; nor staies t'rubind her haire,  
 But tugs it off. Her Nurse the cause demands  
 Of such a violence. She wrings her hands,  
 And in the passion of her grieve replyde:

There's no *Akyme*; none, none! she dyde  
 Together with her *Coyx*. Silent be  
 All sounds of comfort. These, these eyes did see  
 My ship-wrackt Lord. I knew him; and my hands  
 Thrust forth t'haue held him: but no mortall bands  
 Could force his stay. A Ghost: yet manifest:  
 My husbands ghost: which ô but illexprest  
 His forme and beaury, late diuinely rare!  
 Now pale, and naked, with yet dropping haire.  
 Here stood the miserable; in this place:  
 Here, here (and sought his aery steps to trace.)  
 O this my sad mis-giuing soule dinin'd;  
 When thou forsook'st me to persue the wind.  
 But since imbarqu'd for death, would I with thee  
 Had put to sea: a happy fate for me!  
 Then both together all the time assign'd  
 For life had lin'd; nor in our death dis-ioyn'd.  
 Now here, I perisht there: on that profound  
 Poore I was wrackt; yet thou without me drown'd.  
 O I, then fouds more cruell; should I strue  
 To lengthen life, and such a grieve suruiue!  
 Nor will I, nor forsake thee, nor defer.  
 Though one Vrne hold not both, one Sepulcher  
 Shall ioyne our titles: though thy bones from mine  
 The seas disscuer, yet our names shall ioyne.

Griefe chok't the rest. Sobs euery accent part:  
 And sighes ascend from her astonisht heart.



Day springs: She to the shore addrest her haste,  
 Euen to that place from whence she saw him last.  
 And while she sadly vters, Here he said;  
 Here parting, kist me; from thence anchor waid;  
 While she, such sighs recalls; her steady eyes  
 Fixt on the Sea, far off she something spies;  
 But knowes not what: yet like a cor's. First shee  
 Doth doubt: drinen neerer (though not neere) might see  
 A body plainly. Though vnknowne, yet much  
 The Omen mou'd her, since his fate was such.  
 Poore wretch, who'ere thou art: and such (she said)  
 Thy wife, if wed, by thee a widdow made!  
 By floods drinen neerer; the more neere, the more  
 Her spirits faint: now nigh th'adioyning shore.  
 Now sees she what she knowes; her husbands cor's.  
 Woe's me! 'tis He, she cries! at once doth force  
 Her face, haire, habit: trembling hands extends  
 To soule-lesse Ceyx; and then said: Here ends  
 My last of hopes: thus, O then life more deare;  
 O husband, thus return't thou! Art a Peere  
 Had stretcht into the surges; which with-flood,  
 And brake the first incursion of the flood.  
 Thither forth-with (O wonderfull!) the springs;  
 Beating the passiu' aire with new-growne wings.  
 Who, now a bird, the waters summit rakes:  
 About she flies, and full of sorrow, makes  
 A mournfull noise; lamenting her divorce:  
 Anon she toucht his dumbe and bloudlesse cor's;  
 With stretched wings embrac't her perishe blisse;  
 And gaue his colder lips a heatlesse kisse.  
 Whether he felt it, or the floods his looke  
 Advanc't, the vulgar doubt: yet sure heooke

Sense from touch. The Gods commiserate;  
 And change them both, obnoxious to like fate.  
 As erst, they loue: their nuptiall faith they shew  
 In little birds; ingender, parentage grow.  
 Seuen winter dayes with peacefull calmes possesse,  
*Alcyon* sits vpon her floating nest.  
 Then safely saile: then *Æolus* incaues:  
 For his, the winds; and smoothes the stooping waues,  
 Some old man seeing these their pinions moue  
 O're broad-spread Seas, extols their endlesse loue.  
 By theirs, a Neighbour, or Himselfe, reuines  
 An others fate. You' sable fowle that dives;  
 (And therewith shewes the wide-mouth'd Cormorant)  
 Of royall parentage may also vaunt.  
 Whose ancestors from *Troy* their branches spred:  
*Ilus*, *Affracus*, *Iones* *Ganywed*,  
*Laomedon*, and *Prigmus* the last  
 That raignd in *Troy*: to *Hector* (who surpass  
 In fortitude) a brother. If by powre  
 Of Fate vnchanged in his youths first flowre,  
 He might perhaps as great a name haue wonne:  
 Though *Hector* were great *Dymas* daughters sonne.  
 For *Alixathea*, a country Maid,  
 Bare *Æneas* by stealth in *Idas* shade.  
 He, hating Cities, and the discontents  
 Of glittering Courts; the louchy woods frequents,  
 And vnambitious fields; but made repaire  
 To *Ilum* rarely: yet, he debonaire,  
 Not vnexpugnable to loue. Who spide  
*Speria*, oft desir'd, by *Celæus* side  
 (Her fathers riuer) drying in the Sun  
 Her fluent haire. Away the Nymph did run,

Swift

Swift as a frighted Hinde the Wolfe at hand;  
 Or like a fearefull fowle thrust ouer-land  
 Beneath a falcon. He persues the chace:  
 Feare wings her feet, and loue inforc't his pace.  
 Behold a lurking Viper in this strife,  
 Ceaz'd on her beele; repressing flight with life.  
 Franticke, his trembling armes the dead include:  
 Who cry'd, Alas that euer I persude!  
 I fear'd not this; nor was the victory  
 Worth such a losse. Ay me! two, one destroy.  
 Thy wound the Serpent, I the occasion gaue:  
 O more wicked! yet thy death shall haue  
 My life for satisfaction. There-with flung  
 His body from a cliffe which ouer-hung  
 The vndermining Seas. His falling limmes  
 Upheld by *Tethys* pitie; as he swimmes  
 Sh'his person plumes, nor power of dying giues.  
 To be compel'd to liue the Louer grieues:  
 Disdaining that his soule, so well appai'd  
 To leaue her wretched seat, should thus be staid.  
 And mounting on new wings, againe on Seas  
 His body throwes: the fall his feathers ease.  
 With that, inrag'd, into the deepe he dines:  
 And still to drowne himselfe as vainly strives.  
 Loue makes him leane. A long neck doth sustaine  
 His sable head; long-ioynted legs remaine.  
 Nor euer the affected Seas forsakes:  
 And now a fated name from diuing takes.



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# OVID'S

## METAMORPHOSIS.

### The twelfth Booke.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

**A** Snake; a snake-like Stone. Cygnus, a Swan,  
 Ceres the maid, now Cereus and a man,  
 Becomes a Fowle. Neleus varies shapes:—  
 At last an Eagle; nor Alcides escapes.

**O**ld Priam mournes for *Æneas*; nor knew  
 That he surviv'd, and with light feathers flew.  
 While *Hector* and his brethren dues, with teares,  
 Pay to the tombe which his inscription beares.  
 But *Paris*, absent from that obsequy,  
 Straight, with his Rape, brought ten yeeres warre to Troy.  
 A thousand ships, in one confederate,  
 Pursue his stealth, with all the *Achaian* State.  
 Nor vow'd revenge so long had beene delay'd;  
 If wrathfull Seas had not their passage staid:  
 At fiftie *Aulis*, in *Boetia*,  
 Their wind-bound Navy in expectation lay.  
 Here, as th'old vse, to *Iove* they sacrifice.  
 While from the antique altar flames arise;  
 A blew scald'd Dragon, in the Armies view,  
 Ascends a tree, which neere the altar grew.

A feathered nest the vpper branches beare,  
 With twice foute birds; these and their dam (with feare  
 Flying about her losse) the greedy snake  
 At length deuour'd. This all with wonder strake.  
 When *Chakhas* cry'd (who could the truth deuine)  
 Reioyce, *Pelassians*, 'tis a happy signe!  
 Proud *Troy* shall fall; though with long toile and care:  
 These thrice three birds, thrice three yeeres war declare.  
 He, wound about a bough, gorg'd with his rape;  
 Became a Stone; that held the Serpents shape.  
 Still *Nereus* in *Adrian* surges raues:  
 Nor warre transferres. Some thinke the God of *Waues*  
 Would *Troy* preserue; and saue the walls he made.  
*Thestorides* resents: who knew, and said,  
 A virgins blood must *Dion* reconcile.  
 Now did the publike cause the priuate soile;  
 A King a father: *Iphigenia* stood  
 Before the altar to resigne her blood.  
 The Priest did weepe; the Goddesse pinieth too:  
 Who o're their eyes a cloudy meteor threw;  
 And while they prosecute her rites, and praid;  
 Produc't a Hinde to represent the Maid.  
 When fitter sacrifice had dul'd her rage;  
 Her furie and the Seas, at once asswage.  
 A fore-winde then their thousand Vessels bore:  
 Who, suffering much, attaine the *Phrygian* shore.  
 Amid the world, 'twixt Aire, Earth, *Neptunes* brine,  
 A place there is; the triple Worlds confine.  
 Where all that's done, though far remou'd, appeare:  
 And euery whisper penetrates the eare.  
 The House of *Fame*: who in the highest towre  
 Her lodging takes. To this capacious bowre



Innumerable wayes conduct; no way  
 With doorts debar'd, but open night and day.  
 All built of ringing brasse; through-out rebounds:  
 The heard reports, and every word rebounds.  
 No rest within, no silence; yet the noise  
 Not lowd, but like the murmuring of a voice,  
 As seas that sally on far distant shores;  
 Or as *Ioues* terminating thunder rores.  
 Hither the idle Vulgar come and goe:  
 Millions of Rumors wander to and fro;  
 Lies mixt with truths, in words that vary still.  
 Of these, with newes vnknowing eares Some fill;  
 Some carry tales: all in the telling growes;  
 And euery Author adds to what he knowes.  
 Here dwell rash Error, light Credulity,  
 Deiected Feare, and vainly grounded Ioy;  
 New rais'd Sedition, secret Whisperings  
 Of vnknown Authors, and of doubtfull things.  
 All done in Heaven, Earth, Ocean, Fame sinnewes;  
 And through the ample world inquires of newes.

She notice gaue, how with a dreadfull host  
 The *Grecian* Nauie steered for their coast;  
 Nor vnexpected came: the *Troian* bend  
 Their powers 't' encounter, and their shores defend.  
 First thou thy life, *Protesilaus*, lost  
 By *Hectors* fatall lance; the battle cost  
 The *Greekes* a world of soules: so cheerly ston'd  
 Their fortitudes; great *Hector* yet vnknown.  
 Nor so small streamers of bloud their valours drew  
 From *Phrygian* wounds, who felt what *Graecus* could doe  
 And now their mingled gores *Sigean* staine:  
 Now *Neptunes* *Cymus* had a thousand staine.

Now, in his chariot, on *Achilles* fell;  
 And with his lance whole squadrons sent to hell:  
 Seeking for *Cygnus*, or for *Hector*, round  
 About the field; at length braue *Cygnus* found:  
 (For Fate nine yeeres great *Hectors* life sustaines.)  
 Cheering his horses with the flaxen maines,  
 His thundring Chariot driues against his foe,  
 And shakes his trembling lance: about to throw;  
 O youth, he said, what e're thou art, reioyce:  
*Achilles* honours thee with death. His voice  
 His speare persues: the Steele no wound imprest  
 Though strongly throwne. When, bounding from his brest  
 He said; Thou Goddesse-borne, Fame brutes thee such;  
 Why wondrest thou (*Achilles* wondred much)  
 This helme with horse-haire plum'd, this shield I beare,  
 Defend not me: for fashion these I weare.  
 So *Mars* his person armes. Should I display  
 My naked brest, thy force could finde no way  
 The grace to be *Nereus* sonne is small:  
 What his, who *Nereus*, who his Nymphs, who all  
 The Ocean guides? Then at *Achilles* threw  
 His lance, that pierc'd his plated shield, and through  
 Nine ox-hides rusht: the tenth did it restraine.  
 The Heron caught it, and retorts againe  
 The singing Steele; againe it gaue no wound.  
 The third assay no better entrance found,  
 Though *Cygnus* bar'd his bosome to the blow.  
 He rages like a bull in *Circian* Shew;  
 Whose dreadfull hornes the stamell, which prouokes  
 His fury, teisse with still deluded strokes.  
 Then searches if the head were off: that on;  
 What, is my hand, said he, so feeble growne?

On one is all my vigour spent ? my powre  
 Was more, when first I raz'd *Lynceus* towre:  
 When *Tenedos*, *Eetion*, *Thebes*, were fil'd  
 With blood of theirs, by my incounters spild.  
 The red *Cycnus* slaughtred natives dyde:  
 Twice *Telephus* my powrefull Iauelin tryde.  
 Behold these heapes of bodies ! these I flew:  
 Much could my hand haue done ; as much can doe.  
 This said, his former deeds almost suspects,  
 And at *Menetes* brest his aime directs,  
 (A *Lycian* of meane ranke) the thrilling dart  
 Quire through his faithlesse curasse pierc't his heart:  
 Whose dying body stricke the groning ground.  
 Snatching the weapon from his reeking wound;  
 This hand, he said, this now victorious lance  
 Shall vrge thy fate : assist me equall Chance !  
 With that, th'vnerring dart at *Cycnus* slung.  
 Th'vnscathed on his shoulder rung;  
 Which like a rocke the lance repell'd againe :  
 Yet where it hit it left a purple staine ;  
 By vainely glad *Aeacides* descry'd:  
 He woundlesse : this *Menetes* bloud had dy'd.  
 Then roring, from his chariot leapes ; and made  
 A horrid on-set with his flaming blade :  
 Who sees the breaches in his helme and shield ;  
 Yet he secure : his skin the Steele vnsteeld.  
 Now all impatient, with the hilt his Foe's  
 Hard front inuades with thicke redoubled blowes :  
 Persues his back retreat, perturbs, insists ;  
 Nor lets the astonisht breath. He faints ; blew mists  
 Swim o're his eyes: whose now auerted steps  
 A stone with-stood. On whom *Achilles* leapes



With all his strength, and *Cycnus* vp-ward cast  
 On sounding earth: there held the *Heros* fast.  
 Then with his shield and knees his bosome prest;  
 And, drawing hard his helmers strings, distressed  
 His gasping iawes: the breathing-path and way  
 Of life shuts vp. About t'ynarma his prey,  
 The body mist. To a fowle as white as snow.  
 By *Neptune* chang'd; whom by that name we know.

This toyle, this fight gaue many daies of rest:  
 And either part from actual armes surceast,  
 While on their walls the watchfull *Phrygians* ward,  
 And while the watchfull *Greekes* their trenches guard,  
 A feast was kept: wherein *Æscides*  
 For *Cycnus* death with heifers bloud did please  
 Propitious *Pallas*. When the entralls laid  
 On burning altars, to the Gods conuaid  
 An acceptable smell: a part addrest  
 To sacred use; the boord receiu'd the rest.  
 Downe lay the Heroes, fed on roasted flesh,  
 And generous winca their cares and thirst refresh.  
 Nor musicke now, nor songs their eares delight;  
 But in discourse consume the shortned night.  
 The subiect, Valour: of the valour showne  
 By their couragions foes, and of their owne.  
 Promiscuously of passed dangers tell,  
 And forraine enterprizes. What so well  
 Could great *Achilles* speake of? or what were  
 A fitter theame for great *Achilles* eare?  
 Then spake he of his conquest, in the fall  
 Of noble *Cycnus*: wondred at by all,  
 That weapons had no power to penetrate  
 His woundlesse body, which could Steele rebate.

This the *Polixenus*, this *Æschylus*  
Himselfe admires. When *Napier* said to these;  
*Cynus* is he, who in your age alone  
Contemned Steele, and could be hurt by none;  
I saw *Perrhebian Cæneus* once indure  
A thousand strokes; yet he from wounds secure;  
*Perrhebian Cæneus*, excellent in deeds,  
On *Othrys* dwelt: and what beleefe exceeds,  
A woman borne. This Prodigie begets  
Their greater wonder. Every one intreats;  
*Achilles* thus: Divinely eloquent;  
O thou the wisdom of our age, consent  
To our desires; for all desire the same:  
Of *Cæneus* tell; how he a man became;  
In what contention, or what battell known;  
By whom, if so by any, overthrowne.  
Then He: Though age impair my memory,  
And much beheld in youth my notion be,  
I more remember: yet, of all that are  
Among so many acts of peace and warre,  
None deeper is imprinted in my braine.  
And if the length of time not spent in vaine,  
Can many accidents to knowledge give;  
Two ages finish, in the third I live.  
Not all the Virgins that *Troie* sawe  
With *Elateus Cæne* could compare  
For praised beauty. Through the cities here;  
And thole, *Achilles*, which thy Empire beare  
(For she her birth to your *Æneas* sought)  
A world of lovers her affection sought.  
And *Peleus* too perhaps had woo'd her body;  
But that already to thy mother wed.

Or else assured. *Centaurs* still forbore  
 All nuptiall ties. As on the secret shore  
 She walkt alone, the Sea-god her dissent  
 Inforc't to Rape; for so the rumor went.  
 Rapt with the joy of loves first tasted fruit;  
 All shall, said *Neptune*, to thy wishes sure;  
 With what thou wilt. So Fame the story told.  
 My wrong, said *Centaurs*, makes my wishes bold:  
 That neuer like inforcement may befall,  
 Be I no woman; and thou giu'st me all.  
 Her latter words a deeper voice expresse,  
 Much like a mans, for now it prou'd no lesse.  
 The Sea-God had assented to her will:  
 And further addes, that Steele should neither kill  
 Nor wound his person. Young *Atreides*  
 Departs; reioycing in such gifts as these:  
 Who grear in enery manly vertue growes;  
 And haunts the fir his through which *Penguin* flows.

The sonne of bold *Iris* now had wed  
*Hippodame*: the salvage *Centaures*, bred  
 Of clasped Clouds, his inuitation grac't;  
 In plashed bowres at sundry tables plac't.  
 There were th' *Æmæan* Princes; there was I:  
 The Palace rung with our confused ioy.  
 They *Hymen* sing; the altars fume with flames:  
 Forth came th' admired Bride with troopes of dames.  
 We call *Pirithous* happy in his choice;  
 But scarce maintaine the Omen of that voice.  
 For *Egeus*, more heady than the rest,  
 Foule rapine harbors in his salvage brest;  
 Incens'd by beauty, and the heat of wine;  
 Lust and Ebricty, in out-rage ioyne.

Straight;



Straight, turn'd vp boords the feast prophane : the faire  
And tender spouse now hal'd by the haire.

Fierce *Eurytus* *Hippodame* ; all tooke  
Their choice, or whom they could : sackt cities looke  
With such a face. The women shreake : we rise,

When *Theseus* first ; & *Eurytus*, vnwise !

Dar'st thou offend *Pirithous* as long

As *Theseus* liues ? in one two suffer wrong.

The great-sould *Heos*, not to boast in vaine ;

Breakes through the throng, and from his fierce disdain

The Rape repris'd. He no reply affords ;

Such facts could not be iustif'd by words :

But with his fists the braue redeemer prest ;

Assailes his face, and strikes his generous brest.

Hard by there stood an antique goblet, wrought

With extant figures : this *Aegides* caught ;

Hurl'd at the face of *Eurytus* : a flood

Of frecking wine, of braines, and clotted blood

At once he vomits from his mouth and wound ;

And falling backward, kicke the dabled ground.

The *Centaures*, frantick for their brothers death,

Arme, arme, resound, with one exalted breath.

Wine courage giues : At first an vncouth sight

Of flagons, pots, and boules, began the fight :

Late fit for banquets, now for blood and broiles.

First *Amytus*, *Ophione* issue, spoiles

The sacred places of their gifts ; downe ranges

A brazen cresset stucke with burning lampes :

This swings aloft, as when a white-haired Bull

The Sacrificer strikes ; which crasht the skull

Of *Celaden* the *Lapiths*, and life

His face vnkowne : confusion forme bereft.

Out start his eyes; his batter'd nose betwixt  
 His shiver'd bones flat to his pallet fixt.  
 Pellean Pelades a tressell tore  
 That propt the boord, and fell'd him to the flore,  
 He knockes his chin against his brest, and spude  
 Bloud mixt with teeth. A second blow persude  
 The first; and sent his vexed soule to hell.  
 Next, *Gryneus* stood; his lookes with vengeance swell;  
 Serues this, said he, for nothing? therewith rais'd  
 Aloft a mighty Altar: as it blaz'd,  
 Among the *Laps* bites his burden shrew;  
 Which *Sroteus*, and the bold *Orian* flew.  
*Orian*'s mother *Myale*, eke soone  
 Could with her charmes deduce the stungling Moone.  
*Exadius* cry'd, Nor shalt thou so depart  
 Had I a weapon. Of a roted heart  
 The Antlers from a Pine he puls, they fix  
 Their forkes in *Gryneus* darkned eyes: this stickes  
 Vpon the horne, that is concreted gore  
 Hung on his beard. A fire-brand *Egates* bore,  
 Snatch from the Altar, and Chereus head  
 Crackt through the skull, with yellow tresses spred.  
 The rapid flame his blazing curls surround,  
 Like corne on fire, bloud broyling in his wound.  
 Horribly huffes, as red Steele that gloes  
 With seruent blasts, which pliant tongues dispose  
 To quenching coales, wrought, spust, striuts, consumed;  
 And hissing vnder heated mass, fumes.  
 The Wounded from his singed tresses shakes  
 The greedy flame, and on his shoulders takes  
 A stone torne from the thurstle, which alone  
 Would loade a weine, as distant *Agnus* throwes.

This, falling short, *Cometes* life innades;  
 And sent his friend to everlasting shades.  
 When *Rhatu*, laughing; May you all abound  
 In strength so try'd; and aggrauates his wound  
 With repercussions of his burning brand,  
 Crusht bones now sinke in braines. Then turnes his hands  
 Vpon young *Coritus*, *Euagrus*, *Dryas*:  
 Which gaue to *Coritus* a fatall passe.  
 What glory can the slaughter of a boy  
 Afford, *Euagrus* said? nor more could say:  
 For *Rhatu*, e'r his iawes together came,  
 Hid in his throte and brest the choking flame.  
 Then whiskes the brand about his browes, and drines  
 At valiant *Dryas*; but no longer thrives.  
 For through his shoulder, who had triumph long  
 In daily slaughter, *Dryas* fixt his prong.  
 Who groning, tug it out with all his might:  
 And soild with blood, conuerts his heeles to flight.  
 So *Lyidas*, *Aeneas*, *Medon* (sped  
 In his right arme) *Pisemon*, *Cannus*, fled:  
 Wound-tardie *Mermirus*, late swift of pace;  
*Menelaus*, *Pholus*; *Abas*, vs'd to chace.  
 The Bore; and *Astylus*, who fates fore-knew:  
 Who vainly bade his friends that warre eschew;  
 And said to frighted *Nessus*, Fly not so;  
 Thou art referu'd for great *Alcides* bow.  
 But yet *Euwymus*, nor *Lyidas*,  
*Aeneas*, nor *Imbrius*, vnslaughtered passe:  
 All quell'd by *Dryas* hand. These *Cometes* too,  
 Though turn'd about for flight, afore-wound flie  
 For looking backe; the point betweene his flight,  
 There where the nose ioynes with the fore-head, lights.



Vnwakened with the tumult of this fray,  
 Dissolv'd in death like sleepe, *Aphydas* lay  
 Vpon a Beares rough hide on *Ossa* kill'd:  
 Whose lither hand a mixed goblet held.  
*Phorbas* farre off the vainly hurtlesse spy'd:  
 And to the thong his fingers fitting, cry'd,  
 Thy wine hence-forth with *Stygian* water brew.  
 This said, at slumber-bound *Aphidas* threw  
 His trembling dart: the steeled ash made way  
 Through's naked necke, as he supinely lay.  
 Death was vnfelt: his full throat voids a floud:  
 The bed and goblet, drown'd and fill'd with bloud.  
 I saw *Petrus* striue t'vproot an oke:  
 And while his brawnie armes the tree prouoke  
 To quit his seasure, this and that way hall'd;  
*Pirithous* to the bole his bosome nail'd.  
 Stout *Lycus* by *Pirithous* valour fell:  
*Pirithous* valour *Chromis* sunke to hell.  
 These lesse the glory of his acts clate  
 Then *Helops* death, and *Distys* stranger fate.  
 His eager iavelin *Helops* temples cleft:  
 Which at the right eare rushed through the left.  
 But *Distys* from a broken mountaine slides,  
 As he *Ixius* furious sonne avoids,  
 And head-long fell: his weight asunder brake  
 A mighty Ash; the stumper his entriles stake.  
 In rusht reuengefull *Phereus* with a stone  
 Torne from a rocke: his monstrous elbow-bone  
 (About to hurle) in shivers *Therses* crackt:  
 Nor leasure had, or further care, t' exact  
 His vsclesse life. Then nimbly vaults vpon  
*Pyrrus*'s backe, before bestrid by none,

His

His knees claps to his sides; his shaggie haire  
 His left hand haies: his eyes, that grimly stare  
 And threaten, crushes with his knotty oke.  
 Dart-sam'd *Lyceus*, and *Medonius* stroke  
 To humble earth: so *Hippasus*, whose beard  
 Obscur'd his brest; and *Ripheus*, who appear'd  
 More tall than trees; with *Tiberus*, who caught  
 Wilde beares in high *Aemonian* hills, and brought  
 Th'inraged purchase to his home aline.  
*Demeleus* frets to see *Aegides* thrive  
 With such successe; and from the center strives  
 To teare a Pine: which when he could not, riuies  
 The yeelding bole, and darts it at his foe.  
*Iphesus* farre off espi'd the coming throw;  
 Who by *Miwernus*'s counsell (for so he  
 Would haue vs thinke) with-drew: and yet the tree  
 Not idly fell; but *Crantor*'s shoulder, brest,  
 And throat diuides; which tortur'd life releast.  
 He was (*Aeolides*) thy fathers Squire;  
 Given by subdude *Amyntor* to thy fire  
 (*Amyntor* the well-brain'd *Dolopian* Guide)  
 In hostage for their peesce, and faith affide.  
 When *Peleus* saw that spectacle of ruth;  
 Receiue, O *Crantor*, O beloved youth,  
 This sacrifice, he said: and sent a dart  
 With all the rigour of his hand and heart  
 At proud *Demeleus*; which the bones that loyne  
 His ribs transfixt; and quauer'd in the chine.  
 His hand, without the head, the stasse reueld;  
 And hardly that: his lungs the head with-held.  
 Anguish it selfe the heat of wrath improues:  
 He reares afore, and pauer him with his hooues.

Who

His

Who with his shield and burgonet defends  
 The sounding strokes : yet still his sword extends,  
 And twixt his shoulders at one thrust doth gore  
 His double breasts. Yet had he slain before  
*Phegrem*, *Hyles*, with his lances flight ;  
*Hiphim* and *Dani*, in close fight.  
 Addes *Dorylas* to these ; who wore a skull  
 Of Wolfe-skin tan'd ; the sharpe hornes of a Bull,  
 In stead of other weapons, fixt before :  
 And dyde in crimson with *Lapithian* gore.  
 To whom, with courage fir'd, I said in soorne ;  
 Behold how much our Steele excels thy horne.  
 And threw my lance : not to be shun'd, he now  
 Claps his right hand vpon his threatned brow ;  
 Which both together nail'd. They rore : and while  
 Th'ingaged with his bitter wound doth roile ;  
 Thy father, who was neerer, neuer made :  
 And through his nasill thrust his deadly blade.  
 He bounds, and on the earth his bowels vnleas ;  
 The trailed kickes, the kickes in paces heas ;  
 Which winding, faster both his legs and thighs  
 So falls ; and with a gutless belly dies.  
 Nor thee thy beauty, *Cyllan*, could saue :  
 If such a two-form'd figure beauty haue.  
 His chin now 'gan to bud with downe of gold ;  
 And golden curlcs his iusty backe in fold :  
 His lookes a pleasing vigor graue ; his breast,  
 Hands, shoulders, necke, and all that man exprest,  
 Surpassing arts admired images.  
 Nor were his bestiall parts a shame to these :  
 Adde but a horses head and crest, he were  
 For *Castor* vs ; his backe so strong to beare,

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So largely cheested; blacker than the crow:  
 His taile and feet-lockes, white as falling snow,  
 A number of that nation sought his loue;  
 Whom none but faire *Hylas* could moue:  
 None for attracting fauour so excell,  
 Of all the halfe-mares that on *Othrys* dwell.  
 Shee, by sweet words, by louing, by conser  
 Affection, only *Cyllarus* possesse.  
 With combes she smoothes her haire; her person trimmes  
 With all that could be gracefull to such limbes,  
 Of Roses, Rosemary and Violets,  
 And oft of Lillies curious dressings pleats.  
 Twice daily washt her face in Springs that fall  
 From *Pagassan* hills; twice daily all  
 Her body bathes in cleansing streames: and were  
 The skins of beasts, such as were choice and rare,  
 Which flowing from her shoulders crosse her brest,  
 Vaile her left side. Both equall loue possesse:  
 Together on the shady mountaine stony,  
 In woods and hollow caues together lye.  
 Then to the palace of the *Lapiths*  
 Together came; and now together fight.  
 A iaueline from the left hand flung, thy brest  
 O *Cyllarus*, beneath thy necke impress.  
 His heart though slightly hurt (the dart exhaust)  
 Grew forth-with cold; and all his body pall'd.  
*Hylas* his dying limbes receiues;  
 Fomentes his wound: close to his lips she cleaues,  
 To stay his flying soule. But when she found  
 Lifes fire extinct; with words in chmour drown'd,  
 Even on that steele, which through his bosome pass'd,  
 She threw her owne: and him in death imbract.

Me thinks I see grim *Phaon* yet:  
 Who with two Lions skins, together knit,  
 Protects his man and beast. A log he tooke,  
 Which scarce two teame could draw; this darted, strooke  
 The Crowne of *Phonolides*: his braines  
 It through the fractures of his skull constraines;  
 Which from his mouth, eyes, eares, and nostrils gushes,  
 Like curds through wickar squeas'd; or iuces crust  
 Through draining Colendars. As he the dead  
 Prepares t'vnrme, my sword his bowels shred.  
 Your father saw his downfall. *Cerberus* too,  
 And stout *Telebas* our fawchion flew.  
 The first a forked branch, the other held  
 A lengthfull lance: the lance this wound impeld;  
 Whereof you see the ancient scarre. Then I,  
 Then should I haue beene sent t'haue ruin'd *Troy*.  
 Then might I haue restrain'd, if not o're-throwne  
 Great *Hector*. But, he either then was none,  
 Or else a child. Now spent with age, I waine.  
 What speake I of two-shapt *Pyræus*, slaine  
 By *Periphas*? Thy dart, without a head,  
 Braue *Ampycus*, soure-hoon'd *Oicles* sped.  
*Macareus*, borne by *Pelsthranian* rocks,  
 Huge *Erigonius* with a leaner knocks  
 To echoing earth. His dart, *Cymelus* sheath'd  
 Deepe in *Nessus* groine, and life bereau'd.  
 Nor would you thinke *Ampycides* alone  
 Could Fate fore-tell; a lance by *Mopsus* throwne  
*Odites* slue; this, as the Centaure rail'd,  
 His tongue t'his chin, his chin t'his bosome nail'd.  
 Fiue *Centaurs* slue; *Bræus*, *Antimachus*,  
 Axe-arm'd *Pyræus*, *Helius*, *Stiphelm*.

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Although forgetfull by what wounds they fell;  
 Their names, and number, I remember well.  
 Giant-like *Latens* lightneth to these broiles;  
 Arm'd with *Emathian* *Alfus* spoiles:  
 His yeares, 'twixt youth and age; nor age impaires  
 The strength of youth, though sprinkled with gray haire.  
 A *Macedonian* speare, a sword, a shield,  
 Confirme his powers: o're-viewes the well-fought field,  
 Clashes his armes; and trotting in a round,  
 Infring'd the aire with this disdainfull sound.

Shall I indure thee *Cenis*? still to me  
 Thou art a woman, and shalt *Cenis* be.  
 Thou hast forgot thy birth's originall,  
 And for what fact rewarded; by what fall  
 Aduanc't to this man-counterfeiting shape.  
 Thinke of thy birth; thinke of thy easie rape.  
 Goe, take a spindle and a distaffe; twine  
 The carded wooll; and armes to men resign.

While thus he scoffes; and circularly ran;  
*Cenis* his sides gores with his lance, where man  
 And horse vnite. He, mad with anguish, flings  
 His speare at the *Phylean* youth, which rings  
 On his vntainted face; and backe recoiles,  
 As pibbles dropt on drummes, or haile on tiles.  
 Then rushing on, with thrusts assayes to wound  
 His hardned sides; the sword no entrance found.  
 Nor shalt thou scape; the edge shall lanch thy throte,  
 Although the point be dull. This said, and smote  
 At once. The blow, as if on marble, sounds;  
 And from his necke the broken blade rebounds:  
 When he his charmed limbes had open laid  
 Enough to wounds and wonder, *Cenis* said:

Now



Now will we trie, if thou our sword canst feele.  
 Then 'twixt his shoulders thrusts the fatall Steele  
 Vp to the hilt; which so and fro he wanes  
 Deepe in his guts, and wounds on wounds ingraues.  
 The frighted Centaures, with a horrid cry,  
 On him alone, with all their weapons fly.  
 Their darts rebated fell, but draw no blood:  
 For *Ceneus* still in-vulnerable stood.  
 This more amaz'd. Ah, *Maiebus* exclaims,  
 One foiles vs all, to all our endlesse shames!  
 He scarce a man! nay he the man, and we  
 Are what he was: so poore our actions be.  
 What bootes our mighty limbes? our double force?  
 The strongest of all creatures, man and horse,  
 In vs by nature ioynd? sure we are not  
 A Goddess birth; nor by *Ixion* got,  
 Who durst the Queene of Deities embrace:  
 This Halfe-man conquers his degenerate race.  
 Stones, massie logs, whole mountaines on him roule;  
 And with congested trees crush out his soule.  
 Let woods oppresse his iawes; o're-whelme with waight,  
 In stead of idle wounds. Thus he: and straight  
 An Oke, vp-rooted by the furious blasts  
 Of franticke winds, on valiant *Ceneus* casts.  
 Th'example quickly *Othrys* disaraid  
 Of all his trees; and *Pelion* wanted shade.  
 Prest with so huge a burthen, *Ceneus* sweats:  
 And to th'o're-whelming oaks his shoulders sets.  
 But now the load about his stature climbs,  
 And chokes the passage of his breath. Sometimes  
 He faints; then struggles to aduance his crowne  
 Above the Pike, and throw the timber downe:

Some

Sometimes the pressure with his motion quakes;  
 As when an earth-quake yonder Idas shakes.  
 His end was doubtfull: some there be, who tell  
 How with that weight his body funke to hell.  
*Atossus* dissent; who saw a fowle arise  
 From thence with yellow wings, and mount the skies;  
 (The first I euer saw) which flying round  
 About our Tents, sent forth a mournfull sound.  
 This he persuing with his soule and sight,  
 Cry'd, Haile thou glory of the *Lapithae*!  
 O *Caneus*, late a man at armes; but now  
 An vnmatcht fowle! His witnessse all allow.  
 Griefe whets our fury; brooking ill, that one  
 By such a multitude should be o're-throwne;  
 And Sorrow so long executes the fight,  
 Till halfe were slaine: halfe sau'd by speed, and night.  
*Tlepolemus* could not his tongue debarre:  
 Since in the repetition of that warre,  
 Of *Hercules* he had no mention made.  
 Old man, how can you so forget (he said)  
*Atides* praise? my father oft would tell,  
 How by his hand the Cloud-borne Centaures fell.  
 To this sad *Nestor* answer'd: Why should you  
 Compell me to remember, and renew  
 My sorrow lost in time? or iterate  
 Your fathers guilt; together with my hate?  
 His acts transcend beleefe; his high repure  
 Fills all the world: which would I could refuse.  
 But not *Polydamas*, *Desphobus*,  
 Nor valiant *Hector*, are extol'd by vs.  
 For who commends his foe? *Meffius*'s walls  
 He raz'd: faire *Elys*, *Pylus*, in their fall

Detest his fury; Cities which his hate  
 Had not deseru'd: with them, did ruinate  
 Our House with sword and fire. Not now to tell  
 Of others, who by his sterne out-rage fell;  
 'Twice six faire-fam'd *Neleide* were wee;  
 Twice six *Alcides* flew, excepting mee.  
 Conquest is common: but, o more than strange  
 Was *Perichymen's* slaughter! who could change  
 And rechange to all figures. Such a grace  
 Great *Neptune* gaue; the root of *Neleus* race.  
 He, forc't to vary formes, at length vnfold  
 Ioue's well-lou'd *Howle*, who in her talions holds  
 Impetuous thunder; and His visage teares  
 Both with his crooked beake, and armed seares.  
 At him his bow, too sure, *Alcides* drew,  
 As towring in the loftie clouds he flew,  
 And stricke his side-ioyn'd wing. The wound was slight;  
 But sunder'd nerues could not sustaine his flight.  
 When tumbling downe, his weight the arrow smote  
 In at his side, and thrust it through his throat.  
 Now braue Commander of the *Rhodian* Fleet;  
 Think'st thou *Alcides* praise a subiect meet  
 For my discourse? Alone with silence wee  
 Reuenge our slaughtered brothers; and loue thee.  
 When *Nestor* with mellifluous eloquence  
 Had thus much viter'd; they with speech dispence,  
 And liberall *Bacchus* quaffe: then all arose;  
 And giue the rest of night to soft repose.  
 The God, whose Trident calmes the Ocean,  
 For strangled *Cygnus*, turn'd into a Swan;  
 Griues with paternall griefe. *Achilles* fate  
 He prosecutes with more than ciuill hate,

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Ten yeeres now well-nigh laps'd in horrid fights,  
Thus vnshorne *Smintheus* his sterne rage excites.  
Of all our brothers sonnes to vs most deare;  
Whose hands, with ours, *Troys* walls in vaine did reare:

O sigh'st thou not to see the *Asian* towres  
So neere their fall? their owne, and aiding powres  
By millions slaine? the last of all their ioy  
Dead *Hector* drag'd about his fathers *Troy*?  
Yet dire *Achilles*, who our labour giues  
To vtter spoile, then Warre more cruell, liues.  
Came he within my reach, he then should trie  
The vengeance of my Trident: but since I  
Cannot approch t'incounter with my foe;  
Let him thy close and mortall arrowes know.

*Delius* assents: his vnkles wrath intends;  
With it, his owne; and in a cloud descends  
To th'*Ilion* hoast: amid the battle seekes  
For *Paris*, shooting at vn-noted *Greekes*.  
Then shew'd a God, and said: Why dost thou lose  
Thy shafts so basely? nobler obiects chose;  
If thou of thine at least hast any care:  
Thy brethrens deaths reuenge on *Peleus* heire.  
Then shew'd him sterne *Achilles*, as he slew  
The *Troian* troopes: and, while his bow he drew,  
Directs the deadly shaft. This only might  
Old *Priam*, after *Hectors* death, delight,  
Him, who with conquests cloy'd the iawes of death,  
A faint adulterer deprives of breath.  
If by th'effeminate to be o're-throwne;  
Then should the Pollax of the *Amazon*  
Haue forc't thy fate. The *Phrygian* feare; the fame,  
And strong protection of the *Grecian* Name,

Inuincible *Æacids* now burnes:  
The God, who arm'd, his bones to ashes turnes.  
And of that great *Achilles* scarce remaines  
So much as now a little Urne containes.  
Yet still he liues; his glory lightens forth,  
And fills the world: this answers his full worth.  
This, ð diuine *Pelides*, soares as high  
As thy great spirit; and shall neuer die.  
And euen his armes, to instance whose they were;  
Procure a warre. Armes for his armes they beare.  
*Ajax Oileus*, *Diomedes*, nor  
The lesse *Atrides*; not in age and war  
The Greater: no nor any; but the Son  
Of old *Laertes*, and bold *Telamon*,  
Durst hope for such a prize. *Tantalides*,  
To shun the burden, and the hate of these,  
The Princes bids to sit before his tent:  
And puts the strife on their arbitrement.

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## METAMORPHOSIS

### The Thirteenth Booke

#### THE ARGUMENT.

*These purple flowers which Aiaz name display,  
His blood produce. Iuraged Hecuba  
Becomes a Bitch. From Memnon's cindeys rise  
Selfe slaughtering Fowle: a yearly sacrifice.  
What euer Amius daughthers handle, promise  
Corne, wine, or oyle: themselves transform'd to Domes.  
From honour'd virgins ashes Somus ascends.  
Th' Ambracian Iudge a Stone. Light wings defend  
Mellossus royall issue. Scylla grows  
A horrid Monster. Murder'd Aeis flows  
With speedie streames. The kinde Nerciden  
For Glaucus sue: imbro'd in sacred Seas.*

**T**He great Chiefes sate; the Souldiers crowne the field:  
Vp rose the Master of the seven-fold Shield.  
With wrath impatient, his sterne eyes survey  
Sigeum, and the Nauie which there lay.  
Then holding vp his hands, & lone, he said;  
Before the Fleet must we our title plead?  
And is *Vlysses* my Competitor?  
Whose flightfull feare did *Hector's* flames abhor.

Q:

Those



Those, I, sustain'd; from those this Nauie freed.  
 'Tis safer to contend in word than deed.  
 I cannot talke, nor can he fight: as farr  
 His tongue excels, as I exceed in warre.  
 Nor need I to rehearse what you haue seene  
 In act, renowned *Greekes*: what his hath beene  
 Let *Ithacus* declare; perform'd by flight,  
 Without a witnesse, only knowne to Night.  
 Great is th'affected prize, I must confesse:  
 But such a Riual makes the Value lesse.  
 For me 'tis no ambition to obtaine,  
 How euer great, what he could hope to gaine.  
 Who of this strife now wins the praise; that he,  
 When vanquished, may boast he strove with me.  
 But were my valour question'd, I might on  
 My birth insist; begot by *Telamon*,  
 Who vnder *Hercules* *Troy's* bulwarkes scal'd:  
 And in *Pagasean* keele to *Colchis* sail'd.  
 His father, *Æacus*; the iudge of Soules,  
 Where *Sisyphus* his restless torment roules.  
 High *Iupiter* vpon a mortall Loue  
 Got *Æacus*: I *Ajax* third from *Ioue*.  
 Nor let this pedigree assist my clame,  
 If great *Achilles* ioyn'd not in the same.  
 He was my brother, his I aske. Why thus  
 Shouldst thou, thou sonne of damned *Sisyphus*,  
 Alike in theft and fraud, a stranger to  
*Achilles* race, the right of his persue  
 Because I first assumed armes, descry'd  
 By no detector, are these armes deny'd?  
 Or rather for the last in field design'd;  
 Who with fain'd lunacie the warre declar'd:

Till *Palamed* more politicke, and more  
 Selte-fatall, did his coward-guile explore,  
 And drew him to auoided armes? Must he  
 Now weare the best, who all eschew'd? and we  
 Vnhonour'd, of hereditary right  
 Depriu'd, in that we first appear'd in fight?  
 And would to *Ioue* he had beene truly mad;  
 Or still so thought: nor this companion had,  
 This tempter to foule actions, euer seene  
 The *Phrygian* towres. Then should'st not thou haue beene  
 O *Peans* sonne, exposed by our crime  
 To *Lemnian* rockes: where thou consum'st thy time  
 In louely caues obscur'd with woods, the stones  
 Preuok't to pitie with thy daily groines,  
 And wishest him, what he deserues, thy paine:  
 If there are Gods thou wishest not in vaine.  
 Now our Confederate (a Prince of braue  
 Command) to whom his shafts *Aiides* gae;  
 Broken with paine and famine, doth imploy  
 Those arrowes, that import the fate of *Troy*,  
 For food and clothing: yet he liues the while,  
 In that remoued from *Vlysses* guile.  
 And *Palamed* might wisht haue beene so left:  
 Then had he liu'd, or perisht vnberest  
 Of his deare fame. This, hellishly inclin'd,  
 Beares his conuicted madnesse in his mind;  
 And falsely him accus'd to haue betrayd  
 Th' *Achaian* hoast; confirming what he said  
 By shewing summes of gold, which in his tent  
 Himselfe had hid. Thus he by banishment  
 Or death, our strength impaires; for this preferr'd:  
 So fights, so is *Vlysses* to be fear'd.

Though faithfull *Nestor* he in eloquence,  
 Surpasse; his leauing *Nestor*, no defence  
 Of words can salue: who slow with tired Age  
 And wounded Steeds, implor'd to his ingage  
*Vlysses* helpe; who left to oddes of foes  
 His old acquaintance. This *Tydidēs* knowes  
 For no forg'd crime; who vainly call'd, to stay  
 His trembling friend, reuiling his dismay.  
 The Gods with iustice view our humane deeds.  
 Who would not late assist, assistance needs:  
 And now to be forsaken by the law  
 Himselfe prescrib'd. He cry'd; I came, and saw  
 The coward quaking, pale, about to yeeld  
 His ghost for feare. I interpos'd my shield;  
 Bestrid him as he lay; and from that strife  
 Redeem'd (my least of praise) his coward life.  
 But if thou wilt contend, reioyne we there;  
 Reuoke the foe, thy wounds, and vsuall feare;  
 Behinde my target sculke: then plead. This man,  
 Who reel'd with wounds; freed, as vnwounded, ran.  
 Now *Hector* came, and brought the Gods along;  
 Rush't on all parts: not thou alone, the strong  
 And best resolu'd shrink: so great a dread  
 He drew on all. Him, as he triumph led  
 Through blond and slaughter, with a rightie stone  
 I sturke to earth: Him I sustain'd alone,  
 When he to all so bold a challenge made;  
 When for my lot you all deuoutly pray'd,  
 Nor pray'd in vaine: If you inquire the summe  
 Of this our fight, I was not overcome.  
 With vengefull weapons, flames, and *Ioue*, the men  
 Of *Troy* inuade our nauie: where was then

Your



Your eloquent *Vhysses*? I, euen I  
 A thousand ships preseru'd; whereon rely  
 The hope of your returne. These armes for all  
 Your Fleet afford. The meed more honour shall  
 Receiue then giue: our glories iustly pease;  
 These armes doe *Aiax* seeke, not *Aiax* these.  
*Rhesus* surprise, with ours let him compare;  
 That poore Spie *Dolon's*, *Hellenus* despaire;  
 The rapt *Palladium*: nothing done by day;  
 He nothing worth, take *Diomed* away.  
 If to such meane deserts these armes accrue;  
 Diuide them: to *Tydidēs* most is due.  
 Why would he these? who still vnarmed goes,  
 Conceal'd; and cunningly intraps his foes?  
 This radiant Caske that shines with burnisht gold;  
 Will his deceit, and lurking steps vnfold.  
 His necke can scarce *Achilles* helmet beare;  
 Nor can his feeble arme employ this speare:  
 His shield, whose orbe the figured world adorne;  
 A cowards arme, inur'd to theeuing, scorne.  
 O foole, that thus thy owne vndoing seekes!  
 If giuen thee by th'error of the *Greekes*;  
 It will not make thee dreadfull to thy foe;  
 But be th'occasion of thy overthrow,  
 And flight, wherein thou only dost exceed,  
 Clog'd with so huge a weight, will faile thy need.  
 Besides, thy shield in battle rarely borne,  
 Is yet entire: mine, all to hackt and torne  
 With stormes of blowes, a new successor needs.  
 What boots so many words? behold our deeds.  
 These armes deliuer to the foes defence:  
 And let him weare, that wins the prize from thence.

Here *Ajax* ends. The Souldier in the close  
 A murmure rais'd; till *Ithacus* arose:  
 Who hauing fixed on the earth a space  
 His eyes, vnto the Princes rais'd his face;  
 And now expected, spake vnto this sense;  
 With all the grace of winning eloquence.

*Gracians*; if heaven, with yours, had heard my prayre;  
 So great a strife had found no doubtfull Heire:  
 Th'hadst kept thy armes, *Achilles*, and we thee.  
 But since sterne Fate, auerse to you and mee,  
 Socouered an Excellence denies;  
 (With that appeares to weepe, and wipes his eyes)  
 Who great *Achilles* with more right succeeds,  
 Than he who gaue you great *Achilles* deeds?  
 Let not his folly purchase your assent;  
 Nor let my wit, in that so preualent  
 For you, my losse incurre: nor hate incense,  
 That for my selfe I arme my eloquence;  
 (If I haue any) oft for you imploy'd.  
 Let none the glory of his owne auoid.  
 For Ancestors, diuine originall,  
 And deeds by vs not done, we ours mis-call.  
 Yet in that *Ajax* vants himselfe to bee  
 Great-grandchilde vnto *Ioue*; no lesse are wee.  
*Laertes* was my Sire, *Arcesius* his;  
 His, *Iupiter*; in this descent there is  
 None damn'd nor banisht. By the venter I  
 From *Hemes* spring: in both a Deitie.  
 Not that more noble by the mothers side,  
 Nor that my father had his hands vndide  
 In brothers blood, doe I inforce this claime:  
 Weigh but our worths; and censure by the same.

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That *Telamon* and *Peleus* brethren were,  
 In *Ajax* is no merit. Not the Neere  
 In birth, but Great in act, deserue this grace.  
 Or if proximity in blood haue place,  
*Peleus* his father, *Pyrrhus* is his son :  
 What right remaines for *Ajax Telamon* ?  
 To *Phibia* then, or *Seyros* carry these.  
*Teucer* is coozen to *Aeacides*  
 As well as he; yet stirs not he herein :  
 Or if he should, should he the honour win ?  
 Then since our actions must our fate aduance ;  
 Although my deeds surmount my vtterance,  
 Their abstract yet in order to relate :  
*Thetis*, fore-knowing great *Achilles* fate;  
 Disguis'd her sonne : so like a Virgin drest,  
 That all mistooke, and *Ajax* with the rest.  
 When, Armes, with women's trifles, that might blinde  
 Suspect, I brought to tempt a manly minde.  
 Yet was the Heros Virgin-like araid ;  
 Who taking vp the Speare and Shield, I said :  
 O Goddesse-borne, for thee the fate of *Troy*  
 Her fall reserues : why doubts thou to destroy  
 Great *Pergamus* ? then made him d'off those weeds :  
 And sent the mighty vnto mighty deeds.  
 His acts are therefore ours. We *Telephus*  
 Foild with our lance; the suppliant cur'd by vs.  
 Strong *Thebes* we sackt : sackt *Lesbos* vs renounes,  
*Cyrya* and *Tenedos* (*Apollo's* townes)  
 With *Cilla*; Sea-girt *Syros*, in their talls  
 Our fame aduance : we raz'd *Lynessus's* walls.  
 To passe the rest; I gaue, who could subdue  
 The braue *Priamides* : I *Hector* slue.



For th'armes that found *Achilles*, these I craue:  
 He dead, I aske but what, aliue, I gaue.  
 The griefe of one, with all the *Greekes* prenailes:  
*Euborian Aulis* held a thousand sailes.  
 The long-expected winds opposed stand,  
 Or sleepe in calmes. When cruell Fates command  
 Afflicted *Agamemnon* to assuage  
 With *Ighigenia's* death, *Diana's* rage.  
 But he dissent; the Gods themselues reprocues:  
 And in a King a fathers passion mones.  
 His noble disposition ne're the lesse  
 I to the publike won: and must confesse  
 (*Atrides*, pardon;) we did prosecute  
 Before a partiall Iudge a hatefull sure.  
 Yet him his brother, scepter, publike good  
 Perswade to purchase endlesse praise with blood.  
 Then went I to the mother for her child:  
 Now not to be exhorted, but beguild.  
 Had *Ajax* thither gone, our flagging sailes  
 Not yet had swel'd with still-expected gales.  
 Then on a bold embassage I was sent  
 To haughty *Troy*: to th'*Illian* Court I went,  
 Yet full of men: and fearelesse, vig'd at large  
 The common cause committed to my charge.  
 False *Paris* I accuse: rapt *Helena*  
 I re-demand, with all they bore away.  
 Old *Priam* and *Antenor* iust appeare.  
 But *Paris*, with his brethren, and who were  
 His followers in that stealth, from wicked blowes  
 Could scarce refraine. This *Menelaus* knowes.  
 The first of dangers wherein you and I  
 Together ioyn'd. But what my policie

And

And force perform'd, behoouefull to this State,  
In that long warre, too long is to relate.  
The first great battle fought, our weary foes  
Long liue immur'd: nor durst their powers expose.  
Nine yeeres expir'd, warres all the fields affright.  
Meane-while what didst thou, only fit to fight?  
What vse of thee? inquire my actions; I  
The foe intrap, our trenches fortifie,  
Incouraging the weary Souldier  
To brooke the tediousnesse of lingring warre  
With faire expectance: teach them wayes to feed,  
And arts to fight. Imploy'd at euery need.  
The King del. ded in his sleepe by Ioue,  
Bids vs the care of future warre remoue.  
The author was his strong apologie.  
*Ajax* should haue with-stood: the sacke of *Troy*  
He should haue vrg'd; and, what hee could, haue fought.  
Why was the nobler siege by him vn-sought?  
Why arm'd he not? a speech he might haue made,  
That would the wauering multitude haue staid:  
To him not difficult, who lookes so high,  
And speakes so big. What, if himselfe did flie?  
I saw, and sham'd to see thee turne thy backe  
To hoise thy sailes vnto thy honours wracke.  
What doe you? O what madnesse, mates, said I,  
Prouokes you to abandon yeelding *Troy*?  
Ten yeeres nigh spent, what will you beare away  
But infamie? I this, and more did say;  
Wherein my sorrow made me eloquent:  
And from the flying Fleet turn'd their consent.  
The King a Councell calls; distrusts afford  
No sound aduice: durst *Ajax* speake a word?

When

When base *Thersites* durst the King prouoke  
 With bitter words : who felt my scepters stroke.  
 Their doubts with hope of conquest I inspire :  
 And set their fainting courages on fire.  
 Since when, what he hath nobly done, by right  
 To me belongs, that thus reuok't his flight.  
 Besides, what one of all the wiser *Greekes*  
 Commends thee ; or thy conuersation seekes ?  
*Tydid* vs approues, builds on our will ;  
 Is confident in his *Vlysses* still.  
 Among a million 'tis a grace for me  
 To be his consort ; and the choise so free.  
 The danger of the foe, and night despis'd ;  
 I *Dolon*, then a counter-scout, surpris'd :  
 Nor slue him, till I forc't his bosome to ;  
 Informed what perfidious *Troy* would doe.  
 Allknowne, and nothing left to be inquir'd ;  
 I now with praise enough might haue retir'd.  
 Yet not so satisfide, I forward went ;  
 And *Rhesus* slue, with his, in his owne Tent.  
 When like a Victor, on his Chariot I  
 Return'd in triumph. Can you then denie  
*Achilles* armes, whose horses were assign'd  
 For one nights hazard ? *Ajax* is more kind.  
 What should I of *Sarpedons* forces tell,  
 O're-throwne by vs ? by vs *Caranos* fell,  
*Iphitides*, *Alastor*, *Chromius*,  
*Alexander*, *Prytanis*, *Noemonus*,  
*Halius*, stout *Theon*, bold *Pheridamas*,  
 With *Charope* : *Eunemon*'s farall Pallas  
 Sign'd by my lance : and many more in view  
 Of hostile *Troy*, of meaner ranke, I slue.

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And I, ô Country-men, haue honour'd wounds,  
 Faire in their scarres : nor trust to empty sounds ;  
 Behold (said he, with that his bosome bares)  
 This brest, still exercis'd in your affaires.  
 No drop of blond in all these lengthfull warres  
 For *Greece* hath *Ajax* shed : shew he his scarres.  
 What boots it, though his deeds his brags approue ;  
 That for our fleet he fought with *Troy* and *Ioue* ?  
 I grant he did so : nor will we detract  
 With hated enuy from a noble act.  
 So he ingrosse not to himselfe alone  
 A common praise, but render vs our owne.  
*Aclorides* (for great *Achilles* held)  
*Troy's* flames and Fautor from our ships repeld.  
 He thinkes, he onely able, could alone  
 Incounter *Hectors* opposition :  
 The King, his brother, and my selfe forgot  
 Of nine the last, and but prefer'd by lot.  
 But what euent, ô great in valour, crown'd  
 Your doughty combat ? *Hector* had no wound.  
 Woe's me ! with what a tide of griefe I call  
 That time to mind ; wherein the *Græcian* Wall,  
*Achilles* fell ! teares, feares, nor sorrow staid  
 My forward zeale ; his raised corps I laid  
 Vpon these should'ers : these, euen these did beare  
 Him and his armes ; which now I hope to weare.  
 Our strength sufficient is for such a weight :  
 Our knowledge can your bounty explicate.  
 Was *Thetis* so ambitious for her Son ;  
 That such a brainlesse Souldier should put on  
 This heavenly gift, of so diuine a frame ?  
 Whose figured shield his ignorance would shame.

Wherein

Wherein, the Ocean ; Earth with cities crown'd,  
 Skies with their starres ; cold *Arctos* neuer drown'd,  
 Sword-girt *Orion*, sad *Pleiades* ;  
 The rainie *Kids*. He seekes, yet knowes not, these.  
 Vpbraids he me, that I this warre did shun,  
 And time deferd till others had begun ?  
 Nor can consider how he wounds in me  
*Achilles* honour. If a crime it be  
 To counterfeit ; we ioyne in that defame :  
 If, in that tardy ; I before him came.  
 Me, my kind wife ; his mother him with-drew :  
 Our flow'ers to them we gaue ; the fruit to you.  
 Nor feare I, should I quit my owne defence,  
 To suffer with so cleere an Excellence.  
 Not *Ajax* wit reueal'd *Vlysses* ; yet  
 Reueal'd *Achilles* was *Vlysses* wit.  
 Lest I should wonder, why h<sup>e</sup> foolish tongue  
 Should slander me, he you vpbraids with wrong.  
 Was guiltlesse *Palamed* accus'd by me  
 To my defame ? nor must his sentence be  
 To you reprochfull ? neither *Nauplius* Seed  
 Could iustifie so euident a deed :  
 Nor did your cares informe your faculties ;  
 The hire of treason laid before your eie :  
*Peantius* in *Lemnos* left, was none  
 Of my offence ; doe you defend your owne :  
 You to his stay consented. Yet, how'ere,  
 I must confesse I aduiz'd him to forbear  
 The trauels of long warre : and to appease  
 The anguish of his bitter wound with ease.  
 He did : he liues. Th'advice was good : successe  
 As fortunate approues it for nolesse.

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Since Fate designs him for the fall of *Troy* :  
 Spare me, and *Ajax* industry imploy.  
 His tongue the mad with wrath and anguish will  
 Appease: hee'l fetch him with some reach of skill.  
 First *Simois* shall retire, *Idé* want a shade,  
*Achaia* promise to the *Troians* aide;  
 Ere my endeouours in your seruice faile,  
 And sortish *Ajax*, with his wit, preuaile.  
 And, *Philoctetes*, though obdure thou be,  
 Incenst against the King, these Lords, and me;  
 Though curses lighten from thy lips, though still  
 Thou couet my accessse, my bloud to spill;  
 Yet I'll attempt thee: and will bring thee backe;  
 That neither may his eager wishes lacke.  
 Thy shafts I must possesse (so Fauour Fate)  
 As I possesse the *Dardan* Prophet late;  
 As I vnknit the *Troian* destinie,  
 And doubtfull answer of the Gods; as I,  
 Amid a world of foes, the fatall Signe  
 Of *Phrygian Pallas* rauisht from her shrine.  
 Compare with me will *Ajax*? this vntane,  
*Troy's* hopt-for expugnation had beene vaine.  
 Where was strong *Ajax*? where the glorious boast  
 Of that great Souldier? why in terror lost?  
 How durst *Vlysses* trust himselfe tonight,  
 Passe through the watch, their threatening weapons sight?  
 The walls not onely, but the highest towre  
 Of *Ilium* scale: and from her Fane the Powre  
 That beares their fate inforce: and with this prey,  
 Repasse the dangers of that horrid way?  
 Which had not I achieued, Yet in Field  
 Had *Ajax* vainly borne his seven-fold Shield.

That



That night Troy fell before *Laertes* son:  
 Won, when I made it that it might be won.  
 Forbear to mutter; nor with nodding gaze  
 On *Diomed*: he shares in equall praise.  
 Nor for our Nauy didst thou fight alone:  
 Thou by an host assisted, I by one.  
 He knew that wisdom valour should command;  
 That this belong'd not to a strenuous hand:  
 Else he himselfe had ioyn'd in our debate;  
 Or th'other *Ajax*, far more moderate;  
 Braue *Thoas*, fierce *Eurpylus*; with these  
*Idomeneus* and *Meriones*  
 Of *Creet*; or *Menelaus*. For they are  
 As strong, nor second vnto thee in warre:  
 Yet yeeld to our aduice. Thou, sit for fight,  
 Dost need my reason to direct thy might.  
 Thy valour wants fore-cast, my studious care  
 Respects the future: thou canst fight thy share;  
 The time and place must be by vs assign'd:  
 Thou only strong in body; I in mind.  
 As skillfull Pilots those surpasse, who row;  
 As wise Commanders, common souldiers; so  
 I thee excell. Our vertue is lesse great  
 In brawne than braine: this vigorously compleat.  
 Then ô remunerate my vigilance:  
 And, Princes, for so many yeeres expence  
 In anxious cares, this dignity extend  
 To my deserts. Our worke is at an end:  
 With-standing fates remou'd: I, in that I  
 Haue made it fefable, haue taken Troy.  
 Now by our mutuall hopes, Troy's ouerthrow,  
 Those Gods which late I rauisht from the foe;

If ought remaine to be discretely done,  
That courage craues, through danger to be won;  
If in the *Ilian* destiny there be  
A knot yet to vnkit; remember me.

Or if you can forget; these Armes resigne  
To this: and shewes *Minerua's* fatall Signe.

The Chieftes were mou'd. Here words approu'd theit  
The Eloquent the Valiant now disarmes. (charmes:

He who alone, *Ioue*, *Hector*, sword and fire  
So oft sustain'd; yeelds to one brunt of ire.  
Th'vnconquered, sorrow conquers. Then his blade  
In haste vnsheaths: Sure thou art mine, he said;  
Or seekes *Vlysses* this? this shall conclude

All sense of wrong. And thee, so oft imbrude  
In *Phrygian* bloud, thy Lord's must now imbrue:  
That none but *Aiax*, *Aiax* may subdue.

This said; his brest, till then with wounds vngor'd,  
The deadly sword, where it could enter, bor'd.  
Nor could his strength the fixed Steele reuell;  
Expeld by gushing gore. The bloud that fell,  
A purple flowre ingendred on the ground:  
Created first by *Hyacinthus* wound.

The tender leaues indifferent letters paint;  
Both of His name, and of the Gods complaint.

The Conqueror, now hoisting sailes, doth stand  
For chaste *Hypsipyle's*, and *Thoas* land;

(Defam'd by womens vengefull violence)  
To fetch the shafts of *Hercules* from thence.

These, with their owner, to the campe conuaid,  
On that long warre a finall hand they laid.

Now *Troy* and *Priamus* together fall.

Th'vnhappy wife of *Priam* after all,

Her humane figure lost: whose rauing Sprite  
 And vncouth howlings forraine fields affright.  
 The flames of *Ilium* stretch their hungry fire  
 To narrow *Hellepont*; nor there expire.  
 That little bloud which *Priams* age could shed,  
*Ioues* altar drinkes. By her anointed head  
*Apollos* Priestt they drag, her hands in vaine  
 To heauen vpheld. The Victor *Greekes* constraine  
 The *Dardan* Dames; a deadly-hating prey:  
 Who imbrace their country Gods; and while they may,  
 Behold their burning Fanes. Dire violence  
*Athyanax* threw from that towre; from whence  
 He had scene his father, by his mother showne,  
 Fight for his Kingdomes safety, and his owne.  
 North-winds to seas inuite, and prosperous gales  
 Sing in their shrouds: they haste to trim their sailes.  
 The *Troian* Ladies cry, Deare soile farewell!  
 We are hal'd to loth'd captiuitie! then fell  
 On kissed earth: and leaue with much delay,  
 Their countries smoking ruines. *Hecuba*  
 Her sad departure to the last deferes:  
 Now found among her childrens sepulchers,  
 (A sight of ruth!) spread on their tombes: there wailes;  
 Their cold bones kissing: whom *Vlysses* hales  
 From that sad comfort. Some of *Hectors* dust,  
 Vp snatcht, deliuers to her bosomes trust,  
 Vpon his tombe she left her horie haire  
 (A poore oblation!) mingled with her teares.  
 Oppos'd to *Ilium's* ruines lyes a land,  
 Till'd by the *Bisfones*; in the Command  
 Of *Polymnestor*. Danger to preuent,  
 To him his father *Polydorus* sent.

And



And wisely ; had he not withall consign'd  
A masse of gold, to tempt his greedy mind.  
His foster-child, when lingring *Ilium* drew  
To her last date, the *Thracian* Tyrant slew.  
Whom, as if he his murder with the slaine  
Could cast away, he casts into the maine.

Now rood *Atrides* at the *Thracian* shore ;  
Till winds forbore to storme, and seas to rore.

When from the yawning earth *Achilles* rose ;  
Like mightie as in life : whose lookes discose  
As sterne a wrath, as when his lawlesse blade  
Was on *Atrides* drawne ; and frowning, said :

You *Greekes*, of me vnmindfull ; can you thus  
From hence depart ? shall our deserts with vs  
Lodge in obliuion ? Proue not so ingrate.

With slaine *Polyxena* regratulate  
Our Sepulcher : tis she I couet most :  
A sacrifice, that will appease our Ghost.

Then vanisht. They th'vngende Sprite obaid ;  
And from her Mothers bosome drew the Maid,  
(High-sould, vnhappy, more then feminine,)  
To his resembled tombe ; with life to signe  
Infernall Dues. Of her high birth she thought :

And now vnto the bloody altar brought ;  
Seeing the sacrifice for her prepar'd,  
And that *Neoptolemus* vpon her star'd  
With sword aduanc't ; she said, vntoucht with dred :

Our generous blood to your intentions shed :  
Dispatch ; I am ready ; in my throat or brest  
Your weapon sheath. (With that, with-drew her vest.  
*Polyxena* doth seruitude despise :  
And yet no God affects such sacrifice.

Lonely with my death might be vnknowne  
 To my afflicted mother. She alone  
 Disturbs the ioyes of death : though *Priams* wife  
 My death should lesse bewaile, then her owne life.  
 Nor let the touch of man pollute a maid :  
 That my free soule may to the *Stygian* shade  
 Vntainted passe. If this be iust, remoue  
 Your hand : I shall more acceptable proue  
 Vnto that God or Ghost, what ere he bee  
 To whom I am offer'd, if my blood be free.  
 And if a dying tongue preuaile at all ;  
 I, late great *Priams* daughter, now a thrall,  
 Sollicit that my corps may not be sold ;  
 But giuen my mother : nor exchange for gold  
 Sad rites of sepulture. In former yeares  
 Sh'had gold to giue, now poore, accept her teares.

This hauing said ; for her that would not weepe,  
 The people wept : the Priest could hardly keepe  
 His eyes from teares ; yet did what he abhord ;  
 And in her proffered bosome thrust his sword.  
 On doubling knees she sinks, with silent breath ;  
 And cheerefully incounters smild-on Death.  
 Then when she fell, she had a care to hide  
 What should be hid ; and chastly-decent dide.  
 Her corpes was carried by the *Troian* dames :  
 Who in a funerall song repeat the names  
 Of *Priams* mourn'd-for Seed ; what streames of gore  
 One House had spent. Thee, Virgin, they deplore :  
 And thee, O royall Wife, intituled late  
 The mother Queene, and glory of that State :  
 A Captiue now, cast by a scorned lot  
 On victor *Ithacno* ; refus'd, if not

For bearing *Hector*. *Hector*, so renown'd,  
A master hardly for his mother found.  
She hug's the corps that such a spirit kept.  
Who for her country, children, husband, wept  
So oft; now weepes for hert: her lips comprest,  
Her wounds fill wth her teares. Then beats her brest:  
Her hoarie haire besmear'd with clotted gore,  
And bosome torne, this spake she; and much more.

Poore daughter, our last sorrow: (what is left  
For Fortunes spight!) by bloody death bereft.  
On thee I see my wounds. That none of mine  
May woundlesse die, these wounds thy bosome signe.  
In that a woman, thee I held secur'd:

But thou, a woman, suffer'st by the sword.  
This Bane of *Troy*, our Deprivation, who  
So many of thy princely brothers slue;  
Hath slaine thee also. When his life was laid  
By *Paris* and *Apollo's* shafts, I said,  
Now is *Achilles* to be fear'd no more.

Now dead, to vs as dreadfull as before.  
Against my race his ashes raues: his tombe  
Presents a foe. O my vnhappy wombe!

This fury fruitfull! Ruin'd *Troy* descends;  
And sad successe the publike sorrow ends:  
Yet they are ended. *Ilium* alone

To vs remains: our sorrowes freshly grone:  
erst so potent and so fortunate  
In husbands, sons, and height of humane State;  
To exile now am hal'd: despis'd, and torne  
From my owne sepulchers: from *Phrygia* borne  
To serue *Penelope*; that while I sew  
Or spin at her commandement, she may shew



Her slaue to *Ithacensian* dames, and say,  
 Loe *Hectors* mother, *Priam's* *Hecuba*.  
 My sorrowes sole reliefe, so many lost,  
 Is offered to appease an hostile Ghost.  
 Infernall sacrifices to the dead,  
 Euen to my foe, my cursed wombe hath bred.  
 Hard heart, why break'st thou not? what hopes ingage  
 Thy expectation? Mischieuous Old-age,  
 For what reseru'st thou me? You cruell Powres,  
 Why lengthen you a poore old womans howres  
 To see new funerals? O *Priam*, I  
 May call thee happy, after ruin'd *Troy*.  
 Happy in death. Thou seest not this sad fate:  
 Thou lost thy life together with thy state.  
 Rich funerals attend thee, royall Maid:  
 And by thy Ancestors thou shalt be laid.  
 O no! thy mothers teares, a heape of sand,  
 Must now content thee in a forreine land.  
 All, all is lost! Yet liues a little Boy  
 My last, and youngest ioy, when I could ioy;  
 For whom I condescend to liue a space;  
 Here foster'd by the courteous King of *Thrace*.  
 Meane while why stay we with the cleansing floud  
 To wash these wounds, and lookes besmear'd with bloud?  
 Then with an aged pace, her horie haire  
 All torne and scattred, to the Sea repaires.  
 And while the wretched said; You *Troades*,  
 A pitcher bring to draw the brinish Seas:  
 She saw th'ejected corps of *Polydore*  
 Stucke full of wounds vpon the beachie shore.  
 The Ladies shreeke; she dumbe with sorrow stood:  
 Internall grieve her voice, her teares, her blood,

At once deuour'd. And now, as if intransc  
 Stares on the earth; sometimes to Heauen aduanc't  
 Her scouling browes: oft on his visage gaz'd;  
 But oftner on his wounds. By anger rais'd,  
 Arm'd, and instructed; all on vengeance bent,  
 Still Queene-like, destines his punishment.  
 And as a Lyonesse, rob'd of her young,  
 Pursues the vnseene-hunters steps: so stung  
 With fury, when her sorrow with her rage,  
 Had ioyn'd their powers; vnmindfull of her age,  
 But not of former greatnesse, ran with speed  
 To *Polymnestor*, author of this deed.  
 And crauing conference, the Tyrant told  
 How she would shew him summes of hidden gold  
 To giue her *Polydor*. This held for true;  
 He this sty of his prey, with her with-drew.  
 And flattering her thus craftily begun:  
 Delay not, *Hecuba*, t'inrich thy son:  
 By all the Gods we iustly will restore  
 What thou shalt giue, and what thou gau'st before.  
 She with a truculent aspect beheld  
 The falsely swearing King: with anger swel'd.  
 Then calls the captiue dames, vpon him flies;  
 Who hides her fingers in his periar'd eyes,  
 Extracts his eye-balls: more then vsuall strong  
 With thirstie vengeance and the sense of wrong,  
 Her hand drownes in his skull; the roots vp-tore  
 Of his lost sight, imbrude with guilty gore.  
 The men of *Thrace* incens'd for their King,  
 Weapons and stones at *Hecuba* now fling.  
 She, gnarling, bites the followed flints: her chaps,  
 For speech extended, barke. Of whose mis-haps

That

That place is nam'd. She, mindfull of her old  
 Mis-fortunes, in *Sithonian* deserts howld.  
 Kinde *Troians*, *Græcian* foes, both loue and hate;  
 Yea, all the Gods commiserate her fate.  
 So all, as *Iuno* did to this descend;  
 That *Hecuba* deseru'd not such an end.

*Aurora* had no leasure to lament  
 (Although those armes she fauour'd) the euent  
 Of *Troy* or *Hecuba*. Domesticall  
 And neerer griefe, afflicts her for the fall  
 Of *Memnon*; who *Achilles* lance imbru'd  
 In *Phrygian* fields. This as the Goddesse view'd,  
 The rosie die, that deckt the Mornes vp-rise  
 Grew forth-with pale, and clouds immur'd the skies.  
 Nor could indure to see his body laid  
 On funerall flames: but with her haire displaid,  
 As in that season, to high *Ioue* repaires;  
 And kneeling, thus with teares, vnfolde her cares.

To all inferior, whom the skie sustaines  
 (For mortals rarely honour me with Fanes)  
 A Goddesse yet, I come: not to desire  
 Shrines, Festiualls, nor Altars fraught with fire;  
 Yet should you weigh what I, a woman doe,  
 That Night confine, and sacred Day renewe,  
 I merit such: such sure not now our state;  
 Nor such desires infect the desolate.  
 Of *Memnon* rob'd, who glorious armes in vaine  
 Bare for his vnkle, by *Achilles* flaine  
 In flowre of youth (so would you Gods) come I.  
 O chiefe of Powers, a mothers sorrow, by  
 Some honour giuen him, lessen: death with fame  
 Recomfort! *Ioue* assents. When greedy flame

Deuou'd



Deuour'd the funerall Pile; and curling fumes  
 Day ouer-cast: as when bright Sol assumes  
 From streames thicke vapours, nor is seene below.  
 The flying, dying sparkles ioyntly grow  
 Into one body. Colour, forme, life, spring  
 To it from fire, which leuity doth wing.  
 First like a Fowle, forth-with a Fowle indeed:  
 Innumerable sisters of that breed  
 Together wiske their feathers. Thrice they round  
 The funerall Pile; thrice raise a mournfull sound.  
 In two battalions then diuide their flight;  
 And like two strenuous nations fiercely fight:  
 Their opposites with beake and talons rend;  
 Cuffe with their wings; in sacrifice descend.  
 Now dying on the ashes of the dead:  
 Remembring they were of the Valiant bred.  
 These new-sprung Fowle, men of their author call  
*Memnonides*. No sooner Sol through all  
 The Signes returnes; but they reioyne againe  
 In ciuill warre, and dye vpon the flaine.  
 While others therefore doe commiserate  
 Poore barking *Hecuba* in her chang'd fate:  
*Aurora* her owne grieffe intends; renewes  
 Her pious teares, which fall on earth in dewes.  
 Yet fates resist, that all the hopes of *Troy*  
 Should perish with her towres. The Son and Ioy  
 Of *Cytheres*, with his household Gods,  
 And aged Sire, his pious shoulders lodes.  
 Of so great wealth he onely chose that prize,  
 And his *Ascanius*: from *Andros* flies  
 By seas, and shuns the wicked *Thrasian* shore,  
 Defil'd with bloud of murdered *Polydore*:

R

With

With prosperous winds arriuing with his traine  
 At *Phæbus* towne, where *Anius* then did raigne,  
*Apollo's* holy Priest; who, with the rest,  
 Into the Temple leads his honour'd Guest:  
 The City, with the sacred places, shoves;  
 And trees held by *Larva* in her throwes.  
 Incense on flames, and wine on incense powr'd;  
 Entrailes of slaughtered beeues by fire deuour'd;  
 His Guests conducts to Court: on carpet spred,  
 With *Ceres* and *Lyens* bounty fed.  
 When thus *Anchises*: ô to *Phæbus* deare!  
 I am deceiu'd; or, when I first was here,  
 Foure daughters and a son thy solace crown'd.  
 He shooke his head, with sacred fillets bound;  
 And sighing said: ô most renoun'd of men,  
 I was the father of fise children then:  
 Whom now (such is the change of things!) you see  
 Halfe childlesse: for my absent sonne to mee  
 Is of small comfort; who, my Vice-roy, raignes  
 In sea-girt *Andros*, which his name retaines.  
 Him, *Delius* with prophetick skill inspir'd.  
 A gift past credit, still to be admir'd,  
 My daughters *Bacchus* gaue; aboue their sute  
 That all they toucht should presently transmute  
 To wine, to corne, and to *Minerva's* oile.  
 Rich in the vse. To purchase such a spoile,  
 Great *Troy's* Depopulator, *Atreus* Heire,  
 (Lest you should thinke we haue not borne a share  
 In your mis-haps) with armed violence  
 Inforc't them from me: charged to dispencc  
 That heauenly gift vnto th' *Argolian* Host.  
 They scape by flight: two to *Eubœa* coast;

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Two fled to *Andros*: these the Souldier  
 Persude, and threaten (if vnrender'd) warre.  
 Feare nature now subdude: his sisters were  
 By him resign'd; forgiue a brothers feare.  
 Not *Hector* nor *Aeneas* then were by  
 To guard his towne, who so long guarded *Troy*.  
 About to binde their captiue armes in bands;  
 Rearing to heauen their yet vnchained hands,  
 O father *Bacchus* helpe! While thus they prai'd,  
 The Author of that gift presents his aid.  
 (If such a losse may be accounted so)  
 Yet how they lost their shapes I could not know;  
 Nor yet can tell. It selfe the sequell proues;  
 Conuerted to thy Wines white-feather'd Doves.

With such discourse they entertaine the feast:  
 That to'ne away, dispose themselues to rest.  
 With day they rose; the Oracle exquire:  
 Who bids them to their ancient Nurse retire,  
 And kinred-shores. With them the King conuents,  
 And their departure with rich gifts presents:  
 A scepter to *Anchises* giues: a braue  
 Rich cloke, a quiver *Aescanius* gaue:  
 A figur'd goblet on *Aeneas* prest;  
 By *Theban Therses* sent him, once his Guest.  
*Myrcan Alcon* made what *Therses* sent;  
 And caru'd thereon this ample argument.

A City with seuen gates of equall grace;  
 These plainly character the name and place,  
 Before it, exequies, tombs, piles, bright fires.  
 Dames with spread haire, bare breasts, and torne attires,  
 Decipher mourning: Nymphs appeare to weepe  
 For their dry Springs: sap-searing cankers creepe



On naked trees: Goats licke the foodlesse earth.  
 In midst of *Thebes*, *Orion's* female birth  
 Vndanted stand: This proffers to the sword  
 Her manly brest; her hands her death afford,  
 For common safety. All the people mourne;  
 And with due funerals their bodies burne.  
 Yet lest the world should such a linage lose,  
 Two youths out of their virgin ashes rose.  
 These Orphans wandring Fame *Corone* calls:  
 Who celebrate their mothers funerals.  
 The anticke brasie with fulgent figures shin'd:  
 Whose brim neat wreaths of guilt *Acanthus* bind.

Nor were the *Troian* gifts of lesse expence:  
 Who gaue a Censor for sweet frankincense,  
 An ample Chalice of a curious mold;  
 With these a crowne, that shone with gemmes and gold.

In that the *Turans* sprung from *Teucers* blood,  
 They saile to *Creet*: but *Ioue* their stay withstood.  
 Leauing those hundred Cities, now they stand  
 For wisht *Ausonia's* destinated strand.

Toft by rough Winter and the wrath of seas,  
 They anchor at the faithlesse *Strophades*.  
 Thence frighted by *Aello*; saile away  
 By steepe *Dulichium*, stony *Ithaca*,  
*Samus*, high *Neritus* clasp'd by the Maine;  
 All subiect to the slye *Vlysses* raigne.

Then a *Ambracia* touch, the strife and grudge  
 Of angry Gods; the image of the Iudge  
 Behold, by them conuerted into stone:  
 Now to *Asiacan Apollo* knowne.

Then the *Adoncan* vocall Oke they view;  
*Chania*, where *Molossus* children flew

With

With aidfull feathers from the impious flame;  
 Next to *Pheacia*, rich in hort-yards, came;  
 Then to *Epirus*: at *Buthrotos* staid,  
 Whose scepter now the *Phrygian* Prophet swaid;  
 And see resembled *Troy*. Fore-told of all  
 By *Priam's Helenus*, that would befall,  
 They reach *Sicania*. This three tongues extends  
 Into circumfluent Seas. *Pachynus* bends  
 To showrie *Auster*; flowrie *Z phyr* blowes  
 On *Lilybeums* browes; *Pelorus* shows  
 His Clifles to *Boreas*, and the Sea expel'd  
*Arcturus*. Vnder this their course they held  
 With stretching ores; and fauour'd by the tide,  
 That night in *Zancle's* crooked harbour ride.  
 The right-side dangerous *Sylla*, turbulent  
*Charybdis* keeps the left; on ruine bent.  
 She belches swallowed ships from her profound;  
 Her sable wombe, dogs euer ran'ning, round;  
 Yet beares a Virgins face: if all be true  
 That Poets sing, she was a Virgin too.  
 By many sought, as many she despis'd:  
 To Nymphs of seas, of sea-nymphs highly priz'd,  
 She beares her vizers; and to them discouers  
 The history of her deluded louers.  
 To whom thus *Galatea*, sighing, said;  
 While *Sylla* comb'd her haire. Yon, louely Maid,  
 Are lou'd of generous-minded men, whom you  
 With safety may refuse, as now you doe.  
 But I, great *Nereus* and blue *Doris* Seed,  
 Great in so many sisters of that breed;  
 By shunning of the *Cyclops* loue prouok't  
 A sad reuenge. Here teares her utterance chok't.

These cleansed by the marble-finger'd maid;  
 Who, hauing comforted the Goddesse, said:  
 Relate, ô most ador'd, nor from me keepe  
 The wretched cause that makes a Goddesse weepe;  
 For I am faithfull. *Nereis* consents,  
 And thus her griefe to *Cratis* daughter vents.

The Nymph *Simetis* bore a louely Boy  
 To *Faunus*, *Acis* call'd; to them a ioy;  
 To vs a greater. For the sweetly-Faire  
 To me an innocent affection bare.  
 His blooming youth twice told eight Natals crowne,  
 And signe his cheekes with scarce appearing downe.  
 As I the gentle boy, so *Polypheme*  
 My loue persu'd; vnlike, a like extreme.  
 Whether my loue to *Acis*, or my hate  
 To him were more, I hardly can relate.  
 Both infinite! ô *Venus*, what a powre  
 Hath thy command! He still austere and sowe,  
 A terror to the woods, from whom no guest  
 With life escapes, accustomed to feast  
 On humane flesh; who all the Gods above,  
 With them *Olympus* scorn'd; now stoops to loue.  
 Forgetfull of his flocks and caues, a fire  
 Feeds in his brest, conuerts into desire.  
 His feature now intends, now bends his care  
 To please; with rakes he combes his stubborne haire;  
 His bristles barbes with scithes: and by the brook's  
 Vnsolid mirror calmes his dreadfull lookes:  
 His thirst of blood, and loue of slaughter cease;  
 Lesse crall now: ships come and goe in peace.  
 When *Telurus* came from *Sicilian* Seas,  
 Augurious *genus Euryides*,



And said to *Polypheme*, thy browes large sight  
Shall by *Vlysses* be depriu'd of light.  
O foole, he laughing said, thou tell'st a lye;  
A female hath already stolne that eye;  
Thus flouts the Prophets true prediction:  
And with extended paces stalks vpon  
The burnd shore; or weary, from the waue-  
Bet beach retireth to his gloomy caue,  
A promontory thrusts into the maine;  
Whose cliffie sides the breaking Seas restraine:  
The *Cyclop* this ascends: whose fleecy flocke  
Vnforced follow. Seated on a rocke;  
His staffe, a well-growne Pine, before him cast,  
Sufficient for a yard-supporting mast;  
He blowes his hundred reeds: whose squeaking hils  
The far-resounding Seas, and ecchoing hils.  
Hid in a hollow rocke, and laid along  
By *Acis* side, I heard him sing this song.

O *Galatea*, more than lilly-white,  
More fresh than flowrie meads, than glasse more bright,  
Higher than Alder-trees, than kids more blithe,  
Smoother than shels whereon the surges driue,  
More wisht than winters Sun, or Summers aire,  
More sweet than grapes, than apples far more rare,  
Cleerer than Ice, more seemly than tall Planes,  
Softer than tender curds, or downe of Swans,  
More faire, if fixt, than Gardens by the fall  
Of Springs in chact. Though thus, thou art withall  
More fierce than saluage bulls, who know no yoke,  
Then waues more giddy, harder than the oke,  
Than vines or willow twigs more easly bent,  
More stiffe than rocks, than streames more violent,

Prouder than Peacocks prais'd, more rash than fire,  
 Than Beares more cruell, sharper than the brier,  
 Deafer than Seas, more fell than trod-on Snake;  
 And, if I could, what I would from thee take,  
 More speedy than the Hound-persued Hind;  
 Or chased clouds, or than the flying wind.  
 If knowne to thee, thou wouldst thy flight repent;  
 Curse thy delay, and labour my content.  
 For I haue Caues within the liuing stone;  
 To Summers heat, and Winters cold vnknowne:  
 Trees charg'd with Apples, spreading Vines that hold  
 A purple grape, and grapes resembling gold.  
 For thee I these preferue, affected Maid.  
 Thou Straw-berries shalt gather in the shade,  
 Autumnall cornels, plummes with azure rin'd,  
 And wax-like yellow, of a generous kind;  
 Nor shalt thou Chest-nuts want, if mine thou bee,  
 Nor scalded wildings: seru'd by euery tree.  
 These flocks are ours: in vallies many stray,  
 Woods many shade, at home as many stay.  
 Nor can I, should you aske, their number tell:  
 Who number theirs, are poore. How these excell,  
 Beleeue not me, but credit your owne eyes:  
 See how their Vdders part their stradling thighes.  
 I in my sheep-coats haue new-weaned lambs;  
 And frisking kids late taken from their dams.  
 New milke, fresh curds and creame, with cheese well prest,  
 Are neuer wanting for thy pallats feast.  
 Nor will we gifts for thy delight prepare  
 Of cashe purchase, or what are not rare:  
 Deere, red and fallow, Roes, light-footed hares,  
 Nests scald from cliffies, and doves produc't by paires.

A rugged Beares rough twins I found vpon  
 The mountaines late, scarce from each other knowne,  
 For thee to play with: finding these, I said,  
 My Mistris you shall serue. Come louely Maid,  
 Come Galatea, from the surges rise,  
 Bright as the Morning; nor our gifts despise.  
 I know my selfe; my image in the brooke  
 I lately saw, and therein pleasure tooke.  
 Behold how great! not *Jupiter* above  
 (For much you talke I know not of what *Ioue*)  
 Is larged fix'd: curls on my browes displaid,  
 Affright; and like a groue my shoulders shade.  
 Nor let it your esteeme of me impair,  
 That all my body bristles with thicke haire.  
 Trees without leaues, and horses without manes,  
 Are sights vnseemely: grasse adorne the planes,  
 Wooll sheepe, and feathers fowle. A manly face  
 A beard becomes: the skin rough bristles grace.  
 Amid my fore-head shines one onely light,  
 Round, like a mighty Shield, and cleere of sight.  
 The Sun all objects sees beneath the skie:  
 And yet behold, the Sun hath but one eye.  
 Besides your Seas obey my fathers throne:  
 I giue you him for yours. Doe you alone  
 Vouchsafe me pity, and your suppliants heare:  
 To you I onely bow; you onely feare.  
 Heauen, *Jupiter*, his lightning I despise:  
 More dread the lightning of my angry eyes.  
 And yet your feare my patience lesse would moue,  
 Were all contemn'd. Why should you *Asi* loue,  
 And slight the *Cyclop*? why to him more free?  
 Although himselfe he please; and pleaseth thee,

rest,

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Which



(Which frets me most) could I your darling get,  
 He then should find my strength and me like great.  
 His guts I would extract, squeeze out his braines,  
 Throw his dissevered limbes about the plaines:  
 And if with thee he mingle, mix thy waue  
 With his hot bloud; and make thy deep his graue.  
 For O, I fry! despis'd affection burnes  
 With greater rage: my All to *Aetna* turnes,  
 And all her flames are in my bosome pent:  
 Yet *Galatea*, wilt not thou relent.

This said, he rose; (for I beheld him well.)  
 Nor could stand still; but terrible and fell,  
 Hurries about the woods and well knowne coast;  
 Much like a bull that hath his heifer lost.  
 Who me and *Acis*, too secure, espy'd:  
 And with a voice that futes a *Cyclop*, cry'd,  
 This houre shall be the last of all your ioyes.  
 Affrighted *Aetna* rored with the noise,  
 I vnder water diu'd; he flying said;  
 Helpe *Galatea*! you, O parents, aid  
 The vtterly vndones, and entertaine  
 Your issue in the Empire where you raigne.  
 A torne-off rocke the following *Cyclop* threw;  
 Whose vtter edge o're-whelmed *Acis* flew.  
 We did, what could be licensed by Fate:  
 Resuming *Acis* to his Grand-fires state.  
 The purple bloud from that detestfull bleed;  
 Which presently forsooke the *fiery* red;  
 First like a raine-discoloured streame appears;  
 Then *Christaline*. The rocke in sunder teares:  
 Whose crannies with vp-starting reeds abound;  
 And in the breach insulting waues resound:

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From whence a youth arose about the wast;  
His horned browes with quivering reeds imbrac't.  
'Twas wondrous strange: but that his looks appear  
More blew, and he more great, it *Acis* were.  
And so it was: although he now became  
A living streame, which still preserves his name.

Here *Galatea* ends; th'assembly brake:  
To smiling Seas the Nymphs themselves betake.  
*Sylla* returning, dares not trust the Deepes:  
But naked, nigh the thirsty grauell keepes;  
Or weary in the more-sequestred waues  
Her comely limbs with cooling water laues.  
*Loe, Glaucus* in the Sea but lately knowne,  
Transformed neere *Eubæa* *Antbedon*,  
Through sliced waues arrives: rapt with her sight;  
By gentle words attempts to stay her flight,  
She faster fled: who swift with feare ascends  
A lofty hill, which neere the shore extends:  
Whose round congested summit, crown'd with wood,  
Did over-peere the vnder-swelling flood.  
There stayes, secured by the place; nor knew  
If God, or Monster: much admires his hiew,  
His spreading locks; which all his shoulders veile;  
And hinder parts, that beare a fishes taile.  
Perceiued; leaning on a rocke, he said:

I am no beast, nor prodigie, faire Maid:  
Not *Proteus*, *Triton*, *Atbamantides*  
Are greater Gods, or more command in Seas.  
Yet once a mortall; and did then frequent  
Th'affected Seas. On those my labour spent.  
Sometimes with nets I fishes hale to land:  
Sometimes the line directed with my wand.

The shore a meddow bounds; whereof one side  
 Is fring'd with weeds, the other with the tide.  
 On this nor horned cattle euer fed,  
 Nor harmlesse sheep, nor gotes on mountaines bred.  
 No bees from hence their thighes with honey lade;  
 Those flowers no geniall garlands euer made:  
 That grasse ne're cut with sithes. Of mortals I  
 First thither came; my nets hung vp to dry.  
 While I expos'd the fishes which I tooke;  
 By their credulity hung on my hooke,  
 Or masht in nets; (what would a lye behoue?  
 Yet such it seemes) my prey began to moue,  
 Display their finnes, and swim as on the flood.  
 While I neglect their stay, and wondering stood;  
 They all by flight auoiding my command,  
 Together left their owner and the land.  
 Amaz'd, and doubting long; the cause I sought,  
 If either God, or Herbe, this wonder wrought.  
 What herbe, said I, hath such a powre? in haste  
 An herbe I purs'd, and gaue it to my taste.  
 No sooner swallowed, but my entrailes shooke:  
 When forth with I another nature tooke.  
 Nor could refraine; but said, O Earth, my last  
 Farewell receiue! in seas my selfe I cast.  
 The Sea-gods now vouchsafing my receit  
 Into their sacred fellowship, intreat  
 Both *Tethys* and *Oceanus*, that they  
 Would take, what euer mortall was, away.  
 Whom now they hallow, and with charmes nine times  
 Repeated, purge me from my humane crimes:  
 And bade me couch beneath a hundred streames.  
 Forth with the riuers rush from sundry Realmes;

And



And sea-rai'd surges roule about my crowne.  
As soone as streames retire, and seas were downe,  
Another body, and another mind;  
Vnlike the former, they to me assign'd.  
Thus much of Wonder I remember well:  
Thence-forth insensible of what befell  
Then first of all this sea-greene beard I saw,  
These dangling lockes, which through the deepe I draw;  
Broad shoulder-blades, blew armes of greater might;  
And thighes which in a fishes taile vnite.  
What boots this forme? my grace with Gods of seas?  
Or that a God? If thou affect not these?  
While this he spake, and would haue vttered more,  
Coy *Scylla* flies. He with impatience bore  
His loues repulse: whom strong desires transport  
To great *Titanian Circes* horrid Court.

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OVID'S

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

1. The first part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the general principles of the theory of the structure of the atom. It is shown that the structure of the atom is determined by the laws of quantum mechanics, and that the laws of quantum mechanics are derived from the principles of the theory of the structure of the atom.

CHICAGO

N

# OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

## The Fourteenth Booke.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Inchanted Scylla, hem'd with horrid shapes;  
Becomes a Rocke, Cercopeans turn'd so Apes,  
Sibylla weares a Voico. Vlysses men  
Transform'd to Swine, are re-transform'd againe  
Picus a Bird: his Followers. Beasts. Dispaire  
Refuses fast-fasting Canens into a Iove.  
The Mares of Diomed unreconcil'd  
Idalia turnes to Fowle. An Olive wild  
Rude Apulus decipher. Turnus burns  
Aeneas ships: the Berecynthia turnes  
To Sea-nymphs; who Alcibius Ship with ioy  
Behold a Rocke. The Trojan flames destroy  
Besieged Ardea; from whose ashes springs  
A meager Hecuba, that beares them on her wings.  
Aeneas, Disd' d. Verminius cries  
All shapes. Rhamnusia; for her cruelties,  
Congeales proud Anaxareto so Stone.  
Cold Fontaines boile with heat. T a heavenly stream  
Mars Romulus assumes. Herfilia  
Like grass vicinus: who loyes in equal stay.*

**N**OW Glaucus, thron'd in rumid floods, had pass  
High Aetna, on the iawes of Typhus cast;

*Cyclops*



Cyclopiā fields, where neuer oxen drew  
 The furrowing plough, nor euer tillage knew;  
 Crookt *Zancle*; *Rhegium* on the other side;  
 The wrackfull Straights, whose double bounds diuide  
*Sicilia* from *Aufonia*: forward driues  
 Through spacious *Tyrrhen* Seas; at length arriues  
 At hearie Hills, *Phæbean* *Circes* seat,  
 With sundry formes of monstrous beasts repleat.  
 When, mutually saluting, *Glaucus* said:

A God, ô Goddesse, pitie: on your aid  
 Alone relies (if my desert might moue  
 So deare a grace) th'asswagement of my Loue.  
 For none than I, *Titania*, better knowes  
 The powre of hearbs, that am transform'd by those.  
 T' informe you better, in *Italia*  
 Against *Messenia*, on a sandie Bay,  
 I *Scylla* saw: it shames me to recite  
 My slighted court-ship, answered by her flight.  
 Doe thou, if charmes auail, in charmes vntie  
 Thy sacred tongue: or soveraigne Heartis apply,  
 If of more powre. Yet I affect no cure,  
 Nor end of Loue: like heat let her indure.

But *Circe* (none to such desires more prone,  
 Or that the cause is in her selfe alone;  
 Or stung by *Venus* angry influence,  
 In that her Father publiht her offence)  
 Reply'd: The willing with more ease persue;  
 Who with the same, whom equall flames subdue.  
 For thou ô well deserv'st to be persude:  
 Give hope, and, credit me, thou shalt be woo'd.  
 Rest therefore of thy beautie confident;  
 Loe, I, a Goddesse, radiant *Sol's* descent,

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In heartes so potent, and no lesse in charmes;  
Proffer my selfe, and pleasures to thy armes.  
Scorne her that scornes thee; her, that seekes, pursue:  
And in one deed reuenge thy selfe of two.

*Glaukus* reply'd to her who sought him so:  
First shady groues shall on the billowes grow,  
And Sea-weeds to the mountaine tops remoue;  
Ere I (and *Scylla* liuing) change my loue.  
The Goddesse frets: who since she neither could  
Destroy a Deitie, nor, louing, would;  
On her, prefer'd before her, bends her ire:  
And high-incens'd with repulst desire,  
Forth-with infectious drugs of dire effects  
Together grindes; and *Hecar's* charmes iniects:  
A sullen robe indues, the Court forsakes  
Through throngs of fawning beasts: her iourney takes  
To *Rhegium* opposite to *Zancle's* shore;  
And treads the troubled waues that lowdly rore.  
Running with vnwet feet on that Profound;  
As if sh'had trod vpon the solid ground.  
A little Bay, by *Scylla* haunted, lies  
Bent like a bow; sconsit from the Seas and skies  
Distemper, when the high-pitcht Sunne inuades  
The World with hottest beames, and shortens shades.  
This with portenteous poisons she pollutes;  
Besprinkled with the iuyce of wicked roots:  
In words darke and ambiguous, nine-times thrice  
Inchantments mutters with her magicke voice.  
Now *Scylla* came; and, wading to the waste,  
Beheld her hips with barking dogs imbrac't.  
Starts backe: at first not thinking that they were  
Part of her selfe; but rates them, and doth feare

Their

Their threatning iawes : but those, from whom she flies,  
 She with her haies. Then looking for her thighes,  
 Her legs, and feet ; in stead of them she found  
 The mouthes of *Cerberus* ; inuiron'd round  
 With rau'ning Curres : the backs of saluage beasts  
 Support her groine ; whereon her belly rests.

Kinde *Glaucus* wept ; and *Circes* bed refus'd :  
 Who had so cruelly her Art abus'd.  
 But *Scylla* still remaining, *Circe* hates ;  
 Who for that cause destroy'd *Vlysses* mates.  
 And had the *Troian* nauie drown'd of late,  
 If not before transform'd by powerfull Fate  
 Into a Rocke : the stony Prodigie  
 Yet eminent, from which the Sea-men flie.

This, and *Charybdis* past with stretching oares ;  
 The *Troian* fleet, now neare th' *Ausonian* shores,  
 Crosse winds, and violent, to *Libya* draue.  
 There, in her heart, and palace, *Dido* gaue  
*Aeneas* harbor : with impatience beares  
 Her husbands flight : forth-with a Pile she reares,  
 Pretending sacrifice ; and then doth fall  
 Vpon his sword : deceiu'd, deceiuing all.  
 Flying from *Carthage*, *Eryx* he re-gain'd ;  
 There where his faithfull friend *Acestes* raig'n'd  
 His fathers funeralls re-solemniz'd,  
 He puts to Sea, with ships well-nigh surpriz'd  
 By *Iris* flames. *Hippotade's* Command,  
 The sulphur-fuming Iles, the rockie Strand  
 Of *Acheloian Sirens* leauing, lost  
 His Pilot : to *Inarime* then crost,  
 To *Prochyta*, and *Pitheusa*, wall'd  
 With barren hilles ; so other people call'd.



For *Iupiter*, detesting much the lie  
And fraudulent *Cercopeans* periury,  
Into deformed beasts transform'd them then;  
Although vnlike, appearing like to men:  
Contracts their limbes, their noses from their browes  
He flats, their faces with old wrinkles plowes;  
And, couering them with yellow haire, affords  
This dwelling; first depriving them of words,  
So much abus'd to periury and wrongs:  
Who iabber, and complaine with stammering tongues.

Then on the right-hand left *Parthenope*,  
*Misenus* on the left, far-stretcht in Sea,  
So named of his Trumpetor: thence, past  
By slimie Marishes, and anchor east  
At *Cuma*; entring long-lin'd *Sibyls* caues.  
A passage through obscure *Auernus* craues  
T' his Fathers *Manes*. She erects her eyes,  
Long fixt on earth, and with the Deities  
Reception fill'd, in sacred rage reply'd.  
Great things thou seek'st, & thou so magnif'd  
For mighty deeds: thy pietie through flame,  
Thy arme through Armies consecrate thy name.  
Yet feare not, *Troian*, thy desires inioy:  
T' *Elysian* Fields, th'infernall Monarchie,  
And Fathers Shade, I will thy person guide:  
No way to noble Verrue is denide.

Then to a Golden bough directs his view,  
Which in *Anerman Inno's* Hort-yard grew:  
And bade him pull it from the sacred tree.  
*Eneas* her obeyes: and now doth see  
The Spoiles of dreadfull Hell; his Grand-fires, lost  
In death, and great *Anchises* aged Ghost.

There

For

There knowes the customes of the *Latian* State,  
 The toile of future warre, and following fate.  
 Then, in retreat, his weary steps applide :  
 And by discourse with his *Cumean* Guide  
 His toile beguiles; as in that horrid way,  
 Through gloomie twy-light, he remounts to Day.

Whether, said he, thou bee'st a Deity,  
 Or of the Gods belou'd; for ever I  
 Will serue thee as a Goddesse; and confesse  
 That by thy fauour I haue wonne access  
 Vnto th'abodes of Death; and that by thee  
 I from th'abodes of gripple Death am free.  
 And therefore will, when I to Day returne,  
 A Temple build, and incense to thee burne.

The Prophetesse on him reverts her eye;  
 And sighing, said; I am no Deitie:  
 To mortalls offer no immortall Dues;  
 Lest ignorance thy gratitude abuse.  
 Yet had beene free from deaths impetuous powre,  
 Had I to *Phabus*, given my virgin flowre.  
 While hopefull; tempting me with gifts, he said,  
 Aske what thou wilt, my faire *Cumean* Maid,  
 And take thy wish. I shew'd a heape of sand,  
 And wisht as many Birth-dayes as my hand  
 Contained graines: forgot to adde the prime  
 Of youthfull yeares, which should haue crown'd my time.  
 Who this had granted also, if my bed  
 He could haue won. His gifts despis'd, I led  
 A single life. Those happier times are gone;  
 And crasie Age with trembling steps comes on.  
 Seven Ages haue I liu'd; and liue I must  
 Till yeares haue equalled those graines of dust.

Three

Three hundred Haruests consummate the summe;  
 Three hundred Vintages: The time will come,  
 When length of dayes my body shall abate,  
 And little leaue in quantitie or weight.  
 None then will thinke that I belou'd had beene,  
 Or pleas'd a God. He, by whom all is seene,  
 (Such change shall I indure) or, will not know,  
 Or else deny, that he had lou'd me so.  
 No eye shall see me: yet a voice alone  
 Fate will afford; by which I shall be knowne.

Thus *Sibyl*, as they clim'd that steepe ascent.  
 When good *Aeneas* through this *Sygyian* vent  
 At *Cuma* rose: and sacrificing, came  
 To shores since called of his Nurses name.  
*Neritian Macareus*, the friend  
 Of *Ithacus* did here his trauels end.  
 Who knowing *Achemenides*, of late  
 On *Aetna* left, admires to see his mate  
 Long giuen for dead. What chance, or God, said he,  
 O *Achemenides*, hath set thee free?  
 How comes a *Gracian* souldier to be found  
 In *Troian* vessell? for what Country bound?

When *Achemenides*: (not now forlorne,  
 Now like himselfe, his rags not pin'd with thorne)  
 May I fell *Polyphem* behold againe,  
 Whose iawes ore-flow with bloud of strangers slaine;  
 If I this ship prefer not farre aboue  
*Vlysses* home; or lesse *Aeneas* loue  
 Than my owne father. Could I render more  
 Than all my All, the recompence were poore.  
 That now I speake, I breathe Heauen, Sun-shine see  
 (Can I vnmindfull, or vngratefull be)



Is by his bounty : that the *Cyclops* fowle  
 And hungry maw had not deuour'd my Soule :  
 That now I may be buried when I die ;  
 Or at the least, not in his entrailes lie.  
 O what a heart had I ! with feare bereft  
 Of soule and sense ! when I behinde was left,  
 And saw your flight ! I had an Out-cry made,  
 But that afeard to haue my selfe betray'd.  
 Yours, almost had *Vlysses* ship destroy'd.  
 I saw him riue out of the mountaines side  
 A solid rocke, and dart it on the Maine :  
 I saw the furious Giant once againe,  
 When mightie stones with monstrous strength he flung :  
 Like quarries by a warlike engine flang.  
 Left ship should sinke with waues and stones I feare :  
 Not then remembring, that I was not there.  
 He, when your flight had rescu'd you from death,  
 O're *Ætna* paces ; fighting clouds of breath :  
 And groping in the woods, bereft of sight,  
 Incounters iustling rockes : mad with despight  
 Extends his bloody armes to vnder waues,  
 The *Greekes* persues with curses ; and thus raues.

O would some God *Vlysses* would ingage,  
 Or some of his, to my insatiate rage !  
 I'd gnaw his heart, his liuing members rend,  
 Gulpe downe his bloud till it againe ascend,  
 And crash his panting sinewes. O, how light  
 A losse, or none, were then my losse of sight !

This spake, and more. My ioynts pale horror shooke,  
 To see his grim, and slaughter-smear'd looke,  
 His bloody hands, his eyes deserted seat,  
 Vast limbes, and beard with humane gore concreat.

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Death stood before mine eyes (my least dismay : )  
 Now thought my selfe surpriz'd; now, that I lay,  
 Sou'lt in his paunch. That time presents my view,  
 When two of ours on dashing stones he threw :  
 Then on them like a shagged Lion lies;  
 Their entrailes, flesh, yet mouing arteries,  
 White marrow, with crafft bones, at once deuoures.  
 I, sad, and bloudlesse stood : feare chill'd my powres,  
 Seeing him eat, and cast the horrid food ;  
 Raw lumpes of flesh, wine mixt with clotted blood.  
 Euen such a fate my wretched thoughts propound.  
 Long lying hid, afraid of euery sound,  
 Abhorring death, yet coueting to die ;  
 With mast, and hearbs repelling famine ; I,  
 Alone, forlorne, to death and torment left,  
 This ship espy'd : this by my gestures weft,  
 I ranne to shore, nor safety vainly seeke :  
 A *Troian* vessell entertain'd a *Greeke*.

Now, worthy friend, your owne aduentures tell ;  
 And what, since first you put to sea, befell.  
 He told how *Æolus* raig'n'd in *Thuscan* Seas,  
 Storme-fettering *Æolus Hippotades*,  
 Who nobly gaue to their *Dulichian* Guide  
 A wind, inclosed in an oxes hide.  
 Nine daies they sailed with successfull gales ;  
 Sought shores descry'd : the tenth had blancht their sailes ;  
 When greedy Sailers, thinking to haue found  
 A masse of enuy'd gold, the wind vnbound.  
 This through rough seas the Nauie backward driues,  
 Which at the *Æolian* port againe arriues,  
 To *Leſtrigonian* *Lamus* ancient towne  
 From thence, said he, we came. That countries crowne

*Antiphate;*

*Antiphates* then wore. Three thin her sent,  
 Two of vs scarce by flight our death preuent:  
 The third the *Lestrigonians* teeth imbrude  
 With his hot gore. *Antiphates* persude  
 Our flight; incites his troopes; who tumbling downe  
 Huge stones and trees, our men and vessels drowne.  
 One scap't; which vs, and sad *Vlysses* bore.  
 Ioyntly our lost companions we deplore;  
 And grieuing reach that Sea-inuiron'd land,  
 Which farre from hence you see: Still may it stand  
 Farre from my sight! beware thou Goddesse Sonne,  
 Iust *Troian* Prince; (for now the warres are done,  
 With them for euer end our enmitie)  
 From *Circes* Mansion, & *Aeneas* flie.  
 There anchoring; mindfull of the *Cyclops* strand,  
 And fell *Antiphates*, we feare to land.  
 But casting lotts, the lot elected vs,  
 Faithfull *Polixes*, sage *Eurylochus*,  
*Elpenor* prone to wine, and eightene more  
 To visit *Circes* on that vnknowne shore.  
 Approching, we before the Portall staid.  
 A thousand Lions, Beares, and Wolves inuade  
 Our hearts with terror: but their milde assailes  
 No wounds produce: who wag their flattering tiales,  
 And fawning follow; till her hand-maids came  
 And led vs through that marble-couer'd frame  
 Vnto their Mistris. On a throne of State,  
 Shee in a sumptuous inward chamber sate:  
 Her vnder Vest, with gold imbellisht, shone;  
 And ouer it a purple mantle throwne.  
*Nereides*, and *Nymphs*, nor carded wooll,  
 Nor following twine with busie fingers pull:



But weeds dispose in order; mingled flowers  
 Select in maunds, and hearbs of different powers,  
 At her direction: who the vertue knew  
 Of euery simple, of their compounds too;  
 And giues them their due weight. Saluted, shee  
 Salutes againe; her cheerefull lookes as free,  
 As her full bounty to supply our need.  
 Who bids her ready Damsels mix with speed  
 The pulpe of Barly, hony, curds, strongwines;  
 And to this sweet receipt hid inces ioynes.  
 Then gaue the cup with her owne sacred hand;  
 Which thirstily we drunke, while with her wand  
 The direfull Goddesse strokes our crownes. I shame  
 To tell; yet tell: I presently became  
 With bristles rough: thinking, as I was wont,  
 Thauē spoke, and shew'd my grieſe in words, I grunt.  
 My lookes hung downe, my mouth extends t'a snout,  
 My stiffer necke with swelling brawnes stickes out;  
 And goe vpon those hands, wherewith of late  
 I tooke the cup. With those whom frightfull fate  
 Had thus vn-mand (so great a potencie  
 In potions lurkes) included in a Stie.  
 Alone *Eurylochus* the shape of Swine  
 Auoids: alone refus'd the proffered wine.  
 Which had not he reiected, with the rest  
 Himselfe had prou'd a bristle-bearing Beast.  
 Nor should *Ulysses* our mishaps haue knowne:  
 Or forced *Circe* to restore his owne.  
 Peace-bearing *Hermes* gaue him a white flowre;  
 Call'd *Moly* by the Gods; of wonderous powre,  
 Sprung from a Sable root: inform'd withall  
 By heaucaly counsell, enters *Circe's* Hall.

Proffering th' insidious Cap, her magicke wand  
 About to raise, he thrusts her from her stand;  
 And with drawne sword the trembling Goddesse frights,  
 When vowed faith with her faire hand shee plights;  
 And grac't him with her nuptiall bed: who then  
 Demands in dowry his transfigur'd men.  
 Sprinkled with bitter iuyce, her wand reuerst  
 About our crownes, and charmes with charmers dispers't;  
 The more she chants, we grow the more vpright,  
 Our bristles shed, our clouen feet vnite,  
 Shoulders and armes possesse their former grace.  
 With teares our weeping Generall we imbrace,  
 And hang about his necke: nor scarce a word  
 Breathes through our lips, but such as thanks afford.  
 From hence our passe was for a yeere deferr'd;  
 In that long time much saw I, and much heard:  
 Of which, a Maid (one of the foure, prepar'd  
 For sacred seruice) closely this declar'd.  
 For while my Chiefe with Circe sports alone,  
 Shee shew'd a youthfull Image of white stone  
 Clos'd in a Shrine, with crownes imbellished;  
 Who bare a Wood-pecker vpon his head.  
 Demanding whose it was, why placed there,  
 Why he that Bird vpon his summit bare?  
 I will, reply'd she, O *Macareus*, tell  
 In this my Mistris power: obserue me well.  
*Saturnian Picus in Ausonia* raign'd,  
 Who generous horses for the battle train'd.  
 His forme, such as you see: whom had you knowne,  
 You would haue ta'ne this feature for his owne,  
 His minde as beautifull. Nor yet could hee  
 Four *Grecian* wrastlings in th' *Olympick* see.

The *Dryades*, in *Latian* mountaines borne,  
 His lookes attract: nor Nymphs of fountaines scorne  
 To sue for pittie. Those whom *Alphes*,  
*Nemicus*, *Anio*, *Almo* short of way,  
 And headie: *Nar* sustaine, the shadie Flood  
 Of *Farfarnus*, the *Scythian* *Cynthias* woo'd.  
 Inuiron'd marishes, and neighbouring lakes  
 Yet for one only Nymph the rest forsakes:  
 Who whilome on Mount *Palatine*, the faire  
*Venilia* to the two-fac'd *Ianus* bare.  
 The Maid, now marriageable, honoured  
*Laurentian* *Picus* with her nuptiall bed.  
 Her beauty admirable: yet more fam'd  
 For artfull song; and thereof *canens* nam'd.  
 Her voice the woods and rockes to passion moies;  
 Tames saluage beasts, the troubled *Riuers* smooths,  
 Detaines their hasty course; and, when she sings,  
 The birds neglect the labour of their wings.  
 While her sweet voice celestiallyl musicke yeelds;  
 Young *Picus* followes in *Laurentian* Fields  
 The saluage Bore, vpon a fiery Steed;  
 Arm'd with two darts: clad in a *Tyrian* weed  
 With gold close-buckl'd. Thither also came  
 The daughter of the Sunne; who left her name.  
 Retaining fields, and on those fruitfull hills  
 Her sacred lap with dewie Simples fills.  
 Seeing vnseene, his sight her sense amaz'd:  
 The gathered hearbs fell from her as she gaz'd:  
 Whose bones a marrow-melting flame inclos'd.  
 But when she her distraction had compos'd;  
 About t'impart her wish, attendancie,  
 And swiftnesse of his horse, accessie denie.



Thou shalt not so escape, said shee, altho'  
 The winds should wing thee; if my selfe I know;  
 If hearbs retaine their powre, if charmes at least  
 My trust deceiue not. Then creates a Beast  
 Without a body, bid to runne before  
 The Kings persuit; and made the ayrie Bore  
 To take a thicket, where no horse could force  
 His barr'd access: He leaues his foming horse  
 On foot to follow a deceitfull Shade,  
 With equall hopes? and through the Forrest strai'd.  
 New Vowes she straight conceiue, and implores:  
 And Gods vnknowne with vnknowne charmes adores.  
 Wherewith inur'd t' eclipse the pale-fac't Moone:  
 And cloud her Fathers splendor at high Noone.  
 And now with pitchie fogs obscures the Day,  
 From earth exhal'd. His Guard mistake their way  
 In that deceitfull Night, and from him straid.  
 When she, the time and place besitting said:

By thole faire eyes, which haue intralld mine;  
 And by that all-alluring face of thine,  
 Which makes a Goddesse sue; asswage the fire  
 By thee incens'd; and take vnto thy Sire  
 The all-illuminating Sunne: nor proue  
 Hard-hearted to *Titanian* *Circes* loue.

Her, and her prayers, despis'd; What ere thou art,  
 I am not thine, said he: my captiue heart  
 Another holds; and may she hold it long.  
 Nor will I with externall *Venus* wrong  
 Our nuptiall faith, so long as Fate shall giue  
 Life to my veines, and *Ianus* daughter liue.  
*Titanis*, tempting oft, as oft in vaine;  
 Thou shalt not scape my vengeance, nor againe

Returne

Returne to *Canens*. What the wrong'd can doe,  
A wronged Louer, and a Woman too;  
Thou shalt, said she, by sad experience proue?  
For I a woman, wrong'd and wrong'd in loue.  
Twice turnes she to the East,, twice to the West;  
Thrice toucht him with her wand, three charmes exprest.  
He flies; at his vnwonted speed admir'd;  
Then saw the feathers which his skinne attir'd:  
Who forth with seekes the woods; and angry still,  
Hard okes assailes, and wounds them with his bill.  
His wings the purple of his cloake assume;  
The gold that claspt his garment turnes to plume,  
And now his necke with golden circle chaines:  
Of *Picus* nothing but his name remaines.

The Courtiers *Picus* call, and seeke him round  
About the fields, that was not to be found.  
Yet *Circe* finde (for now the day grew faire,  
The Sunne and Winds set free to cleanse the aire)  
And charge her with true crimes: their King demand  
With threatening lookes, and weapons in their hand.  
Shee sprinkles them with iuyce of wicked might.  
From *Erebus* and *Chaos* coniures Night,  
With all her Gods; and *Hecate* intreates  
With tedious mumblings. Woods forsake their seates,  
Trees pale their leaues, Hearbes blush with drops of gore,  
Earth grones, dogs howle, rockes horribly seeme to rore:  
Vpon the tainted ground blacke Serpents slide;  
And through the aire vnbodyed Spirits glide.  
Frighted with terrors, as they trembling stand,  
Shee strokes their wondering faces with her wand:  
Forthwith the shapes of Salvage beasts inuest  
Their former formes; not one his owne posselt.

*Phabus* now entering the *Tartessian* Maine,  
*Sad Camens* with her eyes and soule, in vaine  
 Expects her Spouse. Her seruants shee excites  
 To runne about the woods with blazing lights.  
 Who not content to weepe, to reare her haire,  
 And beat her breasts (though these present her care)  
 In haste forsakes her rooffe; and franticke, strays  
 Through broad-spredd fields. Six nights, as many dayes,  
 Without or sleepe, or sustenance, shee fled  
 O're hills and dales, the way which fortune led.  
 Now tir'd with griefe and trauell, *Tybris* last  
 Beheld the Nymph: on his coole bankes she cast  
 Her feeble limbes: there weepes, and weeping sung  
 Her sorrowes with a softly warbling tongue.  
 Euen so the dying Swan with low-raisd breath,  
 Sings her owne exequies before her death.  
 At length her marrow melts with griefes despaire:  
 And by degrees she vanisheth to Aire.  
 Yet still the place doth memorize her fame:  
 Which of the Nymph the Rurall *Camens* name.

In that long yeere, much, and such deeds as these  
 I saw and heard. Vn-neru'd with restie ease,  
 Againe we put to Sea: by *Circe* told  
 Of our hard passage, and the manifold  
 Disasters to ensue, I grew afraid  
 (I must confesse) and here arriuing, staid.

*Macareus* ends. *Caieta* Vrne-inclos'd,  
 This verse had on her marble tombe impos'd.  
 Here, with due fires, my pious Nurse-child mee  
*Caieta* burnt; from *Grecian* fires set free,

They loose their cables from the grassie strand;  
 Auoiding *Circe*'s guiltfull palace, stand

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For those tall groues, where *Tybris*, darke with shades,  
In *Tyrrhen* Seas his sandy streames vnclades.  
The throne of *Faunus* sonne, the *Latian* starre  
*Lavinia* gaine; but not without a warre.  
Warre with a furious Nation is commenst;  
Sterne *Turnus* for his promist wife incenst:  
While all *Hetruria* to *Latium* swarmes:  
Hard victory long sought with penfult armes.  
To get Recrutes from forren States they try.  
Nor *Troians*, nor *Rutulians* want supply.  
Nor to *Euanders* towne *Aeneas* went  
In vaine: though vainly *Venulus* was sent  
To banisht *Diomedes* Citie, late immur'd:  
Those fields *Iapygian* *Dannus* had insur'd  
To him in dowre. When *Venulus* had done  
His embassie to *Tydens* warlike sonne:  
The Prince excus'd his aid; as loth to draw  
The subiects of his aged father in law  
T'vnnecessary warre: that none remaine  
Of his to arme. Lest you should thinke I faine;  
Though repetition Sorrow renouates;  
Yet, while I suffer, heare the worst of fates.

After that *Pergamus* our prey became,  
And lofty *Ilium* fed the *Gracian* flame:  
A Virgin, for a Virgins rape, let fall  
Her Vengeance, to *Oilus* due, on all,  
Scattered on faithlesse Seas with furious stormes,  
We, wretched *Gracians*, suffer'd all the formes  
Of horror: lightning, night, showres, wrath of skies,  
Of Seas, and dire *Capborean* cruelties.  
To abridge the story of so sad a fate;  
Now *Priam* would haue pitied our estate;

Yet *Pallas* snatcht me from the swallowing Maine;  
 Then from my vngratefull Country chac't againe,  
 For *Venus*, mindfull of her ancient wound,  
 New woes inflicts. Much on the vast profound,  
 Much suffering in terrestriall conflicts, I  
 Oft call'd them happy, whom the iniury  
 Of publike tempests, and importunate  
*Caphareus* drown'd: and now enui'd their fate.  
 The worst indur'd; with seas and battles tyr'd,  
 My men an end of their long toyle desir'd.  
 But *Acmon*, full of fire, and fiercer made  
 By vsuall slaughters: What remaines (he said)  
 O mates, which now our patience would eschue?  
 Though willing, what can *Cytheres* doe  
 More than sh'hath done? when worse mishaps affright,  
 Then prayers auaille: but when Mis-fortunes spight  
 Her worst inflicts, then feare is of no vse:  
 And height of ills, securitie produce.  
 Let *Venus* heare: although she hate vs all,  
 (As all she hates that serue our Generall)  
 Yet let vs all despise her emptie hate;  
 Whose Powre hath made vs so vnfortunate.

*Pluronion Acmon* angry *Venus* stung:  
 Reuenge reuiuing with his lauish tongue.  
 Few like his words the most severely chid  
 His tongues excessse. About to haue reply'd,  
 His speech, and path of speech, at once grew small,  
 His haire conuerts to plume; plumes couer all  
 His necke, backe, bosome: larger feathers spring  
 From his rough armes, and now his elbowes wing.  
 His feet diuide to toes, hard horne extends  
 From his chang'd face, and in a bill descends.

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*Rhetenor,*  
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*Rhetenor, Nycteus, Lycus, Abas, Ide,*  
 Admire! and in their admiration try'd  
 Like destiny. Most of my Souldiers grew  
 Forthwith new Fowle; and round about vs flew.  
 If you inquire, what shape their owne vn-mans;  
 They are not, yet are like to siluer Swans.  
 These barren fields, with this poore remnant, I,  
 As sonne in law to *Daurus*, scarce inioy.

Thus farre *Oenides*. *Venus* forsakes  
*Tydid*es Kingdome: by *Puteo*'s takes  
 His way, and through *Mesapia*: there suruaid  
 A Caue, inuiron'd with a syluan shade,  
 Distilling streames. By halfe-goat *Paw* possist:  
 Which erst the Wood-nymphs with their beauties blest.  
 They terrified at first with sudden dread,  
 From home-bred *Apulus*, the shepheard, fled,  
 Straight, taking heart, despised his persuit:  
 And danced with a measure-keeping foot.  
 He scoffes; their motion clowne-like imitates:  
 Nor only raileth, but obscenely prates.  
 Nor cea'eth, till a tree inuests his throte;  
 A tree whose berries his behaviour note:  
 An oliue wilde, which bitter fruit affords,  
 Becomes; dis-seasned with his bitter words.

Th'Embassador returnes without the sought  
*Aetolian* succours: the *Rutulians* foughe  
 'Gainst foes and fortune; of that hope depriv'd:  
 Whole streames of bloud from mutuall wounds derin'd.  
 Loc, fire-brands to the Naue *Turnus* beares:  
 And what escaped drowning, burning feares.  
 Pitch, rozen, and like ready food for fire,  
 Now *Vulcan* feed: the hungrie flames aspire



Up to the sailes along the lofty mast ;  
 And catch the yards, with curling smoke embrac't.  
 But when the Mother of the Gods beheld  
 Those blazing Pines, from top of *Ida* feld ;  
 Lowd Shalmes and Cymballs vsher'd her repaire :  
 Who, drawne by bridled Lions through the aire,  
 Thus said : Thy wicked hands to small effect,  
 O *Turnus* violate, what we protect.  
 Nor shall the greedy fire a part of those  
 Tall Woods deuoure, which shelter our repose.  
 With that she thunders, powring downe amaine  
 Thicke stormes of skipping haile, and clouds of raine,  
 Th' *African* Sonnes in swift concursions ioyne ;  
 Tossing the troubled aire, and *Neptunes* brine.  
 One shee imployes, whose speed the rest out-strips ;  
 That brake the Cables of the *Phrygian* Ships,  
 And draue them vnder the high-swellling Flood.  
 The timber softens, flesh proceeds from wood,  
 The crooked Sterne to heads and faces growes,  
 The Oares to swimming legs, fine feet and toes ;  
 What were their holds, to ribbed sides are growne,  
 The lengthfull keele presenting the back-bone ;  
 The yards to armes, to haire the tackling grew :  
 As formerly, so now, their colour blew.  
 And they, but lately of the floods afraid ;  
 Now in the floods, with virgin pastime, plaid.  
 These Sea-nymphs, borne on mountaines, celebrate  
 The Seas, forgetfull of their former state.  
 Yet weighing, what themselves so oft endur'd  
 On high-wrought waues, oft sinking ships secur'd ;  
 Excepting such, as *Gracians* carry : those  
 They hate, memorious of the *Troian* moes.

Who

Who saw *Vlysses* ships in surges queld  
With pleased eyes, with pleased eyes beheld  
*Alcinous* ship, in swiftnesse next to none,  
Vnmoueable; the wood transform'd to stone.

'Twas thought this wondrous prodigie would fright  
The *Rutuli*, and make them cease from fight.  
Both parts persist, both haue their Gods to friend;  
And Valour no lesse potent: nor contend  
Now for *Lavinia*, for *Latinus* crowne,  
Nor dotall Kingdome; but for faire renowne:  
Asham'd to lay their brused armes aside,  
Till death or conquest had the quarrell tride.  
*Venus* her sonne victorious sees at length.  
Great *Turnus* fell; strong *Ardea* falls, of strength  
While *Turnus* stood, deuour'd by barbarous flame,  
In dying cinders buried. From the same  
A Fowle, vnknowne to former ages, springs;  
And fannes the ashes with her howering wings.  
Pale colour, leanenesse, shreeking sounds of woe,  
The image of a captiue City show.  
Who also still the Cities name retaines:  
And with selfe-beating wings of Fate complaines.

And now *Aeneas* vertues terminate  
The wrath of Gods, and *Ioue's* sancient hate.  
An opulent foundation hauing laid  
For young *Iulius*, by his merit made  
Now fit for Heauen: the Powre, who rules in Loue  
The Gods solicits; then, imbracing *Ioue*:

O Father, neuer yet to me vnkinde;  
Now  $\delta$  enlarge the bountie of thy minde.  
A God-head, meane, so it a God-head be,  
*Aeneas* giue; that art to him by me.

A Grand-father: th'vn-amiable realmes  
Suffice it once t'haue scene, and *Syngian* streames.

The Gods agree; nor *Iuno*'s lookes dissent.  
Who with a chearefull freenesse forward bent.  
Then *Ioue*; He well deserues a Deity:  
Thy sute, faire Daughter, to thy wish, enioy.  
Shee, ioyfull, thanks returns: and through the aire,  
Dawne by her yoked Dones, lights on the bare  
*Lanentian* shores; where smoothe *Numicius* creeps  
Through whispering reedes into the neighbour Deepes.  
Who bids him from *Aeneas* wash away  
All vnto death obnoxious, and conuay  
It silently to Seas. The horned Flood  
Obeyes; and what subsists by mortall food,  
With water purg'd, and only left behinde  
His better parts. His mother they refine  
Anoints with sacred odors, and his lips  
In Nectar, mingled with *Ambrosia*, dips;  
So deif'd: whom *Indiges* Rome calls;  
Honour'd with altars, shrines, and festiualls.

Two-nam'd *Ascanius* *Latium* then obey'd,  
And *Alba*: next, the scepter *Sylvius* swai'd.  
His sonne *Latinus*, held that ancient name,  
And crowne. Him *Epitus*, renown'd by Fame,  
Succeeds. Then *Capys*. *Capetus*, his Son  
Succeeded him. Next *Tiberine* begun  
His raigne: who, drown'd in *Thuscan* waters; gaue  
Thole streames his name: who *Remulus* got, and brans-  
ould *Acrota*. But *Remulus* was slaine  
With thunder; who the Thunderer durstaine.  
More moderate *Acrota* resign'd his throne  
To *Anacrine*: ypon the Mount whereon

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He raig'n'd, intomb'd; which yet his name retaines,  
Over the *Palatines* next *Procas* raignes.

*Pomona* flourish't in those times of ease:

Of all the *Latian Hamadryades*,

None fruitfull Hort-yards held in more repute;

Or tooke more care to propagate their fruit.

Thereof so nam'd. Nor steames, nor shady groves,

But trees producing generous burdens loues.

Her hand a hooke, and not a iavelin bare:

Now prunes luxurious twigs, and boughs that dare

Transcend their bounds; now slits the barke, the bud

Inserts; inforc't to nurse an others brood.

Nor suffers them to suffer thirst, but brings

To moisture-sucking roots, soft-sliding Springs.

Such her delight, her care. No thoughts extend

To loue & vnknowne desires yet to defend

Her selfe from rapefull Rurals, round about

Her Hort-yard walls; & auoid, and keepe them out.

What left the skipping *Satyrs* vn-assai'd;

Rude *Pan*, whose hornes Pine-bristled garlands shade;

*Silennus*, still more youthfull than his yeares;

Or he who theeues with hooke, and member seares,

To taste her sweetnettle? but farre more than all

*Vertumnus* loues; yet were his hopes as small.

How often, like a painfull Reaper, came,

Laden with weighty sheafes; and seem'd the same!

Oft wreathes of new mow'd grasse his browes array;

As though then exercis'd in making hay.

A gode now in his hardned hands he beares,

And newly seemes to haue vn yok't his Steer ea.

Oft Vines and fruit-trees with a pruning hooke

Corrects, and dresses; oft a lather tooke

To gather fruit: now with his crooked skeine  
 A Souldier seemes; an Angler with his cane:  
 And various figures daily multiplies  
 To winne accessse, and please his longing eyes.  
 Now, with a staffe, an old-wife counterfeits;  
 On hory haire, a painted miter sets.  
 The Hort yard entering, admires the faire  
 And pleasant fruits: So much, said he, more rare  
 Then all the Nymphs whom *Albula* enioy,  
 Haile spotlesse flowre of Maiden chastity:  
 And kist the prais'd. Nor did the Virgin know,  
 (So innocent) that old-wines kist not so.  
 Then, sitting on a banke, obserueth how  
 The pregnant boughs with Autums burthen bow.  
 Hard by, an Elme with purple clusters shin'd:  
 This praising, with the Vine so closely ioynd;

Yet, said he, if this Elme should grow alone,  
 Except for shade, it would be priz'd by none:  
 And so this Vine, in amorous foldings wound,  
 If but dis-ioyn'd, would creepe vpon the ground.  
 Yet art not thou by such examples led:  
 But shun'st the pleasures of a happy bed.  
 Nor would thou wouldst: not *Helen* was so sought,  
 Nor she for whom the lustfull *Centaur* fought,  
 As thou shouldst be; no nor the wife of bold  
 And timorous *Vhes*. Yet, behold  
 Though thou auerse to all, and all eschue;  
 A thousand men, Gods, demi-gods, persue  
 Thy constant scorne; and every deathlesse Powre  
 Which *Alba*'s high and shady hills imboure.  
 But thou, if wise, if thou'lt well married be;  
 Or an old woman trust, who credit me,

Affect

Affects thee more than all the rest, refuse  
 These common wooers, and *Vertumnus* choose.  
 Accept me for his gage; since so well none  
 Can know him; by himselfe nor better knowne.  
 He is no wanderer, her's his delight:  
 Nor loves, like common louers, at first sight.  
 Thou art the first, so thou the last shalt be:  
 His life he onely dedicates to thee.  
 Besides his youth perpetuall; excellent  
 His beaury; and all shapes can represent.  
 With what you will, what euer hath a name;  
 Such shall you see him. Your delights the same:  
 The first-fruits of your Hort-yard are his due;  
 Which ioyfully he still accept from you.  
 But neither what these pregnant trees produce  
 He now desires, nor herbs of pleasant iuyce:  
 Nor ought, but onely You. O pity take I  
 And what I speake, suppose *Vertumnus* spake.  
 Reuengefull Gods, *Idalia*, still seuer  
 To such as slight her, and *Ramnusia* feare.  
 The more to fright you from so foule a crime,  
 Receiue (since much I know from aged Time)  
 A story, generally through *Cyprus* knowne;  
 To mollifie a heart more hard than stone.

*Iphiz*, of humble birth, by chance did view  
 The high-borne *Anaxarete*, who drew  
 Her bloud from *Tenace*. Seeing her, his eyes  
 Extracts a fire, wherein his bolome fries.  
 Long struggling, when no reason could reclaim  
 His fury, to her house the Suppliant came.  
 Now to her Nurse his wretched loue displaid;  
 And by her losser'd hopes implor'd her aide:

Now



Now humbly sues to some of most repute  
 In her affection, to prefer his suit.  
 Sad letters oft his desperate passions beares:  
 Oft myrtle garlands, sprinkled with his teares,  
 Hangs on the posts: the stonie threshold lades  
 With his soft sides, and rigid doores vp-braids.  
 But she more cruell than the seas, imbroyl'd  
 With rising stormes; more hard than iron, boyl'd  
 In fire-red furnaces; or rooted rocks;  
 Disdaines the louer, and his passion mocks:  
 Who to her forward deeds addes bitter words  
 Of no lesse scorne; nor hope to lone affords.  
 Impatient of his torment, and her hate;  
 These words, his last, he vtters at her gate.

O *Anaxerete*, thou hast o're come!  
 Nor shall my life be longer wearisome  
 To thy disdaine. Triumph, ô too vnkind!  
 Sing *Pæans*, and thy browes with laurell bind.  
 Thou hast o're-come; loe, willingly I die:  
 Proceed, and celebrate thy cruell ioy.  
 Yet is there something in me, ne're the lesse,  
 That thou wilt raise; and my deserts confesse.  
 Thinke how my loue my heart no sooner left  
 Then life it selfe: of both at once bereft.  
 Nor rumor, but euen I will death present  
 In such a forme, as shall thy pride content.  
 But O you Gods, if you our actions see  
 (This onely I implore) remember me!  
 Let after ages celebrate my name:  
 And what you take from life, afford to fame.

Then heaues his meger armes and watry eyes  
To those knowne posts, oft crown'd with wreaths, and eyes

A halter to the top. Such wreather, he said,  
 Best please; hard-hearted, and inhumane Maid!  
 Then turning toward her, he forward sprung:  
 When by the neck th'vnhappy lover hung.  
 Strucke by his sprawling feet, wide open flies  
 The sounding wicket; and the deed describes.  
 The seruants shreake; the Vainely raised bore  
 T'his mothers house; his father dead before.  
 His breathlesse corps she in her bosome plac't;  
 And in her armes his key-cold limbs imbrac't.  
 Lamenting long, as wofull parents vse;  
 And hauing paid a wofull mothers dues;  
 The mournfull Funerall through the Ciry led:  
 And to prepared fires conueyes the dead.  
 This sorrowfull Proceffion passing by  
 Her house, which bordering on the way, their cry  
 To th'cares of *Anaxarete* arriues:  
 Whom now sterne *Nemesis* to ruine driues  
 Wee'l see, said she, these sad solemnities:  
 And forth-with to the lofty window highes.  
 When seeing *Iphis* on his fatall bed;  
 Her eyes grew stiffe; bloud from her visage fled,  
 Vsurt by palenesse. Striving to retire,  
 Her feet stuck fast; nor could to her desire  
 Diuert her looks: for now her stony heart  
 At selfe dilated into euery part.  
 This *Salamis* yet keeps, to cleere your doubt,  
 In *Venus* temple; call'd, the *Looker-out*.  
 Inform'd by this, O louely Nymph, decline  
 Thy former pride, and to thy lover ioyne.  
 So may thy fruits suruiue the Vernal frost:  
 Nor after by the rapefull winds be tost.

When

When this the God, who can all shapes indue,  
 Had said in-vaine; againe himselfe he grew:  
 Th'abiliments of heatlesse Age depos'd.  
 And such himselfe vnto the Nymph disclos'd,  
 As when the Sunne, subduing with his reyes  
 The muffling clouds, his golden brow displaies.  
 Who force prepares: of force there was no need;  
 Strucke with his beauty, mutually they bleed.

Vniust *Amulius* next th' *Ausonian* State  
 By strength vsurpt. The nephewes to the late  
 Deposed *Numitor*, him re-inthroned:  
 Who *Rome*, in Pales Feasts, immur'd with stone.  
 Now *Tatius* leades the *Sabine* Sires to warre.  
*Tarpeia*'s hands her fathers gates vnbarre:  
 To death with armelets prest; her treasons meed.  
 The *Sabine* Sires like silent *Wolues* proceed  
 T'invade their sleeping sonnes, and socke to seaze  
 Vpon their gates; barr'd by *Iliades*.  
 One *Ianus* opens: though no noise at all  
 The hinges made; yet by the barres lowd fall  
 Descry'd by *Venus*: who had put it too;  
 But Gods may not, what Gods haue done, vndo.  
*Ausonian* Nymphs the places bordering  
 To *Ianus* held, inchased with a spring.  
 Their aid sh'implores. The Nymphs could not deny  
 A sute so iust, but all their founts vntie.  
 As yet the Fane of *Ianus* open stood:  
 Nor was their way impeached by the flood.  
 Beneath the fruitfull spring they sulphure turne;  
 Whose hollow veines with blacke bitumen burne:  
 With these the vapours penetrate below;  
 And waters, late as cold as *Alpin* snow,



The fire it selfe in feruour dare prouoke:  
Now both the posts with flagrant moisture smoke.  
These new-rai'd streames the *Sabine* Powre exclude,  
Till *Mars* his Souldiers had their armes indu'd.

By *Romulus* then in *Batalia* led:

The *Roman* fields the slaughter'd *Sabines* spred;  
Their owne the *Romans*: Fathers, Sonnes in law,  
With wicked Steele, bloud from each other draw.  
At length conclude a peace; nor would contend  
Vnto the last. Two Kings one throne ascend  
With equall rule. But noble *Tatius* slaine,  
Both Nations vnder *Romulus* remaine.

When *Mars* laid by his shining caske; and then  
Thus spake vnto the Sire of Gods, and men.

Now, Father, is the time (since *Rome* is growne  
To such a greatnesse, and dependson One)  
To put in act thy neuer-failing word;  
And *Romulus* a heavenly throne afford.  
You, in a synod of the Gods, profess  
(Which still I carry in my thankfull brest)  
That one of mine (this I now ratifie)  
Should be aduanc't vnto the starry skie.

*Ioue* condescends: with clouds the day benights;  
And with flame-winged thunder earth affrights.

*Mars*, at the signe of his assumption,  
Leanes on his lance, and strongly vaults vpon  
His bloody Chariot; lashes his hot horses  
With sounding whips, and their full speed inforces:  
Who, scouring downe the ayrie region, staid  
On faire mount *Palatine*, obscur'd with shade:  
There *Romulus* assumeth from his Throne,  
Vn-kinglike rendering iustice to his owne.

Rapt through the aire, his mortall members waste,  
 Like melting Bullets by a Slinger cast:  
 More heauenly faire, more fit for lofty shrines;  
 Our great and scarlet-clad *Quirinus* shines.

Then *Iuno* to the sad *Herfilia*  
 (Lost in her sorrow) by a crooked way  
 Sent *Iris* to deliuer this Command.  
 Star of the *Latian*, of the *Sabine* land;  
 Thy sexes glory: worthy then the vow  
 Of such a husband, of *Quirinus* now;  
 Suppress thy teares. If thy desire to see  
 Thy husband so exceed, then follow mee  
 Vnto those woods, which on mount *Querin* spring;  
 And shade the temple of the *Roman* King.

*Iris* obayes: and by her painted Bow  
 Downe-sliding, so much lets *Herfilia* know.  
 When she, scarce lifting vp her modest eyes:  
 O Goddesse (which of all the Deities  
 I know not; sure a Goddesse) thou cleere light,  
 Conduct me, & conduct me to the sight  
 Of my deare Lord: which when the Fates shall shew,  
 They heauen on me, with all the gifts, bestow.  
 Then, with *Thaumasius* entering the high  
*Romulian* Hills, a Star shot from the Skie,  
 Whose golden beames inflam'd *Herfilia*'s haire;  
 When both together mount th'enlightned Aire.  
 The Builder of the *Roman* City tooke  
 Her in his armes, and forth-with chang'd her looke:  
 To whom the name of *Ora* he assign'd.  
 This Goddesse now is to *Quirinus* ioyn'd.

OVID'S

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# OVID'S

## METAMORPHOSIS.

### The Fifteenth Booke.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

**B**lacke Stones convert to White. Pythagoras  
 In Ilium's lingering warre Euphorbus was.  
 Of transmutations, of the change of things,  
 And strange effects, the learned Samian sings.  
 Recur'd Hippolytus a drifide;  
 Whom safer Age, and name of Virbins bids.  
 Egeria shawes into a Spring. From Earth  
 Tropheticke Tages takes his wandring birth.  
 A Speare a Tree. Graue Cippus vertues shew  
 The Crowne, his Hornes present. Apollo's Son  
 Assumes a Serpents shape. The Soule of Warre,  
 Great Caesar, slaine, becomes a Blazing Starre.

**M**eanewhile, a man is sought that might sustaine  
 So great a burthen, and succeed the raigne  
 Of such a King: when true-foreshewing Fame  
 To God-like Numa destinates the same.  
 He, with his Sabine rites unsatisfi'd,  
 To greater things his able mind appli'd  
 In Natures search. Inticed with these cares,  
 He leaues his countries cares, and repaires

To



To *Croton's* City: asks, what *Grecian* hand  
 Those walls erected on *Italian* land?  
 One of the Natives, not vnknowing old,  
 Who much had heard and seene, this story told.

*Ioues* sonne, inrich't with his *Iberian* prey,  
 Came from the Ocean to *Lacina*  
 With happy steps: who, while his cattle fed  
 Vpon the tender clouer, entered  
 Heroick *Croton's* roofe; a welcome Guest:  
 And his long tranell recreates with rest.  
 Who said, departing; In the following age  
 A City here shall stand. A true presage.  
 There was one *Mycilus*, *Argolian*  
*Alemons* issue: in those times, no man  
 More by the Gods affected. He, who beares  
 The dreadfull Club, to him in sleepe appears;  
 And said: Begon, thy countries bounds forsake;  
 To stony *Æfarnus* thy iourney take.  
 And threatens vengeance if he dis-obay.  
 The God and Sleepe together flew away.  
 He, rising, on the Vision meditates:  
 Which in his doubtfull soule he long debates.  
 The God commands; the Law forbids to goe:  
 Death due to such as left their Country so.  
 Cleare *Sol* in seas his radiant fore-head vail'd.  
 Swart Night her browes exalts, with starres impal'd;  
 The selfe same God the same command repeats:  
 And greater plagues to disobedience threats.  
 Afraid, he now prepares to change his owne  
 For forreine seats. This through the City blowne;  
 Accus'd for breach of lawes, arraign'd, and try'd;  
 They proue the fact, not by himselfe deny'd.

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His hands and eyes then lifting to the skie:  
 O thou, whom twice Six Labours deifie,  
 Assist, that art the author of my crime!  
 White stones and blacke they vs'd in former time;  
 The white acquit, the blacke the pris'ner cast:  
 And in such sort this heauy sentence pass.  
 Blacke stones all threw into the fatall Vrne:  
 But all to white, turn'd out to number, turne.  
 Thus by *Alcides* powre the sad Decree  
 Was strangely chang'd, and *Mytilus* set free.  
 Who, thanking *Amphitryoniades*,  
 With a full fore-wind crost th' *Ionian* Seas.  
*Lacedemonian Tarentum* past,  
 Faire *Sybaris*, *Neathus* running fast  
 By *Salentinum*, *Thurix's* crooked Bay,  
 High *Temesis*, and strong *Iapygia*:  
 Scarce searching all that shores sea-beaten bound,  
 The fatall mouth of *Æsarus* out-found.  
 A Tombe, hard by, the sacred bones inclos'd  
 Of famous *Croton*: here, as erst impos'd,  
*Alemons* sonne erects his City walls:  
 Which of th'intombed he *Crotona* calls.  
 Of this Originall, this City boasts:  
 Built by a *Græcian* on *Italian* coasts.  
 Here dwelt a *Samian*, who at once did flie  
 From *Samos*, Lords, and hated Tyrannie:  
 Preferring voluntary banishment.  
 Though farre from Heaven, his mind's diuine ascent  
 Drew neere the Gods: what natures selfe denies  
 To humane Sight, he saw with his Soules eyes.  
 All apprehended in his ample brest,  
 And studious cares; his knowledge he profess

To silent and admiring men: who taught  
 The Worlds originall, past humane thought:  
 What nature was, what God: the cause of things;  
 From whence the Snow, frō whence the lightning springs:  
 Whether *Ioue* thunder, or the winds that rake  
 The breaking Clouds: what caus'd the Earth to quake;  
 What course the Starres obseru'd; what e're lay hid  
 From vulgar sense: and first of all forbid  
 With slaughtred creatures to defile our boords,  
 X In such, though vnbelecu'd; yet learned Words.

Forbeare your selues, ô Mortals, to pollute  
 With wicked food: corne is there; generous fruit  
 Oppresse their boughs; plump grapes their Vines attire;  
 There are sweet hearbs, and sauiory roots, which fire  
 May mollifie; milke, honey redolent  
 With flowres of Thime, thy pallat to content.  
 The prodigall Earth abounds with gentle food;  
 Affording banquets without death or blood.  
 Brute beasts with flesh their rau'nous hunger cloy:  
 And yet not all; in pastures horses ioy:  
 So flocks and heards. But those whom Nature hath  
 Indu'd with cruelty, and saluage wrath  
 (Wolues, Beares, *Armenian* Tigers, Lions) in  
 Hot bloud delight. How horrible a Sin,  
 That entrailes bleeding entrailes should intombe!  
 That greedy flesh, by flesh should fat become!  
 While by the Liuers death the Liuing liues!  
 Of all, which Earth, our wealthy mother, giues;  
 Can nothing please, vnlesse thy teeth thou imbrue  
 In wounds, and dire *Cyclopean* fare renue?  
 Nor satiate the wilde voracitie  
 Of thy rude patch, except another die?

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But that old Age, that innocent estate,  
 Which we the Golden call; was fortunate  
 In hearbs, and fruits, her lips with bloud vndy'd.  
 Then Fowle through aire their wings in safety ply'd;  
 The Hare, then fearelesse, wandred o're the plaine;  
 Nor Fish by their credulity were ta'ne.  
 Not treacherous, nor fearing treacherie,  
 All liu'd secure. When he, who did enuie  
 (What God so e're it was) those harmlesse cates  
 And cramb'd his guts with flesh; set ope the gates  
 To cruell Crimes. First, Slaughter without harme  
 (I must confesse) to Piety, did warme  
 (Which might suffice) the reeking Steele in blood  
 Of saluage beasts, which made our liues their food;  
 Though kil'd; not to be eaten. Sinne now more  
 Audacious; the first sacrifice, the Bore  
 Was thought to merit death; who, bladed corne  
 Vp-rooting left the husband-man forlorne.  
 Vine-brouzing Gotes at *Bacchus* altar staine,  
 Fed his reuenge: in both, their guilt their bane.  
 You Sheep, what ill did you? a gentle beast,  
 Whose vdders swell with Nectar, borne t' inuest  
 Exposed man with your soft wooll; and are  
 Aliue, then dead, more profitable farre.  
 Or what the Oxe? a creature without guile,  
 So innocent, so simple; borne for toyle.  
 He most vngratefull is, deseruing ill  
 The gift of corne; that can vnyoke, then kill  
 His husband-man: that necke with axe to wound  
 In seruice gall'd, that had the stubborne ground  
 So often til'd; so many crops brought in.  
 Yet not content therewith, t' ascribe the sinne

To guiltlesse Gods: as if the Powres on high  
 In death of labour-bearing oxen ioy.  
 A spotlesse sacrifice, faire to behold,  
 ('Tis death to please) with ribands trickt, and gold,  
 Strands at the Altar, hearing prayers vnkowne:  
 And sees the meale vpon his fore-head throwne,  
 Got by his toile: the knife smear'd in his gore,  
 By fortune in the lauer scene before.  
 The entrailes, from the panting body rent,  
 Forth-with they search; to know the Gods intent.  
 Whence springs so dire an appetite in man  
 To interdicted food? O Mortals, can,  
 Or dare you feed on flesh? henceforth forbear  
 I you intreat, and to my words giue eare:  
 When limbs of slaughtered Beeces become your meat;  
 Then thinke, and know, that you your Seruants eat.

*Phæbus* inspires; his Spirit we obey:  
 My *Delpbos*, heaven it selfe, I will display:  
 The Oracle of that great power vnfold:  
 And sing what long lay hid; what none of old  
 Could apprehend. I long to walke among  
 The lofty starres: dull earth despis'd, I long  
 To backe the clouds; to sit on *Atlas* crowne:  
 And from that hight on erring men looke downe  
 That reason want: those thus to animate  
 That feare to die; t'vnfold the booke of Fate.

O You, whom horrors of cold death affright;  
 Why feare you *six*, vaine names, and endlesse Night;  
 The dreames of Poets, and fain'd miseries  
 Of forged Hell? whether last-flames surprise,  
 Or Age deuoure your bodies; they nor grieue,  
 Nor suffer paines. Our Soules for euer liue:

Yet euermore their ancient houses leaue  
To liue in new; which them, as Guests, receiue.  
In *Troian* warres, I (I remember well)  
*Euphorbus* was, *Panthous* sonne; and fell  
By *Menelaus* lance: my shield againe  
At *Argos* late I saw, in *Iuno's* Fane.  
All alter, nothing finally decayes:  
Hither and thither still the Spirit strays;  
Guest to all bodies: out of beasts it flies  
To men, from men to beasts; and neuer dies.  
As pliant wax each new impression takes;  
Fixt to no forme, but still the old forsakes;  
Yet it the same: so Soules the same abide,  
Though various figures there reception hide.  
Then lest thy greedy belly should destroy  
(I prophesie) depressed Piety,  
Forbeare t'expulse thy kindreds Ghosts with food  
By death procur'd; nor nourish blood with blood.

Since on so vast a sea, my saile's vnfurld,  
And stretcht to rising winds; in all the World  
There's nothing permanent; all ebbe and flow:  
Each image form'd to wander to and fro.  
Euen Time, with restless motion, slides away  
Like living streames: nor can swift Riuers stay,  
Nor light-heel'd Howers. As billow billow driues,  
Driven by the following; as the next arriues  
To chace the former: times so flye, pursue  
At once each other; and are euer new.  
What was before, is not; what was not, is:  
All in a moment change from that to this.  
See, how the Night on Light extends her shades:  
See, how the Light the gloomy Night inuades.



Nor such Heavens hew, when Mid-night crown's Repose;  
 As when bright *Lucifer* his taper showes:  
 Yet changing, when the Harbinger of Day  
 Th'inlightned World resignes to *Phæbus* sway.  
 His raised Shield, earths shaddowes scarcely fled,  
 Lookes ruddy; and low sinking, lookes as red:  
 Yet bright at Noone; because that purer skie  
 Doth farre from Earth, and her contagion flie.  
 Nor can Night-wandering *Diana's* wavering light  
 Be euer equall, or the same: this night  
 Lesse than the following, if her hornes she fill;  
 If she contract her Circle, greater still.  
 Doth not the image of our age appeare  
 In the successiue quarters of the Yeare?  
 The Spring-tide, tender; sucking Infancie  
 Resembling: then the iuycefull blade sprouts high;  
 Though tender, weake; yet hope to Plough-men yeelds.  
 All things then flourish: flowers the gaudy fields  
 With colours paint: no vertue yet in leaues.  
 Then following Summer greater strength receiues:  
 A lusty Youth; no age more strength acquires,  
 More fruitfull, or more burning in desires.  
 Maturer Autumne, heat of Youth alaid,  
 The sober meane twixt youth and age, more Raid  
 And temperate, in Summers waine repaires:  
 His reuerend temples sprinkled with gray haire.  
 Then comes old Winter, void of all delight,  
 With trembling steps: his head or bald, or white.  
 So change our bodies without rest or stay:  
 What we were yester-day, nor what to day,  
 Shall be to morrow. Once alone of men  
 The seeds and hope; the wombe our mansion: when

Kind

Kind Nature shew'd her cunning; not content  
That our vext bodies should be longer pent  
In mothers stretched entrailes, forth-with bare  
Them from that prison, to the open aire.  
We strengthlesse lye, when first of light possess;  
Straight creepe vpon all foure, much like a beast;  
Then, staggering with weake nerues, stand by degrees,  
And by some stay support our feeble knees:  
Now, lusty, swiftly run. Youth quickly spent,  
And those our middle times, incontinent  
We sinke in setting Age: this last deuoures  
The former, and diminisheth their powres.  
Old *Milo* wept, when he his armes beheld,  
Which late the strongest beast in strength excel'd,  
Big, as *Atides* brawnes, in flaggie hide  
Now hanging by slacke sinewes: *Helen* cry'd  
When she beheld her wrinkles in her Glasse;  
And asks her selfe, why she twice rauisht was:  
Still-eating Time, and thou ô enuious Age,  
All ruinate: diminish't by the rage  
Of your deuouring teeth, All that haue breath  
Consume; and languish by a lingring death.  
Nor can these Elements stand at a stay:  
But by exchanging alter euery day.  
Th'eternall world foure bodies comprehends,  
Ingendring all. The heavy Earth descends,  
So Water, clog'd with weight: two light, aspire,  
Deprest by none; pure Aire and purer Fire.  
And though they haue their seuerall sites; yet all  
Of these are made, to these againe they fall.  
Resolued Earth to Water rarifies;  
To Aire extenuated Waters rise;

The Aire, when it it selfe againe refines,  
 To elementall Fire extracted, shines.  
 They in like order backe againe repaire :  
 The grosser Fire condenseth into Aire ;  
 Aire, into water : Water thickning, then  
 Growes solid, and conuerts to Earth againe.  
 None holds his owne : for Nature euer ioyes  
 In change, and with new formes the old supplies.  
 In all the world not any perish quite :  
 But onely are in various habits dight.  
 For ; to begin to be, what we before  
 Were not, is to be borne ; to dye, no more  
 Than ceasing to be such : although the frame  
 Be changeable, the substance is the same.  
 For nothing long continues in one mold.  
 You Ages, you to Silver grew from Gold ;  
 To Brasse from Silver ; and to Yr'ne from Brasse.  
 Euen places oft such change of fortunes passe :  
 Where once was solid land, Seas haue I' seene ;  
 And solid land where once deepe Seas haue beene.  
 Shels, far from Seas, like quarries in the ground ;  
 And anchors haue on mountaine tops beene found.  
 Torrents haue made a valley of a plaine ;  
 High hils by deluges borne to the Maine.  
 Deepe standing lakes suck't dry by thirsty sand ;  
 And on late thirsty earth now lakes doe stand.  
 Here Nature, in her charges manifold,  
 Sends forth new fountaines ; there shuts vp the old.  
 Streames, with impetuous earth-quakes, heretofore  
 Haue broken forth ; or sunke, and run no more.  
 So *Lycus*, swallowed by the yawning Earth,  
 Takes in an other world his second birth.



So *Erasmus*, now conceales, now yeelds  
 His rising waters to *Argolian* fields:  
 And *Mysus*, hating his first head, and brayes,  
*Caicus* nam'd, else-where his streame displayes.  
 Coole *Amasenus*, watering *Sicily*,  
 Now flowes; now spring-lockt, leaves his channell dry:  
 Men formerly drunke of *Anigrus* streames:  
 Not to be drunke (if any thing but dreames  
 The Poets tell) since *Centaures* therein washt  
 Their wounded limbs, by *Alcides* arrowes gasht.  
 So *Hypania*, deriv'd from *Scythian* Hills,  
 Long sweet, with bitter streames his channell fills.  
*Anassa*, *Tyrus*, and *Aegyptian Phare*,  
 The fouds imbrac't: yet now no llands are.  
 Th'old *Colon* knew *Leucadia* Continent:  
 Which now the labouring surges circumvent:  
 So *Zancle* once on *Italie* conn'd;  
 Till interposing waues their bounds dis-ioyn'd;  
 If *Bura* and *Helice* (*Grecian* townes)  
 You seeke; behold, the Sea their glory drownes:  
 Whose buildings, and declined walls, below  
 Th'ambitious foud as yet the Sailer's show.  
 A Hill by *Pitthean* *Troæzen* mounts, vncrown'd  
 With syluan shades, which once was leuell ground.  
 For furious winds (a story to admire!)  
 Pent in blinde cauernes, struggling to expire;  
 And vainly seeking to inioy th'extent  
 Of freer aire, the prison wanting vent;  
 Th'vnpassable tuffe earth inflated so,  
 As when with swelling breath we bladders blow,  
 The tumor of the place remained still,  
 In time growne sollid, like a lofty hill.

To speake a little more of many things  
 Both heard and knowne : New habits sundry Springs  
 Now giue, now take. Horn'd *Hammon*s Well at Noone  
 Is cold ; hot at Sun-rise, and setting Sun.  
 Wood, put in bubling *Albanus* then fires ;  
 When farthest from the Sun the Moone retires.  
*Ciconian* streames congeale his guts to stone  
 That thereof drinks : and what therein is throwne.  
*Crathis*, and *Sybaris* (from your mountaines rold)  
 Colour the haire like Amber, or pure gold.  
 Some fountaines of a more prodigious kind,  
 Not onely change the body but the mind.  
 Who hath not heard of obscene *Salmacis* ?  
 Of th' *Aethiopian* Lake ? who drinke of this,  
 Runne forth-with mad : or if their wits they keepe,  
 Fall suddenly into a deadly sleepe.  
 Who at *Clitorius* Fountaine thirst remoue ;  
 Loath wine, and abstinence, meere water loue.  
 Whether it by antipathie expell  
 Desire of wine ; or (as the Natiues tell)  
*Atalanta* hauing with his herbs and charmes  
 Snatcht *Prætus* franticke daughters from the harmes  
 Of entred Furies, their wit's physicke cast  
 Into this spring ; infusing such distast.  
 With streames, to these oppos'd *Lyncæus* flowes :  
 They reele, as drunke, who drinke too much of those.  
 A Lake in faire *Arcadia* stands, of old  
 Call'd *Pheneus* ; suspected, as two-fold :  
 Feare, and forbear, to drinke thereof by night :  
 By night vnwholsome, wholsome by day-light.  
 So other lakes and streames haue other powre.  
*Ortygia* floted once ; fixt at this houre :

Once

Once *Argo* fear'd the iustling *Cyanes*;  
 Which rooted now, resist both winds and seas.  
 Nor *Aetna*, burning with imbowel'd fire,  
 Shall euer, or did alwayes, flames expire.  
 For whether *Tellus* be an Animall,  
 Haue lungs, and mouthes that smoking flames exhale;  
 Her organs alter, when her motions close  
 These yawning passages, and open those.  
 Or whether winds, in caues impris'ned, rauce;  
 Iustling the stones, and minerals which hane  
 The seed of fire, inkindled with their rage:  
 They then extinguish when the winds allwage.  
 Or if Bitumen doe the fire proucke;  
 Or sulphur burning with more subtrill smoke:  
 When Earth that food and oylie nourishment  
 With drawes, the matter by long feeding spent;  
 The hungry fire of sustenance bereft,  
 Ill-brooking famine, leaues, by being left.  
 In *Hyperboean Pallene* liue  
 A People, if to Fame we credit giue,  
 Who, diuing three times thrice in *Tritons* lake,  
 Of Fowle the feathers and the figure take.  
 The like, they say, the *Scythian* Witches doe  
 With magicke oyles: incredible though true.  
 If we may trust to triall, see you not  
 Small creatures of corrupted flesh begot?  
 Bury your slaughtered Steere (a thing in vse)  
 And his corrupted bowels will produce  
 Flowre-sucking Bees; who, like their parent slaine;  
 Loue labour, fields, and toile in hope of gaine.  
 Hornets from buried horses take their birth.  
 Breake off the Crabs bent claws, and in the earth



Bury the rest ; a Scorpion without faile  
 From thence will creepe, and menace with his taile.  
 The Catterpillers, who their cop-webs weaue  
 On tender leaues (as Hindes from prooffe receiue)  
 Conuert to poyſonous Butterflies in time.  
 Greene Frogs, ingendred by the seed of ſlime,  
 Firſt without feet, then legs aſſume ; now ſtrong  
 And apt to swimme, their hinder parts more long  
 Then are their former, fram'd to ſkip add iumpe.  
 The Beares deformed birth is but a lumpe  
 Of liuing fleſh: when licked by the Old,  
 It takes a forme agreeing with the mold.  
 Who ſees the Young of honie-bearing Bees  
 In their ſexangular incloſure, ſees  
 Their bodies limb-leſſe : theſe vnformed things  
 In time put forth their feet, and after, wings.  
 The ſtarre-imbelliſht Fowle, which *Iuno* loues,  
*Jones* Armour-bearer, *Cytharea's* Doues,  
 And birds of euery kinde ; did we not know  
 Them hatch't of egges, who would coniecture ſo ?  
 Some thinke the pith of dead men, Snakes becomes ;  
 When their back-bones corrupt in hollow tombs.  
 Yet theſe from others doe deriue their birth.  
 One onely Fowle there is in all the Earth,  
 Call'd by th' *Aſſyrian* Phoenix, who the waine  
 Of age repaires, and ſowes her ſelfe againe.  
 Nor feeds on graine nor herbs, but on the gumme  
 Of Frankincenſe, and mycie Amomum.  
 Now, when her life ſiue ages hath fulfill'd ;  
 A neſt her horned beake and talions build  
 Vpon the crownet of a trembling Palme:  
 This ſtrew'd with Caſſia, Spicknard, precious Balme,

Bru'd

Bruz'd Cinamon, and Myrrh; thereon she bends  
 Her body, and her age in odors ends.  
 This breeding Corp's a little Phoenix beares:  
 Which is it selfe to live as many yeeres.  
 Growne strong; that load now able to transferre;  
 Her Cradle, and her parents sepulcher,  
 Deuoutly carries to *Hyperions* towne:  
 And on his flamie Alrar layes it downe.  
 If these be wonderfull, admire like strange  
*Hyena's*, who their sex so often change:  
 Those foodlesse creatures, fed by ayre alone;  
 Who euery colour, which they touch, put on.  
 The Lynx, first brought from conquered *India*;  
 By vine bound *Bacchus*, his hot pisse, they say,  
 Congeales to stone. So Corall, which below  
 The water is a limber weed, doth grow  
 Stone-hard, when toucht by aire. But Day will end,  
 And *Phæbus* panting Steeds to Seas descend,  
 Before my scant oration could persue  
 All sorts of shapes, that change their old for new:  
 For this we see in all is generall.  
 Some Nations gather strength, and others fall.  
*Troy*, rich and powrefull, which so proudly stood;  
 That could for ten yeeres spend such streames of blood;  
 For buildings, onely her old ruines shewes;  
 For riches, tombs; which slaughtered Sires inclose.  
*Sparta*, *Myæna*, were of *Greece* the flowres;  
 So *Cecrop's* City, and *Amphion's* towres:  
 Now glorious *Sparta* lies vpon the ground;  
 Lofty *Myæna* hardly to be found,  
 Of *OEdipus* his *Thebes* what now remaines,  
 Or of *Pandion's* *Athens*, but their names?

Now

Now Fame reports that *Rome* by *Dardans* Sons  
 Begins to rise, where yellow *Tybris* runs  
 From fountfull *Appenines*; and there the great  
 Foundation of so great a fabricke seat.  
 This therefore shall by changing propagate,  
 And giue the World a Head. Of such a fate  
 The Prophets haue diuin'd: And this of old,  
 As I remember, *Priam's Helen* told  
 To sad *Aeneas*, of all hope forlorne,  
 In sinking *Troy's* eclipse. O Goddesse-borne,  
 If our *Apollo* can presage at all;  
*Troy*, thou in safety, shall not wholly fall.  
 Both fire and sword shall giue thy vertue way:  
 Flying with thee, thou *Ilium* shalt conuay;  
 Vntill thou finde a Land as yet vnknowne,  
 To *Troy*, and thee, more friendly than thy owne.  
 A City built by *Phrygians* I fore-see;  
 So great none euer was, is, or shall bee.  
 Others shall make it great: but He, whose birth  
 Springs from *Ilium*, Soueraigne of the Earth.  
 He, hauing rul'd the World, shall then ascend  
 Æthereall thrones, and Heauen shall be his End.  
 This, I remember, with propheticke tongue,  
 Sage *Helen* to diuine *Aeneas* sung.  
 We ioy to see our kindreds City grow:  
 The *Phrygians* happy in their Ouer-throw.  
 But lest our heedlesse Steeds too far should range  
 From their proposed course; All suffer change:  
 The heauens themselves, what vnder them is found;  
 Earth, what thereon, or what is vnder ground.  
 We, of the World a part, since we as well  
 Haue Soules as Bodies, which in beasts may dwell:



To those, which may our parents Soules inuest,  
 Our brothers, dearest friends, or men at least;  
 Let vs both safety, and respect afford:  
 Nor heape their bowels on *Thyestes* board.  
 How ill inur'd! to shed the blood of man  
 How wickedly is he prepar'd, who can  
 Asunder cut the throats of calves; and heares  
 The bellowing breeder with relentlesse eares!  
 Or silly kids, which like poore infants cry,  
 Sticke with his knife! or his voracicie  
 Feed with the fowle he fed! O to what ill  
 Are they not prone, who are so bent to kill!  
 Let Oxen till the ground, and die with age:  
 Let Sheepe defend thee from the winters rage:  
 Goats bring their vdders to thy pail. Away  
 With nets, grins, snares, and arts that doe betray:  
 Deceiue not birds with hme; nor Deere inclose  
 With terrors; nor thy baits to fish expose.  
 The hurtfull kill: yet only kill: nor eat  
 Defiling flesh; but feed on fitter meat.

With other, and the like Philosophy  
 Instructed; *Numa*, now return'd, was by  
 Th'intreating *Larines* crown'd. Taught by his Bride  
 The Nymph *Egeria*, by the Muses guide,  
 Religion institutes; a People rude  
 And prone to waire, with lawes and peace imbu'd.  
 His raigne and age resign'd to funerall;  
 Plebeians, *Roman* Dames, Patricians, all  
 For *Numa* mourne. His wife the Citie fled:  
 Hid in *Aricia's* Vale, the ground her bed,  
 The woods her shroud, disturbs with groans and cries  
 Oressean *Diana's* sacrifice.

How

How oft the Nymphs who haunt that Grove and Lake  
 Reprou'd her teares, and words of comfort spake!

How oft the *Thesean* Heros, Temperate  
 Thy sorrow, said! nor onely is thy fate  
 To be deplor'd: on worse mis-fortunes looke;  
 And you will yours with greater patience brooke.

Would mine were no example to appease  
 So sad a griefe: yet mine your griefe may ease.

Perhaps y'haue heard of one *Hippolytus*;  
 By step-dames fraud, and fathers credulous  
 Beleeve deuow'd to death. Admire you may  
 That I am he, if credit, what I say.

Whom *Phædra* formerly solicted;  
 But vainly to defile my fathers bed:  
 Fearing detection, or in that refus'd;  
 She turns the crime, and me of her's accus'd.

My father, banishing the innocent,  
 Along with me his winged curses sent.  
 Toward *Pittian* *Tæzen* me my Chariot bore:

And driving now by the *Corinthian* shore,  
 The smooth Seas swell; a monstrous billow rose;  
 Which, rousing like a mountaine, greater grows;  
 Then, bellowing, at the top asunder rends:

When from the breach, breft high, a Bull ascends;  
 Who at his dreadfull mouth and nostrils spouts  
 Part of the Sea. Feare all my followers routs:

But my afflicted minde was all this while  
 Vnterrish'd; intending my exile.  
 When the hot horses start, erect their eares:

With horror rapt, and chased by their feares,  
 O'er ragged rocks the tott'r'd Chariot driue:

While I to curb their fury vainly strue;

The

The bits all froth with foam: with all my might  
 Pull backe the raignes, now lying bolt vp-right.  
 Nor had their heady fright my strength o'r-gon;  
 Had not the feruent wheele, which roules vpon  
 The bearing Axel-tree, rusht on a stump:  
 Which brake, and fell asunder with that iump.  
 Throwne from my charior, in the raignes fast-bound,  
 My guts drag'd out aloue, my sinewes wound  
 About the stumpe, some of my limbs hal'd thence  
 You might haue scene, some hanging in suspence;  
 My breaking bones to cracke, not any whole,  
 While I exhal'd my faint and weary soule.  
 No part of all my parts you could haue found  
 That might be knowne: for all was but one wound.  
 Now say, selfe-tortred Nymph, or can, or dare  
 You your calamities with ours compare?  
 I also saw those calmes, to Day vnknowne:  
 And barh'd my wounds in wauy *Phlegeton*.  
 Had not *Apollo's* Son imploi'd the aid  
 Of his great Art; I with the dead had staid.  
 But when by potent hearbs, and *Pearus* skill,  
 I was restor'd, 'gainst angry *Plutos* will:  
 Left I, if scene, might enuy haue procur'd,  
 Me, friendly *Cynthia* with a cloud immur'd:  
 And that, though scene, I might be hurt by none;  
 She added age, and left my face vnknowne.  
 Whether in *Delos*, doubting, or in *Creet*;  
 Reiecting *Creet* and *Delos* as vnmeet,  
 She plac't me here. Nor would I should retaine  
 The memory of One by horses slaine:  
 But said; Hence forward *Virbins* be thy name  
 That wer't *Hippolytus*; though thou the same.



One of the Lesser Gods, here, in this Grove,  
I *Cynthia* serue; preserued by her loue.

But others miseries could not abate  
*Egeria's* sorrowes, nor preuent her fate.  
Who, couched at the bases of a hill,  
Thawes into teares, that streame-like ran; vntill  
*Apolly's* Sister, pitying her woes,  
Turn'd her t'a Spring; whose current euer flowes.

The Nymphs and *Amazonian* this amaz'd;  
No lesse than when the *Tyrren* Plough-man gaz'd.  
Vpon the fatall clod, that mou'd alone:  
And, for a humane shape, exchange'd its owne.  
With infant lips the newly Animate,  
Reueal'd the Mysteries of future fate:  
Whom Natiues *Tages* call'd. He first of all  
Th' *Hetrurians* taught to tell what would befall.

Or when astonisht *Romulus* of old  
Did, on Mount *Palatine*, his lance behold  
To flourish with greene leaues: the fixed foot  
Stood not on Steele, but on a liuing root.  
Which, now no weapon, spreading armes displai'd;  
And gaue admirers vnexpected shade.

Or when as *Cippus* in the liquid glasse  
Beheld his hornes, which his beleeft surpass'd.  
Who lifting oft his fingers to his brow,  
Felt what before he saw: nor longer now  
Condemnes his sight. Return'd with victory;  
His eyes and hornes erecting to the skie:  
You Gods, what e're these prodigies portend;  
If prosperous, he said, let them descend  
On *Romans* and on *Rome*: but if they be  
Vnfortunate, & let them fall on me!

An Altar then of lining turfe crefts;  
 The fire feeds with perfumes, pure wine iniects:  
 And with the panting entrailes of a beast  
 New slaine, consults; to know the Gods behest.  
 This, when the *Tyrrhen* Augur had beheld,  
 And saw therein endeouours that excell'd,  
 Although obscure; he from the sacrifice  
 To *Cippus* hornes conuerts his steady eyes:  
 Haile King, to thee, and to those hornes of thine,  
 This place, and *Latian* towres, their rule resigne.  
 Delay not; enter thou the yeelding gate:  
 Hast, *Cippus*, haste: such is the Will of Fate.  
 Thou shalt be crown'd a King vpon that day:  
 And safely an eternall Scepter sway.  
 He, starting backe, from *Rome* diuerts his face:  
 And said; You Gods, farre hence this Omen chace.  
 Better that I in banishment grow old;  
 Than me, a King, the Capitoll behold.  
 Hiding his hornes with leaue ornaments,  
 The people and graue Senat he conuents.  
 Then mounts a Mound, late by the Souldier made,  
 And praying first (as was the custome) said;  
 Vnlesse expell'd your Citie, here is One  
 Will be your King: though not by name, yet knowne  
 By his strange hornes. I heard the Augur say,  
 If once in *Rome*, you all should him obey.  
 He might, vnstopt, haue entred without feate:  
 But I withstood; though none to me more neare.  
 Be he, *Quirites*, into exile sent:  
 Or, if he merit such a punishment,  
 Binde him in heauie chaines, and keepe him sure:  
 Or with the Tyrants death your feares secure.

The troubled People such a murmuring make;  
 As when farre off the roring surges take  
 On ratling shores; or when through high-trust Pines  
 Lowd *ENYUS* howles. One only Voice dis-ioynes  
 In this confusion; asking, Which is he?  
 All seeking for the hornes they could not see,  
*Cippus* repli'd; Behold the man you looke.  
 Then from his head (with-held) his garland tooke;  
 And shew'd the hornes which on his fore-head grew.  
 Not one but sigh'd, and downe his count'nance throw:  
 And those cleare browes (a thing beyond believe)  
 Adorn'd with merit, they behold with griefe.  
 Nor suffer him his honour to debase:  
 But on his head a laurell garland place.  
 And since he his owne entrance did with-stand:  
 The Nobles, in due fauour, so much land  
 To *Cippus* gaue, as well two oxen might  
 Round with a plough from morning vntill night.  
 The Monumentall figure of his hornes,  
 So much admir'd, the golden Posts adorne.

Now Muses, Goddesses of Verse, relate  
 (You know, nor yeares your memory abate)  
 How *Æsculapius* in our Citie found  
 A Temple, by circumfluent *Tybris* bound.  
 A deadly plague the *Latian* aire desil'd:  
 Soules from their seats the pale disease exil'd.  
 Wearied with funeralls, when physicke fail'd;  
 Nor any humane industry preuail'd;  
 They seeke celestiall aid. To *Delpbas* sent,  
 Built in the round Earths nauell, and present  
 Their prayers to *Phæbus*; that he would descend  
 To their reliefe, and giue their woes an end.

His



His Temple, Laurell, and his Quiuer, shake:  
Who thus, they trembling, from his Tripod spake.  
What here you seeke, you neerer should haue sought:  
And seeke it neerer yet. *Apollo* ought  
Not now to cure you, but *Apollo's* Seed.  
Goe with successe; and fetch my Sonne with speed.  
The Senat hauing heard this Oracle,  
The Citie search, where *Phoebus* Sonne should dwell.  
The shore of *Epidaurē* the Legate seekes:  
There anchoring, he intreats th' assembled *Greekes*  
To send their God: who might th' *Ausonian* State  
To health restore; and vrg'd the charge of Fate.  
They vary in opinion: some assent  
To send this succour; many, not content  
To lose their owne in giuing others aid,  
Striue to retaine him, and the rest dissuade.  
While thus they doubt, the Day declin'd his Light:  
And Earth-borne shadowes cloth'd the world in Night/  
Th' Health-giuing God, in sleepe, appears to stand  
In his old forme; a staffe in his left hand:  
And stroking with his right his reuerend beard;  
From his hope-rendring brest these words were heard.  
Feare not, I come; my shape I will forsake:  
View, and marke well this staffe-infolding Snake:  
Such will I seeme, yet shew of greater size;  
So great as may a Deity comprize.  
God with the Voice, with God and Voice away  
Sleepe flew: fled Sleepe persude by chearefull Day.  
The Starres now vanquish't by the mornings flame;  
The doubtfull Nobles to the temple came,  
Intreat him by celestiall signes to shew  
Whether he were content to stay or goe.

This

This hardly said, the God in Serpent's shroud,  
 His high crest gold-like glistering, hift aloud.  
 His statue, altar, gates, the marble flore,  
 And golden rooffe, shooke at th'approching Powre.  
 He, in his Fane, brest-high his body rais'd:  
 Rouling about his eyes that flame-like blaz'd.  
 All tremble. The chaste Priest, his haire imbraid  
 With Virgin fillet, knew the God, and said:  
 'Tis he! 'tis he! all you who present are  
 Pray with your hearts and tongues: ô heavenly-Faire,  
 Propitious proue to those who thee implore!  
 All that were there the present Powre adore;  
 Reiterating what the Priest had said:  
 With heart and tongue the *Romans* also pray'd.  
 He, by the motion of his lofty crest,  
 And doubled hisses, signe's to their request.  
 Then sliding downe the polish't staires, his looke  
 Reuerts on his old altars; now forsooke:  
 Salute's his shrine, and Temple deckt with towres.  
 Then creeping on the ground, strew'd with fresh flowres,  
 Indenteth through the Citie; stopping where  
 The Harbour is defended by a Peere.  
 The following troopes, and those whose zeales assist  
 In honouring him, with gentle looks dismiss;  
 He climbs th' *Ausonian* ship: which felt the waight,  
 And shrunke with pressure of so great a freight.  
 The ioyfull *Romans*, offering on the strand  
 A Bull to *Neptune*; anchor weigh, and land  
 Forsake with easie gales. Rais'd on his traine,  
 He, leaning, lookes vpon the blew-wau'd Maine.  
 Through *Ionian* Seas by friendly *Zephyrus* borne,  
 They fell with *Italy* on the sixth morne.

*Lacinian* *Iunos* Fane, *Scyllæan* shores,  
*Iapygia* past; they shun with nimble ores  
*Amphrysian* rockes; *Ceraunian*, weather-cleft;  
*Romechium*, *Caulon*, and *Narycia* left:  
*Sicilian* Straights o're-come, and wrackfull seas,  
 Saile by the mansion of *Hippotades*:  
 By *Temesa*, in metall's fruitfull; by  
*Leucosia*, and the *Pæstan* Rosary.  
 Neere *Capree*, and *Minerva's* Fore-land row,  
*Surrentine* hills, where wines so generous grow;  
*Heraclea*, *Stabia*, *Naples* borne to ease,  
*Cumean* *Sibyl's* Temple: next to these,  
 Hot Baths; *Linternum*, sweet with masticke flowres;  
*Vulturnus*, who his sandy channell skoures;  
*Sinuessa*, swarming with white Snakes; ill-air'd  
*Minturna*; and where *Pietie* prepar'd  
 His Nurse a tombe: forthwith the mansion make  
 Of fell *Antiphates*; and then the Lake-  
 Besieged *Trachin*: thence directly bore  
 To *Circe's* Ile, and *Antium's* solid shore.  
 The Sea now swelling high, this harbour holds  
 The Saile-wing'd ship. The God his orbs vnfold;  
 And, with huge doublings o're the yellow sand  
 Slides to his fathers Temple on that strand.  
 Rough waues asswag'd, the *Epidaurian* Guest  
 His fathers altar leaues; to Sea-ward prest,  
 Slicing the sandie shore with rustling scales:  
 And, by her sterne the ship ascending, sailes  
 Till he to *Castrum*, to *Lavinia's* name-  
 Retaining Seat, and mouth of *Tyber* came.  
 All hither throng; sonnes, daughters, mothers, fires,  
 The Nunnes who keepe the *Phrygian* *Vesta's* fires,

With



With lowd salutes of ioy. On either side  
 The Riuer, as the Vessell stemmes the tide,  
 Altars, with incense fed, the aire perfume:  
 And kniues from Sacrifices heat assume.  
*Rome* entring, the Worlds Head, He winds about  
 The lofty mast; and from on high thrusts out  
 His glittering head, to chuse a sitting place.  
 The armes of *Tyber* doe an Ile embrace,  
 Which equall streame from either banke diuides;  
 Thither *Apollon's* sacred Serpent slides:  
 Who now cœlestiall shape assuming, ends  
 Their miseries, and health to all extends.

He here, a forren Powre, makes his aboard.  
 In his owne Citie *Cesar* is a God.  
 Glorious in Peace and Warre: whom war's surcease  
 With triumphs crown'd, his gouernment in peace,  
 Nor race of wonder with such quicknesse runne;  
 More make a blazing Star, than his great Son;  
 For of all *Cesars* acts, none may compare  
 With his adopting so diuine an Heire.  
 For, was it more t'o're-come the *Brittish* Ile?  
 Fill the seven mouthes of paper-bearing *Nile*  
 With conquering sailes? *Numidians* rebelling,  
*Cinyphian Iuba*, *Pontus* proudly swelling  
 In *Mithridates*, to subiect to *Rome*?  
 Meriting many, to triumph for some?  
 Then him beget, in whose dominion  
 The Gods so abundantly haue fauour'd man?  
 To th'other they a Deity decreed;  
 That this might not from mortall birth proceed.  
 Which, when faire *Venus* saw; and saw withall,  
 Conspiring weapons threat her Prelats fall;

Her colour fled: to euery God she met,  
 Shee said; Behold, what snares for me are set?  
 To murder me in him how Treason striues;  
 Who only of *Ithus* race furniues!  
 Still must I vnder seru'd afflictions beare?  
 How lately wounded by *Tydid*s speare!  
 Now ill-defended *Troy* againe is lost:  
 My Sonne *Aeneas*, with long errors tost  
 On wrathfull Seas, againe descends to Hell:  
 Now warres with *Turnus*; or, the truth to tell,  
 With *Iuno* rather. How remember I  
 Old harmes sustain'd in my posterity?  
 I, through this feare, all former feares forget.  
 Loe! they their wicked swords against me whet:  
 O helpe! restraime their furies! nor, for shame,  
 With Prelars bloud extinguish *Vesta*'s flame.

Thus, through all heauen, her Sorrowes vainly speake;  
 And melt the Gods: who, since they could not breake  
 The ancient Sisters adamantine doome,  
 By sure Ostents demonstrate Woes to come,  
 Armes clashing in the aire with clouds o're-cast;  
 Terrible trumpets, and the corner's blast,  
 Proclaime the Murder: *Sols* afflicted looke  
 And pale eclipse, the World with terror strooke.  
 Oft, Meteors through the aire their flames extend:  
 Oft, drops of bloud from purple clouds descend.  
 Blacke rust obscures dimme *Lucifers* aspect:  
 And *Cynthia*'s chariot bloody stains infect.  
 The *Stygian* Owle each where disturbs their sleepe  
 With ominous screeches: iuory Statues weepe.  
 The sacred Groves resound with yelling cries,  
 And fearefull menaces. No sacrifice

The

The Gods appease : the headlesse inwards shew  
 Signes of succeeding Tumults, Death, and Woe.  
 Dogs nightly, in the Court, about the Gods,  
 And holy Temples howle. From sad abodes  
 The Dead arise, and wander here and there :  
 Rome trembling, both with Earth-quakes and with feare,  
 These Warnings of the Gods no changes wrought  
 In Fate, or Treason. Murderous swords were brought  
 Into the Temple : for no place might sort  
 With such a Slaughter, but the sacred Court.  
 Then *Venus* smote her brest : who sought to shroud,  
 And snatch him thence in that Æthereall cloud,  
 Which *Paris* from *Atrides* rage-conuaid :  
 And freed *Æneas* from *Tydid* blade.

Daughter, said *Ioue*, canst thou resist the doome  
 Of conquering Fates? Into their mansion come,  
 There shalt thou see Decrees that needs must passe,  
 Writ in huge folds of solid Steele and brasie.  
 Which safe, eternall, euer fixed there ;  
 My thunder, lightnings rage, nor ruine feare.  
 In lasting Adamant there maist thou reade  
 What shall to thy great Progenie succeed.  
 I read, remember well, and will relate  
 What may informe thee in succeeding fate.  
 He, whom thou striv'st to save, his race hath runne  
 Of Time and Glory : whom, thou and his Sonne  
 Shall make in heaven a God ; on Earth, with praire  
 And Temples dignifi'd. His names great Heire  
 Alone his Load shall beare : and strongly shall  
 By our conduct reuenge his fathers fall.  
 By his good fortune *Mutine*, o're-throwne,  
 Shall sue for peace : *Pharsalian* fields shall grone :

Slaughter

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Slaughter againe *Philippi* shall imbrue :  
 On red *Sicilian* Seas he shall subdue  
 A mighty Name. Th' *Egyptian* Spouse shall fall,  
 Ill trusting to her *Roman* Generall:  
 To make our stately *Capitoll* obay  
 Her proud *Canopus*, shall in vaine assay.  
 What need I of those barbarous People tell,  
 And Nations, which by either Ocean dwell?  
 He shall the habitable Earth command;  
 And stretch his Empire ouer sea and land.  
 Peace giuen to Earth; he shall conuert his care  
 To ciuill Rule, iust Lawes; and by his faire  
 Example Vertue guide. Then looking to  
 The future times, and Nephewes to ensue;  
 A Sonne shall blesse him from a holy wombe:  
 To him he shall resigne his name, and roome.  
 Nor shall, till full of age, ascend th'aboads  
 Of heavenly Dwellers, and his kindred Gods.  
 Meane-while from this flaine corps his soule conuay  
 Vp to the starres, and giue it a cleare Ray:  
 That *Iulius* may with friendly influence  
 Shine on our *Capitoll* and Court from thence.

This said: inuisible faire *Venus* stood  
 Amid the Senate; from his corps, with blood  
 Defil'd, her *Cæsars* new-bred spirit bare  
 To heauen, not suffer'd to resolu to aire.  
 And, as in her soft bosome borne, she might  
 Perceiue it take a Powre, and gather light.  
 When once let loose, It forth with vp-ward flew;  
 And after it long blazing tresses drew.  
 The radiant Starre his Sonnes great acts beheld  
 T'out-luster his: and ioy'd, to be excell'd.

Though

Though he would haue his Fathers deeds prefer'd  
 Before his owne : yet free-tongu'd Fame, deterr'd  
 By no commandement, yeeld th'cruited Bayes  
 To his cleare browes ; and but in this gain-sayes.  
 So *Atreus* yeelds to *Agamemnons* fame ;  
*Aegus* so to *Theseus* : *Peleus* name  
 Stoopest to *Achilles*. That I may confer  
 Th'illustrious to their equalls, *Iupiter*  
 So *Saturne* tops. *Ioue* rules the arched Skie,  
 And triple World ; th' Earths vast Monarchie  
 T' *Augustus* bowes : both Fathers, and both sway.  
 You Gods, *Aeneas* mates, who made your way  
 Through fire and sword ; you Gods of men become ;  
*Quirinus*, Father of triumphant *Rome* ;  
 Thou *Mars*, inuincible *Quirinus* Sire ;  
 Chast *Vesta*, with thy euer-burning fire,  
 Among great *Casars* Household-Gods inshrin'd ;  
 Domesticke *Phabus*, with his *Vesta* ioyn'd ;  
 Thou *Ioue*, Whom in *Tarpeian* towres we adore ;  
 And You, all You, whom Poets may implore :  
 Slow be that day ; and after I am dead,  
 Wherein *Augustus*, of the world the Head,  
 Leauing the Earth, shall vnto Heauen repaire ;  
 And fauour those that seeke to him by prayer.

And now the Worke is ended, which, *Ioue's* rage,  
 Nor Fire, nor Sword shall raze, nor eating Age.  
 Come when it will my deaths vncertaine howre ;  
 Which only of my body hath a powre :  
 Yet shall my better Part transcend the skie ;  
 And my immortall name shall neuer die.

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For, where-so-ere the *Roman* Eagles spread  
Their conquering wings, I shall of all be read:  
And, if we Prophets truly can diuine,  
I, in my liuing Fame, shall euer shine.

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To

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# To the Reader.

**A**lthough it may seeme superfluous to the Learned ; yet that the meere English Reader may not bee confounded with the many names that are giuen to one person, deriued from Father, Grandfather, Ancestors, Countrie, Qualitie, or Archievements ; I haue here collected them with their brieve explanations.

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planations. With these I had thought, in their severall places, to haue charged the margent: but the hastinesse of the Presse, and v unexpected want of leasure, haue preuented me. The same reason may serue for diuers slips, and errours, which I not only know but acknowledge. Yet if the too cleanly Criticke sweepe not all the dust together and lay it on one heape, it may perhaps be hardly discerned, howsoever borne with in so long and interrupted a labour.

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Bantiades. pag. 111. vers. 7. Acrisius  
the Sonne of Abas King of Argos.

Abantiades. pag. 117. vers. 4. and pag.  
124. vers. 25. and pag. 128. vers. 21.

Perseus great grand-childe to Abas.

Acheloides. the Syrens, daughters to Achelous.

Acheron. a River in Hell, and signifies depriva-  
tion of Joy.

Acrisionides. Perseus grand-childe to Acrisius.

Astorides. pag. 212. vers. 20. Euricus and Creatus  
the sonnes of Astor.

Astorides. pag. 359. vers. 13. Patroclus grand-  
childe to Astor.

The Æacides. pag. 188. vers. 19. Pelcus, Tcla-  
mon, and Phocus, sonnes to Æacus.

Æacides. pag. 297. vers. 7. and 32. pag. 302. vers.  
6. Pelcus the son of Æacus.

Æacides. pag. 321. vers. 21. and thence-forth, A-  
chilles

chilles the grand-child of Æacus.  
Aello. one of the Harpyes.  
Æerias. Medea, the daughter of Æeta.  
Ægides. Theseus, the sonne of Ægeus.  
Ægis. Minerva's shield.  
Æolian Virgin. pag. 149. vers. 24. Arne, the daughter of Æolus.  
Æolides. pag. 107. vers. 31. Athamas, the sonne of Æolus.  
Æolides. pag. 194. vers. 26. Cephalus, the grand-child of Æolus.  
Æolides. pag. 250. vers. 17. Macareus and Canace, the sonne and daughter of Æolus.  
Æsonides. Iason, the sonne of Æson.  
Agenorides. Cadmus, the sonne of Agenor.  
Aloidæ. Otus and Ephialtes, got by Neptune on the wife of Aloeus.  
Alcides. a name of Hercules, which signifies strength.  
Amazonian Heros. Hippolytus, sonne to Hippolyte the Amazonian.  
Amiclydes. Hyacinthus, the sonne of Amyclas.  
Amphitrite. the daughter of Oceanus, and wife to Neptune; taken for the Sea.  
Amphitryonides. Hercules the son of Amphitryo.  
Ampycides. Mopsus, the sonne of Ampycus.  
Anubis.

Anubis. an Idoll of the Ægyptians with the head of a dog.

Apis. a blacke Oxe spotted with white, worshipped by the Ægyptians in remembrance of Osiris.

Aphrodites. a name of Venus, in that sprung from the foam of the Sea.

Arcturus. a Star in the taile of the Greater Beare.

Astræa. Iustice, so called of Astræus, a most iust Prince.

Astræan sons. The Winds, sons to the Gyant Astræus.

Achamantiades. Palæmon, the sonne of Achamas.

Atlantiades. pag. 24. vers. 8. and pag. 48. vers. 13.

Mercurie the grand-child of Atlas.

Atlantiades. pag. 102. vers. 23. Hermaphroditus, the sonne of Mercurie, and great grand-child of Atlas.

Atracides. Cæneus, so called of Atrax a Citie of Thessalie.

Atrides. Agamemnon; sometimes Menelaus; both sonnes to Atreus.

Auernian Iuno. Proserpina.

Auernus. a lake in hell, ouer which no birds can flie without falling.

Autonoëus. Actæon the sonne of Autonoe, Cadmus daughter.

Auster. The South-wind.



## B

**B**acchiadae. *the off-spring of Bacchia the Corinthian.*

**Bacchanals.** *women solemnizing the feast of Bacchus.*

**Belides.** *the Nieces of Belus, and daughters of Danaus.*

**Berecynthian.** *pag. 293. vers. 9. Midas of Berecynthus, a Citie of Phrygia.*

**Bootes.** *the Star, that followes Charles waine.*

**Boreas.** *the North-wind.*

**Bromius.** *a name of Bacchus, which signifies raging.*

**Bubastis.** *an Egyptian Goddesse, companion to Isis.*

## C

**C**Arpathian Prophet. *Proteus a God of the Sea.*

**Cecropides.** *the daughters of Cecrops, King of Athens.*

**Centaures.** *said to be halfe men and halfe beasts, in that they were the first that rid on horses.*

**Ceraftæ.** *men with hornes.*

**Cerberus.**

Cerberus. the Hell-hound with three heads, signifying a devourer of the dead.

Chimæra. a monster; having the face of a woman, the body of a goat, and the tail of a Serpent.

Colchis. Medea, so called of Colchis, where shee was borne.

Cratæis daughter. Scylla.

Cyclades. Islands in the Ægean Sea, dispersed in forme of a cycle.

Cyclops. Giants, and sons of Neptune; so called of the round eye, which they had in their fore-heads.

Cyclopean darts. Thunder and Lightning forged by the Cyclops.

Cyllenius, a name of Mercurie, in that borne on the hill Cyllene.

Cynthius } names of Apollo and Diana, of Cyn-  
Cynthia } thus a hill in Delo, where they were  
borne.

Cyprides, a name of Venus, of the Island of Cyprus, where shee was worshipped.

Cytherea. a name of Venus, of the Island Cythera, dedicated to Venus.

D

**D** Arctean Hero. Perseus the son of Danæ.  
Dardan Prophet. Helenus the son of Priamus.

Delius

**Delius** { *names of Apollo and Diana, of Delos,*  
**Delia** { *where they were borne.*

**Delphian.** *Phœbus, in that worshipped at Delphos.*

**Dictynna.** *a name of Diana, taken from the Toiles, which she invented.*

**Dis.** *a name of Pluto, signifying the same, which is riches.*

**Dodoneian Oke.** *An Oke consecrated to Iupiter, which gave Oracles.*

**Dryades.** *Nymphs of the wood.*

**Dulichian Guide.** *Vlysses, of Dulichium, a little Island by Ithaca, over which he reigned.*

## E

**EChidna.** *an infernall Monster having a virgins face, and the taile of a Serpent.*

**Echidna's Hell-hound.** *Cerberus, borne of Echidna.*

**Eleleus.** *a name of Bacchus, and signifies to excite, or animate.*

**Epimethis.** *Pyrra, the daughter of Epimetheus.*

**Erebus.** *a river of hell, which signifies darknesse and obscurity.*

**Erinnys.** *one of the Furies ioying in broiles and discord.*

**Erycina.**



*Erycina. a name of Venus, of Eryx a mountaine of Sicilia, where she had a Temple.*  
*Euan. a name which signifies Bacchus, used by the Bacchanals.*  
*Eumenides. the infernall Furies.*  
*Euohe. a word of gratulation to Bacchus, used by his Frowes.*  
*Eurus. the East-wind.*

## H

**H** *Amadriades. Nymphs of the wood.*  
*Harpe. the sword of Mercury lent to Perseus.*  
*Heliades. the three sisters of Phaeton; so called of Helios, (the Sun) their father.*  
*Helice. Vrsa Maior, so called, in that in 24. houres it turnes about the Pole.*  
*Hermes. a name of Mercury, which signifies a messenger.*  
*Hesperus. the Evening Starre.*  
*Hippotades. Æolus, the grand-child of Hippotes.*  
*Hyantius. Actæon, of Hyantes, a people of Bœotia.*  
*Hyades, starres in the shoulder of Taurus, so named in that they rise and set with raine.*  
*Hydra. a Serpent with fifty heads; whereof one being stricken off, two grew in the roome.*

Hy

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**Hymen.** *the God of marriage & sometimes taken for marriage.*

**Hyperion.** *sometimes taken for the Sun, sometimes for the father of the Sun.*

I

**Iacchus.** *a name of Bacchus, which signifies clamour.*

**Iapetonides.** *Atlas the sonne of Iapet.*

**Idalia.** *Venus of Idalia, a hill in Cyprus, where she had her groves.*

**Iliades.** *pag. 267. vers. 4 Ganymed; grand-child to Ilus.*

**Iliades.** *pag. 412. vers. 18. Romulus; descended from Ilus.*

**Ilithyia.** *a name of Lucina, Goddesse of child birth.*

**Inachis.** *pag. 21. vers. 30. Iö, the daughter of Inachus.*

**Inachides.** *pag. 16. vers. 19. Epaphus, the sonne of Iö, and grand-child of Inachus.*

**Inachides.** *pag. 115. vers. 5. Perseus. The Argolians being so called of the riuer Inachus.*

**Iö.** *an acclamation of ioy: where it stands not for Iö the daughter of Inachus.*

**Iris.** *the Raine-bow.*

Isme-

Ismenides } Thebans, so called of Ismenus, a river  
Ismenians } of Boeotia.  
Ithacus, Vlysses, of the land Ithaca, where he was  
borne.

Iulus. a name of Ascanius.

## L

**L**emnian issue. pag. 55. vers. 22. Erichthonius  
son to Vulcan, who dwelt in Lemnos.

Lenæus. a name of Bacchus, of the vessel that re-  
ceives the wine from the presse.

Lethe. a river of Hell, and signifies forgetfulness.

Liber. a name of Bacchus, in that wine sweeteth the  
heart from sorrow.

Lucifer. the Morning Starre.

Lyæus. a name of Bacchus; the same with Liber.

## M

**M**æandrius. Caunus, grand-child by the wo-  
thers side to the river Mæander.

Mædusean Horse. Pegasus, sprung from the blood  
of Medusa.

Mæonidæ. the Muses. Of Mæonia, where they  
dwelt.

Mincides.



**Mineides.** *the daughters of Mineus.*

**Minerva.** *a name of Pallas, of her power in Warre.*

**Minyx.** *a people of Thessalie.*

**Mopsopian.** *Triptolemus : Attica being called Mopsopia of King Mopsus.*

**Mulciber.** *a name of Vulcan, in that fire cheriseth.*

**N.**

**N** **Aiades.** *Nymphs of Springs and rivers.*

**Nauplius seed.** *Palamedes, the sonne of Nauplius.*

**Neleides.** *the sonnes of Neleius. Of whom Nestor, and Periclymenus.*

**Neoptolemus.** *a name of Pyrrhus, Achilles son.*

**Nereus.** *a Sea-God; sometimes taken for the Sea.*

**Nereides.** *Sea-Nymphs, the daughters of Nereus.*

**Nereis.** *pag. 320. vers. 19. Theris, one of the daughters of Nereus.*

**Nereis.** *pag. 376. vers. 5. Galathea, daughter to Nereus.*

**Narycius.** *Ajax Oileus, of the City of Narycium.*

**Nonacrines.** *Nymphs of Nonacris, a hill in Arcadia.*

**Nytæus.** *a name of Bacchus; of the City Nyfa, where he was fostered.*

**Nysæides.**

Nysæides. *Nymphs so called of Nyssa, the top of Cytheron, who nursed Bacchus.*

Nyctelius. *a name of Bacchus, in that his sacrifices were celebrated by night.*

O

Oebalides. *Hyacinthus, of Oebalia, a part of Laconia.*

Oechalides. *Nymphs of Oechalia.*

Oenides. *pag. 216. vers. 14. and pag. 261. vers. 14.*

*Meleager, the sonne of Oeneus.*

Oenides. *pag. 403. vers. 9. Diomedes, grand-child to Oeneus.*

Oiclides. *Amphiarauus, the son of Oicleus.*

Olenian Kids. *Starres in the shoulder of Auriga, which commonly rise and set with raine.*

Ora. *a name of Herfilia, the wife of Romulus.*

Oreades. *Nymphs of mountaines.*

Orion. *a constellation.*

Olympicks. *Games performed every fift yeere on Olympus, a mountaine of Thessalie.*

P

Pæan. *a name of Apollo, of healing, in that he Inuentor of Physicke.*

Pæan. *a song of victory.*

Pæons.

*Pæons. the daughters of Pierus, so called of the woods of Pæonia, which they frequented.*

*Palladium. the Image of Pallas.*

*Paphian Heros. Pigmalion of Paphos.*

*Pelides. Achilles, the son of Peleus.*

*Persephone. The same with Proserpina.*

*Phasias. a name of Medea, from the river Phasis.*

*Phegides. Themenus and Axion the sonnes of Phegeus.*

*Pheres hope. Admetus, the son of Pheres.*

*Phlegeton. a burning river in hell.*

*Phœbus } names of the Sun and Adone, in regard*

*Phœbe } of their splendor.*

*Phorcydes. the daughter of Phorcus.*

*Phoronis. Iô, the sister of Phoroneus.*

*Pleias. Maia, one of the Pleiades, and mother to Mercury.*

*Pleiones Nephew. Mercury, grand-child to Pleione, the wife of Atlas.*

*Pœans Heire } Philoctetes, the sonne of Pœan.*

*Pœantius*

*Priamides. pag. 355. vers. 32. Hector, the son of Priamus.*

*Promethides. Deucalion, the sonne of Prometheus.*

*Properides. Infamous women of Cyprus.*

*Quirinus.*



Q

**Q** Virinus. *a name of Romulus.*  
**Q**uirites. *Romans, so called of Quirinus.*

R

**R**hamnusia. *a name of Nemesis, of the city*  
*Rhamnus, where she had her Temple.*

S

**S**aturnius } *Jupiter and Iuno, the sonne and*  
**S**aturnia } *daughter of Saturne.*  
**S**mintheus. *a name of Apollo, for destroying of*  
*mice.*

**Sol.** *the Sun.*

**Stygian shades.** *Hell, so called of Styx, an infernall*  
*river.*

T

**T**antalides. *pag. 348. vers. 15. Agamemnon,*  
*grand-child to Tantalus.*

**Taygeta.** *one of the Pleiades, or seven Starres.*

**Tellus.** *the Earth.*

**Teuerans.** *Troians, descended of Teucer.*

**Thaumantias.** *Iris, the daughter of Thaumias.*

**Thespiades.** *the Muses; of Thespiæ, a City neere*  
*Helicon.*

**Thespiadæ.**

**Theftiadæ.** Toxæus and Plexippus, the sonnes of Theftius.

**Theftias.** Althæa, the daughter of Theftius.

**Theftorides.** Chalcas, the son of Theftor.

**Thyon.** Bacchus ; of Thyone, a name of his mother Semele.

**Thyrſus.** a Iavelin wound with Ivy, borne by Bacchus.

**Titan.** a name of the Sun, from his mother Titea. whoſe 45. children were generally called by the name of Titans.

**Titania.** p. 14. v. 19. Pyrrha, deſcended of the Titans.

**Titania.** pag. 67. verſ. 19. and pag. 179. verſ. 5. Diana, grand-child to Titea.

**Titania.** pag. 157. verſ. 11. Latona, daughter to Cœus, one of the Titans.

**Titania.** pag. 386. verſ. 13. Circe, deſcended of the Titans.

**Triones.** the ſeven ſtars, that turne about the Pole.

**Triopeius.** Erefichthon, the ſonne of Triopas.

**Tritonia.** Pallas, ſo called for her wiſdome.

**Troades.** the women of Troy.

**Tydides.** Diomedes, the ſonne of Tydeus.

**Tyndaridæ.** Caſtor and Pollux, the ſons of Tyn-  
darus.

**Tyrinthian.** Hercules of Tyrus.

Vulcans

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V

**V**lcanus *secd. pag. 186. vers. 19. Periphatus.*

Z

**Z**ephyrus *the West-wind.*

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**FINIS**

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